

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY:
A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. XLIX. — FEBRUARY, 1882. — No. CCXCII.

THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

THE skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,
Leaving the apple-bloom of the South
For the ice of the Eastern seas,
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young was he,
And the maidens of Newbury sighed to see
His lessening white sail fall
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty screen
Of the isles of Mingan and Madeleine,
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,
The little Breeze sailed on

Backward and forward along the shore
Of wild and desolate Labrador,
And found at last her way
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below
Great hills white with lingering snow,
With its tin-roofed chapel stood
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last outpost
Of summer upon the dreary coast,
With its gardens small and spare,
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,
A fisherman's cottage looked away
Over isle and bay, and behind
On mountains dim-defined.

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And there twin sisters, fair and young,
Laughed with their stranger guest, and sung
In their native tongue the lays
Of the old Provençal days.

Alike were they, save the faint outline
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine;
And both, it so befell,
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,
But the heart of the skipper clave to one;
Though less by his eye than heart
He knew the twain apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed;
And the mother's wrath was vain
As the sister's jealous pain.

The shrill-tongued mistress her house forbade,
And solemn warning was sternly said
By the black-robed priest, whose word
As law the hamlet heard.

But half by voice and half by signs
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines
On the green-banked Merrimac;
Wait, watch, till I come back.

"And when you see, from my mast head,
The signal fly of a kerchief red,
My boat on the shore shall wait;
Come, when the night is late."

Ah! weighed with childhood's haunts and friends,
And all that the home sky overbends,
Did ever young love fail
To turn the trembling scale?

Under the night, on the wet sea sands,
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands:
One to the cottage hearth,
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard?
Nor leaf, nor ripple, nor wing of bird,
But a listener's stealthy tread
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor, and fished once more
By the black coast-line of Labrador;
And by love and the north wind driven,
Sailed back to the Islands Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again;
Said Suzette, "Mother dear,
The heretic's sail is here."

"Go, Marguerite, to your room, and hide;
Your door shall be bolted!" the mother cried:
While Suzette, ill at ease,
Watched the red sign of the Breeze.

At midnight, down to the waiting skiff
She stole in the shadow of the cliff;
And out of the Bay's mouth ran
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said;
And thought of her lover's pain
Waiting for her in vain.

Did he pace the sands? Did he pause to hear
The sound of her light step drawing near?
And, as the slow hours passed,
Would he doubt her faith at last?

But when she saw, through the misty pane,
The morning break on a sea of rain,
Could even her love avail
To follow his vanished sail?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,
Left the rugged Moisie hills behind,
And heard from an unseen shore
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray weather
They sat on the reeling deck together,
Lover and counterfeit,
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair
He smoothed away her jet-black hair.
What was it his fond eyes met?
The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!"
The maiden wept and prayed,
But the ship her helm obeyed.

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found;
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,
And the chant of the dying sung
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

A feeling of mystery, change, and awe
Was in all they heard and all they saw:
Spell-bound the hamlet lay
In the hush of its lonely bay.

And when they came to the cottage door,
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,
And with angry gestures met
The scared look of Suzette.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said;
"Give me the one I love instead."
But the woman sternly spake:
"Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face still and white
And strange in the noonday taper light,
She lay on her little bed,
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent
Down to her face, and, kissing it, went
Back to the waiting Breeze,
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac
And Newbury's homes that bark came back.
Whether her fate she met
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say?
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay
Is told the ghostly tale
Of a weird, unspoken sail,

In the pale, sad light of the Northern day
Seen by the blanketed Montagnais,
Or squaw, in her small kyack,
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands ;
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands :
One in her wild despair,
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before no earthly blast,
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,
Over the solemn seas,
The ghost of the schooner Breeze !

John Greenleaf Whittier.

SOME TRAITS OF BISMARCK.

THE first time that I saw Prince Bismarck — it was ten years ago — I had a singular illustration of the nervousness which may be bred in the strongest natures by the constant presence of known though invisible dangers. It was at the close of a session of the Reichstag. I happened to hurry down the stairs just before adjournment, and to shoot out somewhat abruptly through a public door, just as the chancellor emerged from an adjoining private entrance, alone and busy with his thoughts. As he saw me he gave an involuntary start, and seemed almost to shrink back within the passage ; but recovered himself instantly, of course, and moved on. The incident was a trifling one, yet it was characteristic of the personal difficulties of statesmanship in Germany. Up to that time the prince had been the object of but one murderous attempt, and the reams of threatening letters received by him he doubtless regarded, in the spirit of the familiar adage, as an assurance of long life and a peaceful death. But to those radical enemies, of whom young Blind was the representative, he had since added the whole French nation, whom his arms and his diplomacy had crushed, and the Roman Catholics of his own country, on whom his ecclesiastical policy had begun to press ; and although the French have not proved to

be assassins, his instincts in regard to the church were correct, for Kullmann must be added to the glorious company of the Gérards, the Clements, and the Ravailleurs, — less famous only because less successful. Now, the recollection of past perils, and the apprehension of others, certain though hidden, would not make a brave man timid, but they would make him watchful and suspicious. They make wise precautions a duty as well as a right ; and in Bismarck's case these have grown more stringent with time, so that now he steps from his room in the Diet directly into a close carriage, and rarely walks abroad in public.

Happily the dispatch which announced the attempt of Kullmann announced also its failure, and despondency was not added to the indignation of the public. But the incident violently revived among the Germans the sense, sometimes dormant, never wholly extinct, of a cruel possibility — for they refuse to concede the necessity — that Bismarck, though he had twice escaped the assassin, was not invulnerable or immortal, and that his death, or even some cause less than death, would some day rob the empire of his services, and throw it upon its own copious but clumsy and untried resources. Since that time a series of events has repeatedly thrown the country into a state of agitation and alarm. The chan-

cellor has been often ill, — several times gravely, once, at least, dangerously. He has twice resigned; and although both resignations were withdrawn, and certain audacious skeptics even pretend that neither was seriously meant, they gave a powerful stimulus to that element of pessimism which, in spite of an outward show of confidence and enthusiasm, is widely diffused among thinking German patriots. The prospect of an appalling calamity grows, therefore, more real from year to year. The nation is aware of this sinister possibility, and in its more resolute moments even treats as probable what seemed once only possible. When it makes one further advance, and recognizes the ultimate loss of Bismarck as a stern necessity, it may begin to make some provision for the future by reflection, by consultation, and by contingent measures, which at the proper time can be changed into acts and institutions. But of this ordinary prudence there is no sign at present. History affords, of course, other instances of this close relation between a single statesman and the fortunes of his country: that of Holland and William of Orange is one, strikingly similar in many respects. And what the brilliant historian of the Dutch republic says of William and the effects of his untimely death will not unfitly describe a crisis toward which Germany is approaching. Habit, necessity, and the natural gifts of the man had combined, says Motley, “to invest him with an authority which seemed more than human. There was such general confidence in his sagacity, courage, and purity that the nation had come to think with his brain and act with his hand.” It is certain, too, that in Germany, as in the Netherlands, there will be “a feeling as of absolute and helpless paralysis.”

Whether the parallel may be completed to the end, whether the character of Bismarck, too, has been “steadily

expanding as the difficulties of his situation increased,” is a question which history and criticism will undertake to answer, and which can be answered with success, and without indecency, only after his career shall have been closed.

The presence of the man still among the living and his continued activity among the working prevent a complete and final judgment; the nearness of the point from which observations are taken may impair even the correctness of a mere portrait. My own acquaintance with the chancellor is indeed so very slight, that I have no right to feel or express the personal sympathy which becomes the friend and companion. But one cannot live for a number of years in the vicinity of so prominent a man, in an occupation which requires while it facilitates close, careful, and uninterrupted study of his character and work, and above all when the study is guided by a genuine regard for the cause and the people that he serves, without feeling admiration pass gradually into personal interest, and interest into a species of immediate affection. Few men have been, in fact, better fitted than Bismarck to encourage this development in the moods of the observer. He is admired or feared much more than he is loved; but he is loved, though perhaps with a vague romantic, rather than a rational attachment, to an extent which it is difficult to realize from a distance, and of which the victims of the passion are themselves not always proud. The most practical and realistic of statesmen, his measures are never wholly free from that veil of mystery which, by concealing ugly features to the sense, often beautifies them to the fancy. With a most robust personality, in which everything is massive and real, he has yet produced finer dramatic effects, and won the attention of larger audiences, than any other statesman of modern times. He is serious, grave, and occasionally even despondent; is irritable and im-

petuous; hates to be forced to convince, though not unwilling to argue; can be cruel even to a fallen if still unrepentant foe; is in short defaced by many faults of temper and temperament: but his proportions are still so vast, and his energies so impressive, that he awes even while inviting the most hostile criticism. The Laocoön is painful and repulsive at first, but time and familiarity make its most cruel contortions lovely to the artistic eye.

One secret of Bismarck's power of fascination over the German people lies without doubt in the intellectual sympathy which was established between them after 1866. Up to that time he had been judged only by the outward, superficial, and transient aspects of his policy, without reference to — for the greater part even in ignorance of — its ultimate aims; and this is equally true of conservatives and of liberals. The conservatives saw him trampling the constitution of Prussia under his feet, and that act of destruction seemed so praiseworthy that they refused to search into his motives. The liberals saw only an arbitrary, violent, reckless course, which the laws did not permit, which no public programme made clear, and which no prospect of success encouraged; they condemned what they could not understand. But Sadowa changed that as by a touch of magic. All parties hastened to embrace and applaud the successful man: the liberals because he had achieved their purpose; the conservatives because he had achieved it with their means. The greatest statesman of the age, he was also recognized as the most characteristic of Germans, — the type as well as hero of the nation; a combination of Luther, Götz von Berlichingen, and Marshal Vorwärts; a brawny, swaggering giant, fond of eating, drinking, and fighting, gifted with a coarse, telling humor, ready with the Latin of a "corps" student, yet with a serious purpose beneath the noise of spurs and beer glasses,

beneath billingsgate doggerel and insolence, and a will which admirably served his purpose. No such picturesque character has appeared in Germany since Frederick the Great, and in some respects he understands his countrymen better than ever the hero of Sans Souci did. He has never, for instance, shocked their religious sense by his own indifference. He is a blunt, stern, almost brutal rationalist, while Frederick, except in war, showed a strong taste for foppish, sentimental, and fantastic methods. It is impossible to imagine Bismarck playing an unskillful flute, or composing French ballads, like a lovesick school-boy. The deadly foe of everything like dilettanteism, he saw at once through the shallowness and insufficiency of the liberal plan; put Germany "in the saddle," as he had promised; fought out the battles of his generation with "blood and iron, not with parliamentary speeches;" and restored the mediæval brigands to the place which had so long been usurped by a race of dyspeptic philosophers. Nay, he even confirmed in a startling way one of the favorite theories of the philosophers themselves. They had long taught, some of them, that civilization was but an unsubstantial polish, beneath which was hidden the savage man in all his picturesque ugliness. Bismarck rubbed off this polish, and presented the original, uncorrupted German: a brawling trooper, equipped for desperate work; fighting with Barbarossa, robbing with Carl Moor, burning towns with Tilly, saying mass with the priest before sacking his church, and drinking with the landlord before robbing his till; a strange compound of frankness and ferocity, of depravity and superstition, of barbarian morals and barbarian valor. This personage, little changed by time, with more decorum, indeed, but less humor, more method, but less generosity, he called forth to complete the task on which poets, pedagogues, and barristers had

spent their feeble strength. It was a hazardous game, and, confident of success, the bold gambler did not neglect to provide for failure. A popular legend credits him with the intention of blowing out his brains on the battle-field, if Sadowa had been lost. The plan was worthy of him, and is not improbable; but it has been stated by the prince himself that his more reasonable purpose was to flee to America, in case of disaster, and found a new existence this side of the Atlantic. What a field of speculation is opened by the thought of so illustrious an exile! What a commotion would have been caused among the crude triflers of American politics if this martial figure had stalked upon the scene with helmet and sabre and cavalry boots!

But Sadowa was won, not lost; and the Treaty of Prague introduced the first of Germans to his own people. From an ethical point of view, the haste with which the liberals pardoned and embraced the audacious law-breaker was of course wholly wrong. His crime, though successful, was still crime. But if the prince's profound knowledge of the German character gave him the assurance that a prompt indemnity would await his triumphant return from Bohemia, it is no less true that the act of indemnity was also the public recognition of a man whom the country had hitherto refused to know. Even his patriotism had been denied; but could he still be arraigned as a traitor before the delegates of universal suffrage assembled in a German parliament? The question was clearly absurd. The most astute became also the most patriotic of statesmen, and from this original discovery the Germans have made rapid progress in knowledge. They have learned not only to have implicit confidence in his judgment, but also, by a species of acquired sympathy, to anticipate his judgment, to predict his course in the most complex questions that arise,

to understand and almost to enjoy the shadows which relieve without obscuring the greatness of his character.

As an illustration of this truth one might cite the species of intuition with which the people foresee and welcome his appearance in the debates. The chancellor is not a frequent attendant in the Diet, nor even a regular one. To a foreigner the motives which cause his appearance, or his absence, seem often incomprehensible. He seldom announces his purpose in advance even to his nearest friends, and inquiry of them proves invariably fruitless; yet with no apparent clew to guide them, except a vague opinion as to the course which discussion on any given day is likely to take, the public have an almost infallible instinct for the visit and participation of the prince. The society of the capital seems charged as by an electric current with a subtle prescience of the event. Unfaithful deputies, whose faces are seldom seen, slip into their seats at the sound of the president's bell; an adjutant or secretary from the palace listens as proxy in the name of the emperor; the diplomatists finger their gold-headed canes while they await the most consummate master of their art; the reporters look nervous and important; and from the general galleries a thousand eager eyes concentrate their gaze upon the chancellor himself, or the place which he usually takes.

Such an audience is very rarely disappointed. It may be early or late in the proceedings, the progress of which will have been faithfully reported to the prince at his house, but at the critical moment, — shortly before a vote, perhaps, or during the speech of some favorite adversary, — a door in the rear of the hall swings open, and from a room behind the president's chair emerges a tall figure, wearing the undress uniform of a cavalry general, and resting his hand upon the hilt of a massive sabre. A quick glance over the hall, a bow to

the president, and he strides forward to his place at the head of the elevated seats reserved for the members of the government. His entry seems to conform almost to a scheme of discipline, so loyal is he to his mannerisms. He settles himself in his chair; glances first over the notes taken by a subordinate; reads such letters as he finds on his desk; scans the latest telegrams, conveniently disposed for his use; and after these formalities he is ready to lean back in his seat, throw one leg over the other, and examine the audience through his eye-glass. All this may take ten minutes, and the prince then begins serious work. If the debate is languid, and his intervention is not at once needed, he opens the portfolios, if any have been sent down from the foreign office, and looks at the dispatches and other original drafts, submitted for his correction or signature. Otherwise he listens closely to the speeches, and makes frequent notes, in a coarse, scrawling hand, with a pencil about twenty inches long. He is a singularly fair mark for the shafts of a malicious rival. In parliament, under the keen personal thrusts of men like Windthorst or Richter, the admirable self-command which makes him so accomplished a diplomatist seems entirely to desert him: he becomes nervous and restless; fumbles with his pen, his handkerchief, sometimes ominously even with his sword; and betrays his irritation in many little ways that would be fatal to a man without other opportunities than those of the debater and the orator. Adulation would say that his is the weakness of the lion, which, vexed by the gnat, is condemned to resist only with the weapons and tactics of the gnat. Yet, when he is aroused, he can sting with a repartee equal to the best that the house produces. Unsparing of persons and prodigal of wit, he has one power not possessed in an equal measure by any of his foes,—the power of putting some impressive

truth, some vivid national aspiration, into a terse, homely, yet picturesque form, which at once becomes a maxim, endowed with eternal life. Everybody is familiar with those sonorous phrases, but not everybody is aware how little they depend for effect upon oratorical art, and how much upon the sum of the prince's personal and political opportunities. Mr. Phillips is fond of describing an incident, reported by Lowell, from the later years of Daniel Webster. The young, vigorous, active republican party was growing up about the great veteran, threatening to leave him with only a small group of personal followers. Faneuil Hall made a last effort to avert the catastrophe. A meeting was called; Mr. Webster was the chief speaker; and at the close of his remarks he advanced to the front of the platform, drew his great figure up to its full height, and, with the old manner of the lion once more upon him, said, "You may dissolve the Whig party, gentlemen, indeed; but in that case what are you going to do with me?" The effect, continues Mr. Lowell, was overwhelming. We shuddered at the thought of finding another place large enough for such a Colossus. But if he had been only four feet six we should have laughed, and answered, "Who cares what becomes of you?" In the same way Bismarck's power in parliament depends not on his language or his thoughts, though both are excellent; nor on his manner, which is tame, weak, and vicious; nor even, in an oratorical sense, on his physical presence, noble and commanding as it is, or once was; but rather on the respect that he inspires, and the authority that he wields, through his talent, his courage, his fame, and his position. Thus, if Mr. Deputy Lasker had exclaimed, "We shall not go to Canossa!" the country would have retorted, "What do you know about it?" The chancellor could, however, make such a declaration, in a shuffling, indolent manner, with

no rhetorical force whatever; and yet it thrilled the people like the tones of a mighty prophet, because, as repeated from mouth to mouth, and echoed by thousands of patriotic sheets, it was a pledge given alike to the meanest peasant and the richest burgher by the man who had led Germany through fire, tempest, and blood to Sadowa and Sedan, to unity, strength, and confidence, and had at his command the accumulated culture, the science, the moral and physical resources, of the nineteenth century. The aged patriot heard the words, and revived with a sense of new life. The young man looked abroad over the reunited fatherland, throbbing with ingenuous pride at the energy of its own organs, and in his fancy thousands and thousands of German soldiers were seen hurrying toward the south, scaling the Alps as they had scaled the Vosges, bridging the Po and the Tiber as they had bridged the Seine and the Loire, until that priestly insolence which for centuries had harrassed the fortunes of the country was hunted, like the monster in the Faërie Queene, to its loathsome den, and at last forever silenced.

Incidents like these seem to raise Bismarck, at long intervals, to the height of real oratory. But in general he hates phrases, even patriotic phrases; and, rightly shunning a style of address in which hundreds of paltry rhetoricians, ancient and modern, are his rivals, prefers a grotesque and caustic humor, which is more natural and not less effective. In this he has never had a superior. All his speeches are seasoned with it, and never fail, accordingly, to be entertaining, in spite of the exasperating sophisms which they now and then offer to the specialist. Thus, when interrogated once in the Diet about the part which Germany was taking in the negotiations for a congress on the Eastern question, he made a long explanatory reply; but the substance of the whole was condensed in a significant

figure taken from the language of the exchange. He was nothing more, he said, than the "honest broker" in the transaction, the intermediary who carries out the orders of his principals. The country was at once reassured. Germany's interests could not be very deeply engaged in the business if Bismarck was willing to be a mere agent of the Beaconsfields and Gortschakows, of the Turk, the Briton, and the Muscovite. This gift of quaint drollery the prince uses impartially for the gravest and the humblest objects. I remember an occasion when the Diet seemed inclined to grumble over a proposed appropriation for improving the spacious garden which belongs to his official residence; but he turned all such scruples into ridicule by observing, dryly, that he asked for the money only as the guardian of state property; that if the garden was to be kept at all it ought to be improved; that he, personally, cared nothing whatever about it; and that, so far as he was concerned, the house might, if it chose, "turn it into a turnip patch." The house was of course convulsed, and an appropriation voted, in which the chancellor really had a most vivid interest. For the garden so contemptuously disowned plays no small part in the economy of his life. Under its massive trees, along its salubrious paths, he enjoys all of nature that in latter years Berlin seems to offer him. With no other company than his faithful dog, he there composes his speeches, meditates on the future of his country, and makes and unmakes the map of Europe. It was there that he received the first official visit of Bayard Taylor, and, walking up and down with him under the great oaks, discussed like a poet the secrets of the poetic art. The garden was therefore not only agreeable, but even indispensable to him; and his droll show of indifference covered its enemies with fatal derision.

With all his pugnacity, his temper,

and his wit, he is nevertheless very unskillful in the use of invective. He lacks the power of pathetic and indignant declamation; and the outbursts of childish petulance with which he answers hostile criticism pain the house by their contrast with his vast proportions, physical and political. His passion finds too easy expression in unmanly sneers, which defeat their own purpose. Justly sensible of the difficulties of his place, and knowing that he enjoys the confidence of the country, he resents even the proper suggestions of the country's deputed counselors as fresh obstacles ungratefully thrown in his way. To escape the speeches of Eugene Richter, a persistent but perfectly decorous critic, he had nothing better than the silly expedient of running out of the hall. Lasker and Schorlemer invariably put him into a furious passion. Yet when most angry he is least eloquent in manner and in matter; so that his more judicious friends never fail to be uneasy when, with trembling voice and twitching hands, and a frame swaying with fierce emotion, he strives to answer the personal attacks of cool and practiced debaters. It is likely that he will shock by coarseness of speech, and yet fail through weakness of style. Titanic wrath finds Lilliputian utterance. An Achilles in courage, he is a Thersites in debate, as often as the candid censure of friends or the vicious taunts of foes goad him into the loss of his temper.

The strictures of the editors are borne by the prince with even less patience than those of the deputies. Parliament, though an evil, is a qualified, or at least a necessary evil, while the press is neither the one nor the other, nor anything but an illegitimate and mischievous concern; a vagabond in politics and society; full of idle curiosity which scruples at no means; a beggar by trade, yet stealing where it cannot beg; dull without decorum, impudent without wit,

officious without zeal for the public good, and critical without a sense of responsibility. He tolerates it, therefore, only within the most rigorous limitations. A certain freedom in the discussion of measures, being necessary to its existence, is grudgingly conceded; but personal criticism is made difficult by a variety of ingenious and annoying restrictions, which no other public official enforces so often and so vindictively as Prince Bismarck. It is dangerous for a newspaper to treat him with offensive levity. Skepticism in regard to his political ability is no less criminal than imputations upon his personal honor. There is, in fact, almost no disrespectful newspaper paragraph which does not find the prince ready with a denunciation, the public prosecutor with an indictment, the court with a sentence, and the jailer finally with a cell for the audacious author. It used even to be said that the sensitive statesman kept a supply of blank forms to facilitate his part in this system of justice.

Hatred of the press is a feeling which Bismarck neither controls nor conceals. Of his many prejudices, this is perhaps the strongest; and it is certainly the one of which the gratification most often places him in an unworthy and ridiculous light. To arraign an editor for writing, say, that his highness is but an indifferent horseman makes his irritability public, and therefore absurd. But this form of vengeance can less easily be taken upon personal enemies. Count von Arnim was indeed hunted from court to court, and from prison to prison, until exile became his only relief from the implacable chancellor; and there have been other victims, less exalted, but scarcely less unfortunate. They may all, like Arnim, have deserved punishment, and the tribunals are doubtless just. With the trials of journalism constantly before them, the minister and the diplomatist had no excuse for being ignorant of the truth that whenever a

statesman makes traitors to the commonwealth out of critics of his person or policy, and has power equal to his disposition, the courts of law may easily become agents of torture, and the penalties of crime seem as cruel as the judgments of the Inquisition. But at length a point is reached beyond which even this system fails to work. To abbreviate the path and hasten the triumph of the prince's vengeance is the delight of zealous courts; but an awkward prejudice still requires some formal offense, some tangible misdemeanor, to be proved against the victims. For a large class of obnoxious persons a new method, independent of judge or jury, has therefore been devised.

But since this method is used chiefly against subordinate officials, hardened to bear pain with the fortitude of the savage, and works as an ordinary process of the bureaucratic machine, it escapes the public eye in all except the most notorious cases. Its effects are known through conjecture rather than observation. Certain officials are recognized and pitied as objects of the prince's displeasure, and as exposed to an endless series of personal and professional indignities, which they are expected to endure without complaint. Age, length of service, even transcendent ability, are no guarantee of good treatment. Men who had been writing for the state while Bismarck was still in his cradle, who have loyally and efficiently served three kings, and whose record for official conduct is pure as the untrodden snow have only the alternative of at least outward compliance with every whim and opinion of the despotic minister, or of breaking down under a coarse system of petty and malignant persecution. The best safeguard of official tenure is obscurity; after that, employment in a branch of the service more remote from the prince's observation. Such a department is, for instance, that of justice. In its technical duties he has little

interest; and so long as the public prosecutors arraign all the scribblers who lampoon him in the press, and the judges duly punish the miscreants who throw treasonable beer glasses at his portrait in the restaurants, he allows Dr. Friedberg considerable freedom of action in the conduct of his office. Finance is another subject with which Bismarck once troubled himself but little. In Delbrück and Camphausen he had two specialists fully competent to manage the revenues of the country; and, repeatedly confessing his own ignorance, he deferred implicitly for many years to their better judgment. But in this field his original diffidence was at length overcome. He began to dabble in finance, to have economical opinions of his own, which were quite unlike those of his two experts; and, as a natural result, both of them retired from office. This is a species of independence which ministers of state owe to themselves. Their dignity requires, and their means commonly allow them to resent the affronts which timid, obscure, and peniless subordinates have to bear with equanimity, or ward off by abject submission.

Not all, however, even of the ministers are ready to assert their manhood against the master's imperious will. After Delbrück, for example, had resigned, because he put some value upon the opinions of a life-time, Bismarck looked about for an assistant who could rise above any such fantastic regard for consistency; and he tried Hofmann, the present incumbent. His judgment of character did not deceive him. Never was there an official who sacrificed his own convictions as well as his own self-respect so freely for the interests of the service. I was once present in the Reichstag when Bismarck felt it necessary to explain his own more direct interference in the details of administration; and, with Hofmann sitting by his side, he deliberately observed that when

Delbrück was president of the chancery he could leave everything with confidence to him, but that under his successor he was obliged to look more sharply after things himself. The house shuddered, and Hofmann attempted a genial smile. But he is still president of the chancery, and draws his salary to this day. The late minister of commerce, Dr. Achenbach, is another official equally meek, though he was not rewarded for his meekness in an equal degree. He is a dull, plodding, prosaic bureaucrat, ready to surrender everything except his salary, which he needs, to the real or the supposed exigencies of his chief. But the time came when the chancellor required brains as well as docility in the holder of the portfolio; and, instead of asking Dr. Achenbach politely for his resignation, he openly denounced him in the Prussian Diet for incompetency, and in this cruel style literally drove him out of office. Even then the doctor did not scruple to accept a minor post, better adapted to his capacity. A third case was in the Reichstag. The management of the Imperial Railway Bureau had been criticised; the head of that bureau was on the ministerial bench; and yet, in the most jaunty and cold-blooded manner, the chancellor declared that the management was bad because the place was not sufficiently paid to enable him to engage an efficient man!

To explain this strange heartlessness the Germans are accustomed to say that it is part of a system of government, and is required in each case by urgent reasons of state. It is political cruelty, but not personal, — a distinction which has, perhaps, a certain basis of truth. For it is no infrequent thing to see the prince calmly and benevolently stroking the back of some colleague whom, before an assembled Diet, he has just chastised in the most cruel and relentless manner; while the victim himself receives the caresses as if, in submitting to

the lash, he had performed a meritorious public action. Absence of malice on the part of the stern teacher is repaid by absence of resentment on the part of the suffering pupil, — a relation which carries one into a novel scheme of practical politics. But a delicate person would hardly be encouraged to seek employment in such a state. If he be unfortunate enough to arouse the hostility of Bismarck, he is likely to be tortured, day by day, with unfeeling persistence; yet not even the most complete self-abnegation, the most correct deportment, can give him the assurance that the public whipping-post will not be the ultimate test and reward of his patriotism. Friends feel themselves, therefore, but one degree safer than enemies. The sport of antipathies which are surprisingly keen and eager, and sway his judgment in the most trifling matters, the prince wants the corresponding faculty of strong affections, and never sacrifices a public interest to a personal friendship. He is best served by men who know how to avoid his hatred, and are willing to dispense with his love.

In his domestic and family attachments a gradual decline from extreme warmth to apparent indifference may be traced. The earlier and not the least trying years of his public career present him as a model of the fireside virtues: a faithful husband in the midst of unusual temptations; a father fond without folly, and just without rigor; a brother whose fraternal devotion has been not injudiciously revealed to the world in a most charming and instructive volume of letters. But the infirmities, moral and physical, of his advancing age, his growing absorption in the cares of state, and deepening hostility to all the seductions of repose and recreation have combined to dim the glow, if not the fervor, of his domestic affections. They may continue to burn with the same warmth, but they throw out a weak and ineffectual light. It would be neither unjust

to Bismarck nor dangerous to truth to assume that his private correspondence of the past decade contains few letters to "Malwine" on the proper cut of a lady's boot, and still fewer to his "*liebes Herz*" on the etiquette and ceremony of court balls.

This would be a safe assumption, if only for the reason that, shunning festivities of every sort, as he has done in recent years, the prince has few opportunities to observe and describe the piquant details of social life. His diplomacy never relied greatly, even in his militant days, on the dinner table. He seemed always indifferent to the charms as to the uses of the *salon*, and, for so accomplished a cavalier, little attracted, if not actually repelled, by the society of the fair sex. Nor is it probable that this is wholly, though it may be partly, due to the aversion which he early conceived, and has never lost, to the crown princess, and to the knowledge that the two most determined enemies, both of his person and of his policy, were the empress herself and her surviving predecessor, the widowed Queen Elizabeth. These antipathies were long a scandal of the capital; but Bismarck could hardly condemn an entire sex, and its favorite sphere of action and influence, on account of the faults of three, even when they were its most exalted representatives. This would have been illogical and unjust. The more probable supposition is rather that he has no very deep feeling either for or against society, but, being strong or bold enough to dispense with its aids and neglect its demands, simply devotes his time to more important work. During the congress of 1878 he attended but two entertainments, both at the palace, and even those, perhaps, because the invitations were equivalent to commands. The ambassadors all gave weekly receptions, and nearly every evening during the month had its appointed feast; yet the president of the congress, who, accord-

ing to etiquette, was also its representative host, shut himself up at home and toiled far into the night, while his colleagues supped and danced and flirted. I fear it must be added, too, that the prince is not hospitable, either in a diplomatic or a more general sense. Such an opinion may be heard, at least, timidly whispered about at Berlin. Even the obligatory entertainments which usage almost as stern as law puts upon a man in his position are reduced by him to the single annual dinner, which, on the emperor's birthday, the heads of foreign missions are permitted to enjoy; beyond this only the more favored can call themselves his guests; while the ladies of the corps never see the inside of his house. Thus he keeps his social accounts always severely balanced. Accepting no invitations, and giving none, he escapes the duty of gratitude, and gains the right to practice a noble frugality. The school-boy will recall in this connection the case of Pericles, who—in the text-books at least—avoided all the festivities of Athens, and found no relief from public cares except in what Mr. Grote calls his "tender domestic attachment" for Aspasia; but the belles of diplomatic society in Berlin, little awed by the prince's greatness, and using the privilege of the sex to resent neglect, accuse him of deliberate meanness, and cannonade his burly frame with volleys of spiteful epithets.

Nor are the ladies wholly propitiated by the series of receptions which for the last two or three winters the chancellor has been in the habit of giving, and which, perhaps because they serve a practical end, he seems fairly to enjoy. For even at those gatherings the sex, though permitted, is not enthusiastically welcomed, or largely represented. I refer to the so-called parliamentary soirées.

As the term implies, these soirées are held during the session, and always in direct aid of some pending scheme of leg-

isolation, or in connection with the general policy for which the prince desires to enlist the sympathy of the Diet. It is natural, therefore, that they should have an easy, democratic character, in the German sense. The guests are selected, formal invitations are issued, and black dress coats are *de rigueur*; so much is due to prejudice. But they are not buff parties or blue, High Church or Low, patrician or plebeian, radical or conservative, free trade or protectionist; are not a collection of either personal or political friends; are not the result of any partiality which could give them a marked partisan color or shape. It is not enough that the aspirant to an invitation be a deputy, nor necessary that he be favorable to some particular measure. Friends are of course preferred to enemies; but, in addition to the converts whom the prince wishes to reward, one may also see among the guests the men who are still doubting, though open to conviction; others whom it is impossible to convince, but impolitic to affront; and some even who are not members, not officials, and not connected at all, except by the tie of general interest, with political affairs. Journalists will be found hobnobbing with grave professors from the university. Art may have a representative in a painter who is about finishing the host's portrait, or an architect who has just won the contract for building improvements at Varzin. The family doctor, a general or two in stiff uniform, *attachés* of the foreign office, the cabinet ministers, bank presidents, country gentlemen, — these and other varieties are to be met; but the greater number are deputies, and the political interests of the session form, as already observed, the purpose and the key of all the proceedings. With a glass of Klosterbräu one seems to swallow indigestible pamphlets on the railway project. The wine is flavored with the tariff controversy, and persistent liberals choke over the fish

salad as they choked over the socialist bill, or other measures which were forced down their throat. The hospitality of the chancellor and his family is nevertheless perfectly frank, generous, and indiscriminating. In so large a number of guests it is of course impossible that each one can be specially noticed, and, the entertainment being of a stern political character, the host is bound to make the most judicious use of his time. But the rooms are free, and the etiquette unconstrained. Excellencies are easy of approach, and converse affably on the political situation with obscure men who neither cast nor control a vote. The great buffet, temporarily set up in one of the principal rooms, is supplied with cask after cask of salubrious beer from Bavaria, and is visited with growing frequency as the evening wears away. A long table will be spread with a cold collation, and Germans have good appetites. Such of them, finally, as desire more gentle pleasures, and are not above the weakness of gallantry, can stroll into the great *salle*, made famous by the sittings of the congress, and pay court to the princess or the few scraggy dowagers about her.

The most characteristic part of the feast is reserved, however, until late in the evening, after the ladies have been dismissed. Cigars are then handed around, but the chancellor prefers a long Turkish pipe, which a discerning lackey will bring him at the right moment, filled and ready for use. The tobacco parliament is opened. Debate there is, indeed, none; for, although suggestions and inquiries may now and then be thrown out timidly by the listeners, the proceedings consist practically of a sustained monologue, which the prince addresses to the group sitting near him in chairs, or standing farther away in a semicircular fringe about the chairs; nor are any formal conclusions adopted. There is nevertheless a well-considered

method in the programme. Unable to speak without entertaining, the prince has the art and the privilege of blending instruction with entertainment, the useful with the pleasant; and thus compels the most frivolous guest to pause at some grave practical truth, while laughing at incomparable jokes. Indeed, the kernel of the discourse is perhaps to be found, only half concealed, in the jokes themselves, or the stories. With him these are something besides a mere rhetorical device. He not only puts his hearers in good humor by pleasantries, thus gaining a favorable ear for his cause, but he actually combines precept and illustration with such art and in such proportions that his hearers are already convinced, while they think they are only amused. That anecdote was not the setting of his proposition; it was the proposition itself. This pun is not an insignificant *jeu d'esprit*, but a vital truth, or a sophism which the prince wishes to see accepted as a truth. And thus the last hour of the evening passes away. A score or more of admiring guests, in full evening costume, dimly visible through the smoke, listening to the words of a very unmilitary-looking giant in military clothes, who discourses of the tariff or the currency in a delightfully varied stream of humor, wit, and story; of illustrations from history and incidents from his own experience; of shrewd common sense, lofty political reason, and fallacies made attractive and almost respectable, until the morning hours begin to strike, the lackeys dare to yawn, and with a parting joke, washed down with a final libation, the circle is broken up and the lights extinguished, — scenes like these can never be forgotten by one privileged to witness them, but become rather the more firmly fixed in the memory by the approach of that inevitable catastrophe which must put an end to them forever.

At the time when the tobacco parliament began to flourish in full vigor

the prince had long been struggling with the distemper which hard work, sedentary habits, a villainous diet, and sleepless nights had planted in his originally robust system. His form has already lost the symmetry that once dazzled the salons of Paris and St. Petersburg. The frame is indeed there, but age and suffering have reduced its impressive height, and corpulency has destroyed its noble and impressive proportions. Without the firm and stately carriage of his early years, he moves clumsily under the weight of superfluous flesh and consuming disease; the glare of his eye, though still fierce, is unnatural and unwholesome; his mustache has grown gray and thin; his face is scarred with the fatal marks which betray the secret of his regimen; his whole appearance, though striking and at times still commanding, is unmistakably that of a man broken in health, and condemned by the inflexible laws of nature. Nobody except the doctor ever knows, indeed, how ill the prince actually is. Whether in Berlin, or at the baths of Kissingen, or at his rustic estate of Varzin, he suffers no public diagnosis to alarm the world by an unfavorable, or to reassure it by a favorable report. He is sensitive upon this as upon so many other points of personal concern; and the mysteries of the foreign office are not more jealously guarded than those of his physical condition. Reduced, therefore, to speculation, the country snatches eagerly at every sign or symptom. Incidents often trivial in themselves are magnified into sombre omens, which foretell the death of the chancellor, or at least his retirement, and all the appalling consequences of such an event, — political paralysis, civil rebellion, foreign war, the disruption of the empire, the ruin of the fatherland. The enemies of Bismarck are accustomed to say that he himself encourages these sinister rumors, so that he may enjoy the consternation of the people. It is also said that he flies, when

possible, to Varzin, in order to escape from the bores of the capital, — a much more reasonable theory, for the bores are many. But though the prince is not unwilling to learn his own importance through the public solicitude about his health, and is less patient than Job with intrusive counselors, his suspicious aversion to Berlin has finally confirmed, to all except the blind, the melancholy truth which his shattered system reveals as often as he appears in public.

To pass from effect to cause, the chancellor's diet and habits are now a fair subject of discussion. If there ever was any impertinence in prying into the method of his private life, a long course of unrebuked gossip, and even his own somewhat extravagant frankness, have legitimized the practice, and raised it almost to a privilege of state. The newspapers are never suppressed for taking liberties with the dinner table of the great man. M. Klaczko's description of his style as "champagne and porter rhetoric" was incorrect, like so many other of that ingenious gentleman's figures; but the prince himself was in no haste to disclaim the beverages from which the figure was taken. It must be accepted, therefore, as a fact, and one, probably, of which he is even proud. The capacity of the Germans for drink was noticed by Montesquieu over a century ago. He was a keen observer of national traits, and has told us how he adapted himself to the tastes of different peoples: how he passed his time in England, France, Italy; how in Germany he drank with all the world, — a practice which must have tried the fastidious Gaul more severely than any other. With such modifications as one hundred and fifty years of progress have made, the fatherland is still the classic land of drink, in respect at least to quantity. The popular songs continue to celebrate the pleasures of the cup. An English student trains his muscle by boating and football; a

Frenchman fondles a *grisette* on his knee; but the German quaffs his beer, night after night, until the stars disappear before the morning sun, and only a hurried interval of sleep separates him from the academic task. Policy alone would therefore have taught Bismarck, as a typical German, to adopt the leading characteristic of his countrymen. But the measure was so far from requiring a struggle on his part that from his boyhood, when he was the wildest youth of the county, through his university years, which were made illustrious by feats of debauchery, and down far into his public career, until stimulants became an alleged necessity of his nervous system, he has been notorious both for the strange compounds that he mixes and the vast quantities that he consumes. In this way he came finally to champagne and porter, and adheres to them with a devotion worthy of a better object. They are the inseparable companions of his evening work, which has always been the most successful; and, aided by other eccentricities of diet, scarcely less noxious, they have gradually undermined his vigorous constitution, and made him a physical wreck. It was a mournful spectacle, the decay of that massive frame, the decline of that Teutonic Hercules! The warnings of the doctor, the advice of friends, the prayers of his family, were unable to alter a course of diet in which the prince himself at length recognized a mortal enemy. The very admirers who had most exulted over the discovery of his prowess at the bowl were the first to take alarm when the result of that superiority began to appear.

But of Bismarck's food and drink there are no very prominent traces in his literary style. I have ventured to dispute M. Klaczko, without indeed understanding just what sort of rhetoric he means to describe; but if champagne makes a writer light, frothy, and delectable, and porter makes him coarse

and heavy, a mixture of the two ought, it would seem, to produce a species of tedious bombast, of turgid and superficial dullness. Who would say, however, that any such product is realized in Bismarck? Neither his speeches nor his writings are models of choice language or correct taste, but their vices are not those of the dramshop. He has too little leisure, perhaps too little affability, for the courteous formalism of the ancient, or the sweetness and light of the modern school of dilettants; his is a serious and difficult work; his cares are many, his responsibilities great; he lives in a state of constant intellectual tension. Opposition makes him petulant, and he falls into excesses which would grieve the gentle heart of Montaigne. He has had to fight his way through gigantic obstacles, which could not be removed by genial and tender apothegms, or by polished antitheses. His career is a paradox, but he speaks and writes the language of unadorned truth. The style is, in short, the man. It is exact, though not elegant or finished, ready without being careless, powerful rather than incisive, affluent and discursive but not diffuse, better seasoned with humor than with wit, and when free from passion highly agreeable to the most cultivated literary taste. In his conversations with Dr. Busch the prince describes the failure of his first attempt to write for the press, but he would nevertheless have made an excellent journalist. Many of his endowments would have distinctly pointed out that profession for him, if diplomacy had not made a better claim. His career in the press would doubtless have been less eminent than the one which he actually adopted, because journalism holds relatively a low rank in Germany, and is not, as in other countries, notably in France, a preparation for politics and statesmanship. But the man who became the first diplomatist might easily

have become, in other circumstances, the first editor of the country.

As remarked at the outset, it is not the purpose of this article to estimate or even to discuss the statesmanship of Bismarck. About that, opinion will long be divided, even in the fatherland itself. One class of patriots, more sanguine, perhaps, than discerning, will see in the unity, strength, and influence of Germany the fulfillment of the chief duty which fell upon this age, and will bestow unmixed praise and gratitude upon the leader in the great work. Others, who may be despondent by nature, will think rather of the cost of the new institutions, and their prospects of endurance. An empire achieved by the sword; a country slowly sinking under the weight of an enormous army; frontiers surrounded by jealous neighbors; an intolerable and yet growing burden of taxation; a quarter of the population alienated by ecclesiastical strife; and uncertainty both as to men and to measures for the future, — such are the shadows in the picture which the more prudent Germans regard with alarm. Of the two classes, Bismarck has seemed in recent years to belong rather to the latter. Mr. Emerson justly says that "there is a profound melancholy at the base of men of active and powerful talent, seldom suspected." I am sure that this is the case with Prince Bismarck. Under that occasional buoyancy of spirits, which can make him such an entertaining speaker, such an agreeable *raconteur*; below the coarse cynicism, which people, finding it in his manner and measures, ascribe also to his nature, there has formed gradually an element of morbid and consuming melancholy which his friends are privileged to deplore, but not to disclose. His political testament, if he has made one, will not prove to be a cheerful document. He has learned to doubt the permanence of his own work.

Herbert Tuttle.

AN ECHO OF PASSION.

IV.

AFTER dinner, when they went into the small, unripe-looking parlor, where Anice by her mere presence placed the farmer's plain belongings in an attitude of apology, Mr. Evans began telling how he happened to come to Tanford. "You would suppose that, coming from so far inland, we would go to the sea-coast. But I don't like the sea, — the perpetual smell of sea-weed and old fish, which people say is so exhilarating. We've been to the Lake, and Wine Islands, and St. Lawrence, and the Delaware Water Gap, and other places" —

"And even tried staying at home," smiled Mrs. Eulow.

"And we're tired of 'em all," he continued. "Now, my father was a farmer in this place for a while, when he was a young man, and it suddenly struck me I'd come here."

"Is this the very same farm?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, dear, I don't know!" exclaimed Mr. Evans, his old habit of appearing to be immersed in details reasserting itself. "I've inquired around, but can't find out anything. No one has even taken the trouble to remember his existence. I shall look the thing up at the registry of deeds in Worcester, if I ever get time. But the fact is, my father did n't stay here long; and that's where he showed his sense. It's a fine place for the summer; beautiful scenery, of course; but the farming!" Here he screwed up his sagacious eyes significantly, tumbled his restless hair about with his hands a little more, and abandoned the attempt to express the desperation of the situation; but he rehabilitated and paraded an old joke about raising crops of mortgages, which amused Ethel.

The gentlemen presently removed to the porch in order to smoke, the ladies staying within for a while. "I've persuaded our farmer to bring up my horse Star," said Mrs. Eulow, "and then we'll go out and look at him. I hope you'll ride him, sometimes."

"I shall not dare to. I never rode much," said the young matron; and they settled themselves for a brief feminine chat. Ethel was on her guard against allowing it to be seen that her husband had not imparted to her all his memories of the widow; but Mrs. Eulow soon drew from her the main facts of her own history, learned how arduous Fenn's struggle for existence had been, and was even yet; then sounded her as to her tastes and talked with her about her favorite authors, who proved to be Tennyson, Dickens, and Whittier. "You see, I have my piano here," said she. "The room is hardly large enough, but — Oh, by the way, will you play for us?"

Again Mrs. Ethel's answer was negative. She shook her head, almost like a mortified school-girl. "I used to play a very little before I was married," said she; "but only for myself — and for Mr. Fenn, of course. But I don't practice." She would not confess that they had not a piano at home.

The bay came up at this juncture, and was duly admired. Ethel even became enthusiastic, and secretly thought she would try riding again. Going out to the porch for a better view of Star, they found Mr. Evans and Fenn in the midst of a debate so weighty and earnest that Ethel thought they must be discussing some great political movement.

"You must make changes here, sir; you *must* make them. I tell you, it's a great reform!" Mr. Evans was saying with energy.

"Our people are conservative in Massachusetts," Fenn interposed.

"Politics?" queried Ethel.

"No," said Mr. Evans, like a man who has interests on his hands too grave to allow of much interruption from women. "It's beet sugar."

"I knew it must be," laughed his daughter.

"Mr. Evans," explained the chemist, with the air of a neutral placed on the defensive, "maintains that the farmers in this State ought to take up the culture of sugar beets on a large scale."

"Giving twenty-five to forty tons to the acre," said the old gentleman warmly, "at six dollars a ton from the manufacturer; after which" —

"But I have told you that the Department of Agriculture has found out, by chemical test, that both Indian corn and amber cane yield a larger percentage of sugar than beets do," the other objected.

The lawyer continued to talk about "refuse pulp," and two crops in a season, but was gradually led away from his theme by a diversion to small fruits and gem tomatoes.

There was a moment of silence, and Ethel turned to Mrs. Eulow. "Won't you sing me something?" she asked. "I want so much to hear you, after what my husband has said." She spoke in so low a tone that the two men could not hear.

Anice looked at her in an odd, semi-indulgent way, apparently about to comply; the young wife's manner was so confiding, so gentle. Suddenly, however, her glance passed on to Fenn, who was still soothing the disputant with raspberries, and particularly the raising of *Pride of the Hudson* on warm, moist soils; and she changed her mind. "Not now, Mrs. Fenn," she said; "wait till another time; I'm not in the right mood. Besides, we're going to take you to drive, soon."

Did she refuse because it was not

Fenn who had asked her? Possibly. She was usually very complaisant and ready to exercise her voice; and either his indifference at the moment affected her, or else a whim to please herself with reserving for the present, intact, the charm which had first won her the admiration of Ethel's husband. It was significant, too, that Fenn, who in a moment or two more had exhausted temporarily the soil for small fruits, did not think of asking to hear her. He had always been eager to do so hitherto when he imagined himself to have no deeper interest. Mrs. Eulow observed it, and a quick intuition told her that his unconscious indifference to her voice now might mean that another kind of interest had sprung up, or revived, within him. It took only a moment for these little impulses and perceptions to pass through her mind; instinct and passion, like light, travel with incalculable swiftness. The cigars were finished, and the group returned to the parlor, where Anice quietly sat down at the piano, and began stealing from the instrument minor chords of a *Song Without Words*, in which many black keys were involved. Ethel, who had followed with a disappointed air, thought that her wish was to be gratified, after all. But Anice noticed that Fenn was abstractedly glancing over some books on the table, and she continued to weave the voiceless harmony in a subdued volume, with light and remote touches.

"Ah," remarked the young man, all at once, "I see you are looking into chemistry yourself, Mr. Evans." He held up a scientific journal, which he had found.

"Oh, no. Those are of my daughter's collection."

Anice stopped playing, and looked around. "You see," she said rather archly, "I knew what you meant by an aniline dye. Twelve parts carbon, seven of hydrogen, and one of nitrogen!"

Fenn was evidently pleased. "So you really have been studying it?"

"Not studying; only reading," the widow said, apologetically.

He turned over three or four other pamphlets and books, and came upon one thin report on a special subject, bearing his own name; at which he uttered a cry of surprise and satisfaction. Ethel went hastily to see what it was. "Where did you ever pick this up?" he inquired.

"Oh," said Anice, carelessly, "I found out accidentally that you had written it, and sent for a copy." She did not tell him that her whole interest in the science had sprung up from the knowledge that he pursued it; and perhaps, under the circumstances, silence on this point was the better honesty; but the chemist, without egotism, instantly suspected the truth.

"I shall take a new interest in what I write now," he said, in a tone of quiet enjoyment, but without raising his glance to her. "You must have found it pretty dry, though," he added, with a significant look at his wife.

"You mustn't ask me too much," said the widow, as if inclined to snub him a little.

Ethel laughed in great glee. "You did n't get your compliment, Ben, did you? Served him right," she confided to Mr. Evans, who had somehow pleased her from the beginning, and given her an agreeable sense of sympathy.

"It's compliment enough that she should have read it at all," retorted Fenn, somewhat nettled.

Anice rose from the piano with a vague air of triumph about her, which no one especially noticed. "I hear the carry-all coming," she announced to them.

"And I have an idea!" said Mr. Evans, starting up with unusual energy. "It is n't very hot to-day, and a short walk would n't do me any harm, after dinner. I propose that we go and try Mr. Fenn's echo."

"Capital!" cried the widow, becoming almost the young girl again, in her vivacity. "You mean we will walk over? And how shall we try it? Some one must start the echoing from here, you know."

"Oh, we'll have the farm horn tooted," said her father. "How will that do, Mrs. Fenn?"

"I would rather hear Mrs. Eulow sing," Ethel said, timidly.

"You shall, then," declared the old gentleman, firmly, as if he had taken her under special protection, and was going to make her a sort of pet.

Fenn did not altogether like the notion of Anice's singing for the experiment. He was as much averse to it as if he had had a peculiar ownership in her melodious capability. It struck him that she herself did n't like the idea; but, after a brief hesitation, she assented, with convincing readiness.

Accordingly, the remaining three set out across the fields. The modest and unstylish carry-all, suited to the hilly roads, was to meet them at a point below the oak, near the foot of the hill, whither Fenn was confident they could go by the birch-path. The signal of their arrival at the echo ground was to be a blast on the horn, which they took with them for that purpose. Mr. Evans's pace was slow; Fenn was aware of a curious blankness and suspense coming over him, as soon as they had got away from Anice; and Ethel was in haste to hear those magical notes: so that when they reached the tree by the wall they were an impatient trio.

The horn sounded.

After a few seconds, a faint thread of melody reached them, swelling, after a scarcely perceptible break, almost at once into a louder but still distant strain. The air, as Mr. Evans told them, when a few bars had been given, was one which Anice had heard in the mountains of Tyrol.

"It does n't sound right, though,"

Fenn observed. "Could I have been deceived about that echo? It was a very subtle, elusive thing."

"I did n't half believe in it, even yesterday," said Ethel, smiling. "But oh, Mr. Evans, how beautiful your daughter's voice is! I should think you would be very proud."

"So proud, madam," he answered, with considerable elaborateness, "that I have never been willing to have her appear in opera."

"What a pity!" was Ethel's first, impulsive utterance. "But no; perhaps it is n't. That voice is too lovely for most people to be fit to hear it. Does she want to?"

"Go upon the stage? No; I'm glad to say, not. But she has been urged to, continually, both here and abroad."

Fenn had listened attentively, and was more pleased than there was any occasion for being, that his wife liked Anice's singing. He said nothing about this, however. "Let's try it again," he proposed, taking up the horn.

The second signal was answered as the first had been, except that the responsive strain was now a hunting-song, which came to them in this wild, half-sylvan spot with an inspiring motion.

But the man of science was dissatisfied. "I can't make it out," he said to the other two. "Does n't it seem to you more as if the sounds came from the birches, up above here? It is n't like yesterday, at any rate."

"It *did* sound nearer," Mr. Evans agreed. "To tell the truth, Mr. Fenn, I'm not entirely satisfied with your discovery." It was plain that Mr. Evans had not forgotten the younger man's opposition on the sugar-beet question.

Just then a rich peal of laughter, a melody in itself, sounded forth not far from the group; and, turning in that direction, they saw Anice standing in the fluttering shadow of the white-stemmed birches, a few yards away. "Was I a good echo?" she called out, merrily.

"I've been here all the time, since you came." At this there was a general hilarity. Anice had, in fact, taken the upper part of the hill, and made her way to a convenient shelter, while the rest were walking slowly over, below.

"And you made all those changes of distance just by altering your voice?" asked Ethel.

"Oh, that's very easy," said Mrs. Eulow. "I really did n't think I could deceive you all."

"But where are we to meet the carriage?" her father inquired, practically.

"Just where we said. I've sent it down."

As they took their way to the appointed place, Fenn wondered at the change that had gradually made itself visible in Anice since their unexpected encounter, scarcely twenty-four hours earlier. On leaving her then, he had thought of her as sad and statuesque, a form placed in some shadowy corner of life, and with all its loveliness veiled in sorrow, which he had been permitted to gaze upon once more, but which could perhaps never come again into the circle of intimate and usual realities. To-day, on the contrary, — nay, within the two hours just past, — she had become a joyous and hopeful presence; she was even sportive; those fair hands, which had seemed to move with so mournful a languor in the departed twilight, now expressed buoyancy. It might have been a thoroughly happy woman who followed the narrow pathway with him, and he was within a little of doubting the justness of his first impression. This quick transition was exhilarating, alluring. He may have felt that his own appearance on the scene had something to do with it, and this, again, may have led him to walk faster, so that Anice and he drew away from Ethel, who came behind with Mr. Evans.

The track grew fainter; the ground was roughened by roots that struggled to escape from their smothered under-

ground existence. Finally, the pair were confronted by a loose stone wall. Fenn leaped over, and extended his hand. Mrs. Eulow mounted adroitly, and accepted his aid; then, as she gave a slight spring to the ground and withdrew her hand from his, he received an unmistakable but fleeting pressure from her clasp. Coming at the instant after she had touched the grass and no longer needed support, it was hard to believe it had not been intentional, evanescent though it was.

Anice walked rapidly on over the open but uneven space they had entered; then stopped, waiting, holding up her parasol, perfectly self-possessed, and apparently searching for Ethel and her father.

Fenn had paused instinctively by the wall, intending to assist his wife when she should come. The first definite result of the surprise which Anice's touch had caused was indignation mixed with alarm. She was doing an injustice, he felt, both to herself and him. In another moment he dismissed as unworthy and unlawful the suspicion that she had meant to establish a mute communication with him in this way; besides, it was childish. When, in boyish years, this pressing of the hand had been a received method of indicating preference among little girls of his acquaintance, he had always considered it especially senseless; and it was quite unlikely that Mrs. Eulow would resort to it. "Some nervous movement; that was all," he said to himself. But curiosity ensued. If the gentle impact of that hand had been intentional, how much, after all, did it signify? A fine pulsation, a momentary delight and unexpected defiance, struck through his veins, and his heart beat tumultuously.

The whole situation did not last a minute. Fenn experienced these graduated phases so swiftly that he could not consciously register them. Who knows what corresponding activity took

place under the impassive exterior and behind the frank, luminous eyes of the woman standing a few paces away? Yet time enough even for embarrassment had not passed, and nothing appeared to have happened. They looked precisely as they had done before; the bare and rocky ground, the clear hot sky, the trees, were not more natural and unchanged. But the blue of the sky seemed to rain a tingling fire into Fenn's breast; the very odors of the ground and the woods, the searching perfume of the sweet-fern, were laden now with a secret and inspired sweetness he had not detected before. He was resolved to learn more; he felt himself challenged to conquer some admission or some denial from this strangely fascinating friend of his.

"Let us wait a moment," he said. Anice smiled pleasantly.

Ethel arrived, and was assisted by him: her hand was strong and trusting, but it certainly did not impart that peculiar pressure which had just now influenced him so potently.

It haunted him throughout the drive, which was long and beautiful, leading through a singular region of low land between the Tanford plateau and another wilder ridge: a region thickly wooded, with plunging descents down steep and bowery declivities, abrupt turns to this and that side of the valley; and encounters with a streamlet, alternately flowing in bright shallows where the sunlight made amber of it, and lost in deep trout-pools, which Ethel said would be just the place for little Mr. Sharon Reeves, a wandering Episcopal clergyman at the Institute, who was trying to acquire a worldly air by practicing with the rod and line. At another point, some unforeseen ascent would bring them to a line of maples, a few fields, and a farm-house, which appeared to be utterly lost to the world, but boasted a stunted little croquet-ground, with hoops set all awry like skeleton grave-stones.

"I should think the people here," said Ethel, "would have some difficulty in finding even themselves, to say nothing of the world."

But these little homes were happily unconscious of their obscurity, and presented a serene front to the flying critics in the carry-all.

Mr. Evans had explored the route before; but it was new to Fenn, and the absence of knowledge as to what lay ahead suited his mood. Besides, the beauty of the sun-dazzled curtain of leaves through which they peered on either side; the lance-like thrust of long beech boughs and infinite tracery of finer branches in the depth of the wood; the pale reminiscence of autumn in the rain-flattened dead leaves on the earth, from which the trunks rose erect, or steadied themselves at strange angles, like bodies poised for swimming; the dull or twinkling shadows; the tints of green and gray, dim blue, lilac and gold, that trembled in and out among the clean, strong forms of growth, — these things alone gave an active stimulus to the senses. A cool, spicy incense rose to meet them from the coverts of undergrowth and vine, or was distilled by the sunbeams from gaunt and noiseless ranks of pine on sandy banks above the road; clumps of hardhack, with its panicles of hoary rose, and stretches of chicory, with its hardy purple-blue, seemed to float past them as they rolled on. They branched from one narrow way into another, enjoying it all with that zest belonging to American scenery away from towns, which comes from the impossibility of taking anything for granted about it.

"Is this a park, or a forest, or an English estate in an unkempt, second-growth condition, or what, may I ask?" said Fenn, at last.

"It's nothing particular," answered Anice, "and it rejoices in the name of Tom's Swamp."

"I don't think we've seen Tom or

the swamp, yet," said he. "Where do you keep them, Mr. Evans?"

"Tom himself is a myth," began Mr. Evans; "or a historical person" —

"Which is the same thing nowadays," Ethel cynically remarked, to her husband's surprise.

"Yes, that's true. As for the swamp, you'll see a little corner of it before long."

It was merely a gleam of low, watery ground, with the pale purple clusters and flat leaves that belonged there, seen among the trees; and from here the horse was guided to scale the Tanford ridge once more, the top of which was coursed along for miles by the broad turnpike that had once been a post-road, and was lined with towering elms suggesting endless relays of couriers. They passed an old house, deserted like many others in the township, where marigolds and satin-flowers, balsams and hollyhocks, were growing in the midst of rank weeds and wild creepers that were slowly tugging at the roof, to get it down.

"Do you think that could have been your father's?" asked Ethel, to whom the coincidence relating to the dead Evans appeared romantic.

"Very likely," returned the lawyer, becoming harassed with imaginary business again, and touching up the mare.

In this way the drive continued, Anice and Fenn the same as ever in their bearing toward one another, in despite of those transient and silent passages which, several times since morning, had appeared to be preparing the way for some changed attitude. And, in truth, what was there to make them alter their bearing, as yet? Decidedly, neither had any definite assurance that the other had any thought which would have been better away, or concealed spark that might break into a dangerous blaze. As for Fenn, he would have asked, — had there been any reasoning upon such a theme, — What is a man to do, in his position? Must he say openly to the lady immedi-

ately concerned that he finds himself imprudently interested in her, and thinks it best that they should not encounter often? At one time it would have been according to his code to speak in this fashion, attacking the matter directly; but the time had rather gone by for those ideas. He had told Anice, once, that he did not mean to make love to her, and it was questionable whether any good had been accomplished by it; possibly much harm was to come of that verdant confidence.

These reflections passed through his mind in detached order, at intervals of the drive; but, above all, Fenn was sound-hearted and healthy, and the rush of pure air against his cheeks, the sweet odors of the country, tempered the slow fever which had set in at that critical moment in the rocky field, where Anice and he had waited for Ethel. He enjoyed, too, his wife's keen pleasure in this simple after-dinner diversion, and the sight of it did him good. Mr. Evans struck off from the old post-road again, through broad, cultivated acres, hedged with single lines of ash and maple bordering the rough walls, and so down into another wild trough, on the opposite and southern side of Tanford, quite unlike the swamp; more open, breezier, containing houses of a more prosperous aspect, and occasional orchards. Here, too, at the very bottom was a saw-mill, in a state of dead quiescence, like most small mills of its kind for a great part of the year. The only practical purpose it served was as an adventurous perch for the Rev. Mr. Reeves, who, fish-pole in hand, was humming a lively popular ditty, upon which he prided himself as marking his rapid advance in broad and manly culture; allowing his hook, meanwhile, to dangle cautiously in the rough water.

This was the last point of interest, for it was followed by a long and painfully slow climb on the part of the fagged mare up towards Tanford, her head be-

ing pointed for the top of the church spire, the only object in the village plainly discernible from this depth. The ascent was so steep as to resemble a flight upward in the air; but when they reached the hill-top they were at the base of the spire, instead of its summit, — a fact at which Mrs. Ethel professed to be much astonished. And, "Oh, you dreary old Institute," she said, addressing the blank and dusty front of the academic hotel, when they had alighted in front of it, "I feel as if I'd been away for a week!"

V.

There is said to have existed among the Jews an oracle of echoes, and although its responses and prophecies must have been somewhat vague, Fenn could at this time have believed that they were impressively minatory, in cases of predicted danger. An echo is in itself a mock, which seems to fling back upon you something of its own hollowness and transiency. What could more appropriately bring home to a human being his own fleeting, perishable, and fateful state than a helpless rebounding of sound thrown from surface to surface, and lost in space? Then, as to prophetic tone, this ghostly repetition symbolizes well the truth that what has been will be again; that the future has in store for us some exact return of good or evil for what we are now doing; or that a result impending at the current hour is often the direct consequence of an act or utterance preceding it by a long time, the echo of which is only just reaching us. Of some such oracle Fenn was beginning to take counsel. His own consciousness was full of mysterious reverberations, which were repeated or accompanied in the coincidences surrounding him. There was the striking accident of Anice's voice breaking into his reverie at the instant

when he had been recalling it; there was the unbidden return of excitement as he watched the stars and thought of her face; and, again, the furtive, unconscious association with her of the odor of violets in the old garden. Going over the incidents of the day, and thinking of these things, he was forced to ask what they portended. Like muffled echoes they responded, and he understood the answer, although it was not given in words.

"What did you think of Mrs. Eulow?" he asked his wife, when they were alone in their room.

"Oh, I think she's remarkably handsome."

"Yes, she is, rather," he admitted, as if he had not previously quite made up his mind about this.

"It's more than 'rather,'" said Ethel. "Can't you be a little more enthusiastic?"

"Why?"

"Because if you're not impressed by her, I shall begin to think you've never really seen anything pretty about me." She was fastening a jewel-pin at her throat, and gave him a half-coquettish look, yet there was a touch of seriousness in her sweet, simple face.

"What nonsense, Ethel! I don't like you even to hint that you're not the loveliest woman I know." And it was true that she was so to Fenn. He went on: "Mrs. Eulow is a beauty, there's no doubt of that; but it is only one kind of beauty. She is the sort of woman I would like to pay compliments to."

"I should say that's a pleasant kind of woman to be."

"No; compliments are not the highest form of admiration. But Mrs. Eulow would have such a way of receiving them — not believing them exactly, you know, but understanding that they were the best a man could offer her — that it would be a pleasure to give them. Don't you see how there are some people who compel just that form of tribute?"

"I suppose I can understand," said Ethel. "But you speak as if you'd never tried it with her, or had n't known her such a long time."

Her husband perceived that his theory did not apply very well. "The fact is," he acknowledged, "I never did do that sort of thing, the few times I met her."

"But I thought you had seen a good deal of her."

"No; not much."

"Mr. Evans said she saw you as long ago as ten years."

"That's a mistake. It was n't more than eight."

"Well, I think it's very queer you never talked to me about her. I was dreadfully put out when he began speaking as if I knew all about the acquaintance. Of course I had to pretend I did, and then get him to tell me; and I don't like to do that. It's deceptive."

"Never mind," said Fenn, seeing that she was nettled, and at once becoming so himself. "We can't be forever telling people the exact truth. If we did, they would n't care anything about us."

"Then I suppose it was all a fib, when Mr. Evans said they thought of you so often, and had hoped they might meet me some time."

"Not necessarily. I can conceive," said Fenn, sarcastically, "of their taking some mild interest in me and my affairs."

"Yes," said Ethel, veering around at once, for the sake of the advantage; "but I think it would have been better taste if she had kept those chemical books out of sight, — at any rate, for a while."

Fenn got up, angrily, and took his hat. "Do you mean to say you think she put them there on purpose to impress me?" he demanded.

"Ben, I forbid you to speak to me that way. It's just as improper as your not telling me about your friends beforehand. And what difference does it make

to you whether she put them in sight purposely, or not?"

"Poh!" said he. "It's ridiculous to even suggest that I care. But I detest seeing you allow yourself such petty ideas." He took a few steps towards the door, but his wife hardly thought he would go; the dispute was at too interesting a stage to be dropped.

She made a slight concession, and started afresh. "I did n't say I thought so," she reminded him. "But I do think it would have been nicer not to thrust her interest in chemistry at you, the first thing."

"She did n't," said Fenn, settling down to a methodical altercation. "It would have argued a horrible self-consciousness if she had packed them all away before inviting us to dinner." The truth was, he had been more pleased with the episode of the books than he at all knew, until its charm was so rudely lessened.

"The secret of all this," his wife returned, "is that you want me to be just like her. You are never satisfied; you never will be." He made a sound of vigorous impatience, but allowed her to proceed. "You know, Ben, that I am very proud of your being a scientific man, and I listen to everything you say, and try to understand it. I like to have you explain; but I did n't fall in love with chemistry and marry it. I like it because it's you that explain it to me. But if I went and made myself a woman of science, what need should I have of a *man* of science?"

"You could n't be a woman of science, unless you soaked your whole mind with things in my laboratory, just as I do," he retorted, rather vindictively, though what she had said had pleased him.

"Then Mrs. Eulow can't, either," declared Ethel, with an air of finality.

"No, she can't," he assented, "and she does n't pretend to. But it's a very good thing for her to read about any-

thing of the kind that she's interested in; and so it would be for you." Upon this, Ethel, tossing some small articles into a drawer, and shutting it with slight emphasis, effected a movement of the head which meant that she would do exactly as she pleased about that. Her husband, however, felt that it was time for him to respond to the kind things she had said about him, and he added more gently, "You know, my dear, I appreciate you and delight in you as you are. If I had n't— Well, I think I gave the most substantial proof of it that I could, some time ago."

"Yes, you did," she said, with a loving glance. Everything was in train for a reconciliation. "I wish I could make myself more interesting," she went on, humbly. "Very likely I shall succeed, one of these days." She was silent a moment, and he took her hand, smiling. By some unexplained connection of ideas, she returned to Anice. "Did you know Mrs. Eulow would n't sing for me?" she asked. "I wanted her to, at the house, and she would n't. Then, when we were going to try the experiment, she sang close to us, just because we did n't want her to. Don't you think that was queer? I was really hurt when she refused me."

Fenn quietly relinquished the hand. "You are very critical this evening," he said, coldly. But he was annoyed at himself for having forgotten so important a thing as asking the widow to sing for his wife.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Ethel. "What harm have I done? May n't I say anything at all about Mrs. Eulow?"

"Why, yes; yes. It's to be hoped we can tell each other what we think. But"— Fenn would have found some difficulty in stating what he held his wife to blame for. He half lifted his hat again, in a preparatory way, and burst out, with more irritation than was common in him: "I can't stand this, Ethel, positively. Here are these two people,

old friends: they've done as much as they could to make things pleasant for us to-day; and, besides that, Mrs. Eulow is a charming woman, well worth knowing. Yet the first thing to be done is to pick her to pieces."

The criticism was not altogether ill founded, but Ethel merely laughed, and said, with exasperating acuteness, "You began with being almost apathetic, yourself, about her beauty, and you said she did n't command the highest kind of admiration; and now, when I have said one or two little things" —

"Oh, well," interrupted her husband, in a desperate tone, "if you want to spoil the whole pleasure of an acquaintance that might have made our vacation more agreeable, go ahead! You will lose as much as I shall. But of course, if you choose to have it this way, you must. Only, you both appeared to like each other so much, and I thought you were having such a good time, that I'm naturally a little surprised and disgusted."

And with this very moderate description of his feelings he left the room abruptly.

Ethel followed in a moment, passed through the large corridor below, and vainly scanned the increasing darkness without for some trace of him. She was very anxious for him to come back, now. In reality she liked her new acquaintance more than she did most women, and the tone she had taken was entirely due to her annoyance at not having known more about her. But as Fenn did not reappear promptly, to receive her apology, she went into the dining-room alone.

She had nearly finished supper, and he had not returned, when two ladies coming by, from another table, stopped to speak. One was stout, in a baggy skirt profusely trimmed, and carried on her head a variety of puffs and ribbon; she had numerous downward wrinkles about the mouth, indicating an exuber-

ant, contented, confidential bent. The other was small, dry even to gauntness, and wore a vast number of artificial seed-pearls sewn on to her scrimped black dress, which furnished Ethel with an amusing fancy that they represented fruit hanging to a prematurely withered bough.

"Oh, Mrs. Fenn!" exclaimed the comfortably confidential lady, with a cheap imitation of a wicked smile. "So glad to get at you without your husband! Is n't that naughty of me?"

"Why, Mrs. Dadmun?"

"We had a little plan to propose," said Mrs. Whidden, the thin companion, taking the answer upon herself, "and we should hardly have dared to do it if he had been here." Whereupon they both laughed, apparently from pride in their audacious anti-marital manœuvre.

"I don't see how that could have prevented, if it's anything I can do at all," said Ethel.

"It's nothing in the world but this," Mrs. Dadmun responded, becoming matter of fact: "there is a picnic party for to-morrow, and we have just one place left in the carriages. We got as far as that, and then everybody decided that we *must* have you and Mr. Fenn; but as there's only one place, we're obliged to ask you alone, and leave your husband to come on horseback, or something of that sort."

"Two of the gentlemen are going to walk; they start earlier than the rest of us," Mrs. Whidden volunteered. "You *won't* disappoint us, Mrs. Fenn, will you? There's Miss Ibbit and Miss Hamill, — they're going; and Sharon Reeves, and Kingsmill — You ought to know Mr. Kingsmill better, Mrs. Fenn. He's quite an admirer of yours!" And Mrs. Whidden put a starved smile on duty, as she ended.

"Let me think" — began Ethel.

"Have you been to Temple Lake, yet?" asked Mrs. Dadmun, disposing her wrinkles in amiable array.

"No; and I should like very much to join your picnic — if Ben were only here." The thought that he was not there, and that he ought to be, brought out a rebellious impulse to accept the invitation, and go without him.

"He will come if you consent, of course," said Mrs. Dadmun.

"I don't know," Ethel answered, seizing more firmly the project of going alone; "he has been saying there was some work that he must do in a day or two, to send off to the city. But you are all so kind to have thought of me that I think I'll decide to go, any way."

"You're a dear! How very nice!" said the ladies. "At nine o'clock, — so as to get there before it's too hot, you know."

As they passed out of the dining-room, Fenn came in, and they accorded him a very suave greeting. His boots were dusty, and the moisture on his face showed that he had been walking fast. He had gone out in a fit of intense vexation, and had been walking along the old post-road, without much idea what he wanted to do. With a conscience slightly disturbed, he had been quick to suppose that Ethel was a shade jealous of Anice (though that was in fact far from being the case), and he resented this in proportion to the secret knowledge he possessed of there being some justification for such jealousy. But perhaps his acutest displeasure arose from the added peril in which that sentiment on his wife's part would place him. It was bad enough to be afflicted with the recrudescence of a passion which it was wrong for him to think twice of; to have it aggravated by a hostility on Ethel's part, which would inevitably drive him more irresistibly towards Anice, was unendurable. A taper held above the channeled heat of a lamp becomes the axis of a tiny aurora, which flashes volatile blue flame all around it in the air, yet does not ignite the scroll

itself. By a slight change in its position, a little altering of the draught of air, the taper itself breaks into clear fire. Fenn's mind was in the incipient stage: his suppressed ardor towards Anice did not yet seem wholly to possess him; the flame was visionary and hovering, — did not reach quite to his heart. But he feared that the unexpected ground Ethel had assumed in their conversation this evening made the trifling change that would cause that premonitory gleam of infatuation to puff out in an actual blaze.

Restless and suffering, he thought he would not rejoin his wife, but would go down to the other end of the village, where Pincott, an artist of mild and genial temperament, was boarding with his family in a private house, and try the soothing effect of the painter's good-fellowship. He went as far as the gate, and caught sight of Pincott sitting in a rocking-chair outside of the house, where the lamplight from behind a sunflower-studded window-curtain fell on his gray hair, and showed the smoke floating idly up from his meerschaum. The figure was so peaceful, it did him good to see it: a gush of tenderness poured back into his heart. "Dear old Pincott!" he murmured; and as the painter fortunately did not discover him, he turned and went quickly back to the hotel.

So both husband and wife had relented, and both saw that their petty discord had been absurd; but Ethel had the affair of the picnic on her mind, of which she preferred to say nothing at present, and there was therefore a reserve between them. Ethel waited for him graciously, at the table; they did not talk much, but as they went out to the portico she said, "I don't think you understood, Ben, how much I like Mrs. Eulow. I expect to enjoy her immensely. Really, for the little I know about her, I think more of her than I ever did of any woman on a first introduction, and I won't say anything mean about her again."

"That's right," he said, gratefully. "You're always good in the end."

They sat down in a corner under the colonnade, and amused themselves talking of Mr. Evans, and about the people in the hotel and Pincott's pictures. But at last young Kingsmill came up to them. He was one of the handsome young men, it should be explained, who were given to taking picturesque positions on the railing. He had dark gray eyes and a very magnificent mustache, and when he talked the Adam's apple in his throat moved with great activity and prominence.

"I'm so delighted to hear that you're going with us to-morrow," he said, addressing them both.

Fenn was completely surprised, and while his wife was saying, "Yes, it ought to be very pleasant," he began with, "To-morrow? what comes off then? I had n't heard" —

"Why, the picnic. Temple Lake, you know," said Kingsmill.

"I did n't know whether you could go, Ben," said Ethel, turning to Fenn. "Mrs. Dadmun and Mrs. Whidden were speaking about it before you came in."

"Oh! Yes, I've heard that it's a beautiful spot," he returned, directing his words at Kingsmill, and stifling his dissatisfaction at not having been told about the excursion before.

"Shall you go?" the young man inquired, with a concentrated glance.

Fenn perceived that Kingsmill was not so anxious for his company as he might have been. "It's pretty far," he answered, "and I've been meaning to get some papers ready for my firm, soon. I may not be able to give the time."

When Ethel explained to him, afterward, that he would have to get a horse, he gave up the plan decisively.

In the morning, however, when he had watched the party drive off, a great depression fell upon him. He kept thinking of Kingsmill and his air of at-

tention towards Ethel; then it occurred to him that he was missing a rather pleasant affair, and his work was not so very pressing. He made inquiries about a horse, but found the limited stable of the Institute exhausted; whereupon he became determined, and searched the village for a steed. He obtained one, after some effort, — bony and unaristocratic, but able to carry him, — and started in the direction of Temple. An eighth of a mile brought him to a fork of the road, Temple being on the line of one branch: the other led to Mr. Evans's house. He stopped the horse's trot as he approached, and a weak disinclination to go to the picnic beset him. "Ethel almost arranged it so that I should n't go," he reflected; and by the time he reached the fork he had pressed the rein which would turn his horse towards Evans's. The next moment he was cantering briskly thither, and when he left the highway for the winding drive up to the farm-house his spirits had so risen that he hummed to himself blithely, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Anice had an enthusiasm for the very footfall of a horse, and came at once to the porch. She was clad in white, this morning, and bloomed against the woodbine-covered trellis like a morning-glory or petunia.

"Are you alone?" she cried, as if disappointed. "Where is Mrs. Fenn?"

"She has gone to a picnic. They had n't room for me."

"And you are going to ride after them?"

"I had thought of it."

The widow paused an instant. "I should like to take Star out," she said.

"Just what I was going to propose," Fenn assured her, with vivacity, dismounting. "I will wait for you to get ready."

"But I can hardly go to the picnic," said Anice. "I have n't been invited."

"I shall be happy to go in any direc-

tion you like," he said, more seriously than he had spoken before.

She answered quickly that they would ride where he had intended, and that she would come back alone. In a few minutes she returned from her room, transformed, habited in a green-black riding-suit and a small cap suited for the country, which set off her beauty in a novel aspect. How they darted off over the white turnpike; the umbrageous elms waiting to cool them with momentary darkness! In other places spindling maples, newly set out, recorded their rapid flight in vertical lines which fell behind, one after another, and were gone, while the wide country sparkled on either hand in multitudinous greens, among interblended tints of fields with their wild flowers, or distant hill-sides left red from the cutting of a buckwheat harvest. The steady earth seemed to fly, and only the moving clouds appeared motionless. It was very exhilarating; and when they struck off where a huge butternut-tree and a paintless house marked the junction of two roads, and entered a silent pine wood, they were glad to go more slowly and enjoy the glow of their first gallop, at rest.

"My rickety beast is stimulated by the example of Star, I think," observed the cavalier.

Anice laughed freshly and heartily, as if she had been sending forth a roulade of notes in a song. "Don't be too hard on your nameless gray," said she. "He brings you along very well, and you ought to be grateful. I'm sure I am."

"He appreciates his good luck in having a companion, as I do mine." Fenn got this off gracefully.

"Oh, listen!" exclaimed Anice, abruptly, reining Star in. "I hear a beautiful note in the woods."

Fenn stopped, also. The note was that of a wood-thrush. Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think

of a shattered ray of sunlight falling pensively into the recesses of greenery whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment. They went on through the piece of pines without further conversation; an identical train of feeling possessed each mind.

The horseman was careful not to keep up too rapid a pace, and they followed the winding road up hill and down, with numerous intervals of slow walking and agreeable talk, arriving at Temple, six miles away, without having overtaken the larger party. The lake was at a short distance from this village, and Mrs. Eulow said she must turn Star's head, without going farther.

"I shall not allow you to ride home alone," said Fenn.

"That's hardly fair," she answered. "I really can't go on to the lake, and if I take you back with me Mrs. Fenn will be disappointed."

"To tell you the truth," he informed her, "they don't expect me at the picnic, for I gave it up this morning, and I believe I should enjoy riding a good deal better."

"Oh, well, then, if it's not interfering with any plan" — she began.

"No; I thought it was just as well to come this way, and then we could decide." Fenn had had an additional reason, which he did not disclose; and this was that it would have been undesirable to be seen riding from Tanford in any other than the direction of the picnic. "I have a notion," he concluded, energetically, "that we can get home by another way, — coming down to your house over Sheep's Back."

"Is n't that too long?" she asked.

"It can't be more than a mile or two farther."

"Then I should like it ever so much," said Anice, with great vim.

He fancied he saw in her face a new expression of pleasure, softer than any

he had noticed there before, as they moved away again. It made him tingle with a mad, forbidden delight.

They succeeded in finding the road which led over the mountain-side. It was rough and solitary, but at every rod it grew more delightful, rising to a climax of grandeur where it cut into the lofty crown of the hill, and was embowered like a leafy gallery in young beeches and chestnuts and other forest trees. But the Nameless Gray, as Anice had called him, gave signs of disastrous fatigue when they reached this point. Several times Fenn had dismounted and led him up severe inclines, and now, in going down to the valley, he was obliged to repeat the process.

"This is tedious work," he said, at length, "and I'm getting very hungry."

"You see you will be sorry, after all, that you did n't go to the lake," Anice observed, with possibly a trace of malice. "It's a little after twelve, and they'll soon be eating."

"Don't make fun of my masculine appetite," he implored. "I don't regret the picnic a bit, but I am hungry; and it's very hot, besides. Suppose we have a little picnic of our own."

"With all my heart; but where are the provisions?"

"I see a small house down there. We'll stop and get something."

It was true there was a house, crowded down among the wild trees as if it had been put there for squirrels; but when they came down to it, no tokens of inhabitancy were found; it was deserted. A wilderness of blackberry bushes, however, surrounded the place, and they at once decided to tether their horses out of sight from the path, and make a lunch of fruit. Fenn held threatening branches aside, here and there, and found the largest clusters of berries for Anice. There was a good deal of excitement as to which should make the most striking discoveries in this line.

"Oh, how pleasant this is!" cried

the widow, merrily. "I feel as if I were a girl again."

"Yes," said her friend, "this is a magic fruit, that takes away all care, and restores happiness to the sorrowful."

While they were engaged in the primitive and refreshing pursuit of this innocent food, several thrushes began singing with indolent sweetness in a thick covert, not far away. Anice let a heavy-laden branch slip from her fingers and spring back to its place.

"Those birds again! How wonderful they are! Why, this place seems to be full of them. Could n't we see one, Mr. Fenn?"

"It's very hard to get near them. I never saw but one, though I've tried a good many times. But I should like nothing better than to try it again with you. Come."

She hesitated briefly; perhaps a sense that they were proceeding a little carelessly for persons in their position restrained her. But in a moment, with a slight air of defiance, she collected the long riding-skirt more firmly in her hand, and joined her companion. A few steps brought them to an abandoned track, the mossy ruts of which were soft and refreshing to the foot, and led downward towards the haunt of the thrushes. It was broken by large stones, in places, and there Fenn offered the help of his hand; at first with a faint trembling in his voice, and afterwards in silence.

"We must move very carefully," he whispered, as they came to a small glade, more open than the surrounding forest, "or the birds will be frightened and fly away."

The mystery and caution of their advance pleased Mrs. Eulow. But, notwithstanding their care, the thrushes stopped singing before they had come very near.

"It's always so," murmured her escort. "But they'll begin again; and we might as well stop and rest. Besides, the longer we wait, the better for

my poor old gray." He dropped easily upon the ground, while giving this advice, and Anice followed his example.

"I wonder what has become of the people who lived up in that old house," she said; "and I wonder whether they liked to hear the thrushes. I dare say they were very prosaic, and have gone off somewhere and become thriving hucksters; but don't you always speculate about such things, and imagine some very mournful fate connected with these empty houses?"

"I think I do," Fenn replied. "And I suppose it's better to do that than to be thinking mournful things about ourselves."

They had continued, without noticing it, to speak in the low tones adopted out of consideration for the timid songsters; and this insensibly gave what they said an intimate and almost tender quality.

"Yes, indeed. But you don't do *that*, at any rate."

"No, not much; though a man with any go in him is generally dissatisfied about something."

"Women sometimes have go in them, too," hinted the widow, smiling.

"That's true," he admitted. He had begun to roll a cigarette. "Well, are *you* ever dissatisfied?" he asked, looking up.

She gave a subdued laugh. "You are never afraid to say things plainly," was what she said.

"I'm not sure about that. I think I am sometimes." And Fenn felt that she must know what he referred to in his own mind.

"You used to be very direct, in old days," she returned, teasingly. "But, at any rate, there's no reason why I should n't speak frankly, too. Yes, I am dissatisfied, and very often. My life is not a success; my memories are sad ones, and I have nothing to look forward to."

"I don't know," said he, "why you have n't anything to look forward to."

You have money, and you have strong intellectual tastes. You can study, work, write; help mankind, and especially womankind, along."

"I would like to do that; sometimes I imagine I am preparing for it. But then at other times I think I would prefer to come away and live completely isolated, in some place like this deserted house." At these words a dizzying, faithless vision came to the man at her feet of the life he might lead in some profound seclusion with such a woman. "At those times everything seems to be over," she added.

"Did you love your husband so deeply, — is that it?" Fenn was impelled to ask, by a strange conglomerate desire. Among other things, he was troubled by an unreasonable jealousy, which he had no right to feel, of the hold which the dead Eulow might have had upon her.

Anice surprised him by her simple answer. "No. I was young when I married. I was mistaken."

There was so much quiet sadness in the way she said this, so much of self-respect and of respect for the husband she had lost, mingled with an unusual frankness accorded to the friend whom she considered worthy to hear this secret, that Fenn received no shock. Her manner was very far removed from that dank and earthy sentimentality in favor with certain women, who are forever disclosing their disappointments in order to win male sympathy.

He looked gravely into her face, and her eyes met his. He wished to take her hand, and soothe her and pity her; saying to himself that this at least could be done without danger. But something kept him from attempting it.

A fruitful silence succeeded, during which he looked up between the trees, and contemplated a huge white cloud that moved luxuriously through the ether, with sides made dazzling by the sunlight, yet easy for the eye to rest on.

It brightened and darkened, according to the changing poise of the fleecy mass, and, from being speckless white, softened into the dim tints of the shaded feathers on a dove's breast. The image of Ethel in Fenn's mind was brightening and fading alternately, like this cloud, floating away, insubstantial and remote. His love for her, which he had held on to so firmly under the first stress of temptation, was slipping from his grasp. Could it be, he asked himself in drowsy wonder, that it was an illusion, which was being dispelled by the contact of a more vital fervor? It might be well to test this by some hardy utterance to Anice, throwing off all concealment recklessly.

Suddenly he got up and stood before her, his eyes glowing with suppressed fire. "You ought not to think everything is over. There is much in store for you," he said to her. "Ah, I could help you, — I could show you how to live for something!"

The exclamation seemed to come without his will; but when it had escaped, he thought he had said everything, that he had disclosed his heart and stood on the verge of a crisis.

He was wrong.

"Will you do it — give me some direction and put purpose into my days?" Anice asked, grateful and eager.

The fire faded from his glance, and he looked down. "I wish I could. I will try. I hardly knew what I was promising," he answered, in a tone so changed that she was bewildered.

At this moment, the thrushes once more began swaying their slow, ecstatic yet melancholy notes on the tree-tops. But this time they were much farther away.

"Ah," said she, "they have commenced again. But we shall never find them, Mr. Fenn."

The same thought struck them both: that there was something in their lives which they were trying to find, but

which was always beyond them, unattainable, like this vanishing music of the woods.

Fenn resumed his place on the moss near her, with a pained and brooding look. "I can't help anybody," he said despondently. "I can't even manage myself. There is something the matter, and yet I am what is called a happy man."

"You have reason to be," said the widow, gently.

"I know I have." He said no more, and the thrushes resounded faintly through the silence, expressing the longing within him.

In a few moments Anice reminded him that they must go.

"Wait a minute," he urged. "There is something I want to speak of. You have never mentioned, since, the extraordinary thing I said to you when I made my visit at your father's house."

The color in her cheeks receded a little, but she responded with seeming ease: "About not making love to me? Oh, that — there could have been no reason or possibility for mentioning that. Don't you think it was one of those things that is complete at one stroke?"

"I want to know what you really thought about it," said Fenn, with a sort of breathlessness, and gazing at her intently.

She did not laugh contemptuously, as he had feared she might. "It was so long ago," was her reply, "you can't expect my impression to be fresh; and it may not be best to say much about it, any way. I didn't think it was the wisest thing that could be done."

For a second time he had the premonition that a great crisis was at hand. "It was a terrible mistake!" he declared vehemently, feeling that the statement implied all his latent passion about her.

"Yes; as a matter of prudence, you may call it a mistake," said Anice, calmly. For a second time, the crisis had come to nothing.

"And you thought me a great fool?" he inquired, after a short, dazed pause at her mode of taking it.

"No. That would have been rather conceited. I didn't consider every young man under obligation to be an adorer. And I think I liked your sincerity, all things considered."

There was but one question more that Fenn could have put; and that was whether there had been any regret because of his announcement that he should not make love. The desire to know this tortured him; but of course it was impossible to ask it. Thus the situation was presented, that her frank replies excited his importunate questioning tendency still more deeply.

He remained thinking; but, seeing that she waited for him to take the lead in returning to the horses, he unwillingly made a start. When they came to the rough places, he attempted to aid her, as before, but she thanked him, and went on by herself; it was not until she nearly stumbled to the ground, in the folds of her habit, that she took his hand. Fenn was filled with trepidation.

Could it be that she was offended with him? He knew that to ask her that would simply place him at a fresh disadvantage, and he was forced to keep the doubt to himself; but how unlike was this return to the one he had half imagined as possible! When they had entered this secluded place, he had had a dim presentiment that the growing current of his feeling for her would carry away some barrier, and place them in a new relation; that it might, in fact, lead to some mutual discovery, for the sake of which they would be willing to set aside everything else in the world, —so intoxicated was he. Their dialogue in the glade of the thrushes had seemed to him charged with intensive meaning, as if at any moment the great climax might come. Yet it had all passed away into the air, and nothing had happened; except, perhaps, that he had forfeited something of her regard and confidence. He emerged from the solitude with the sensations of a man who has shouted aloud in his dreams, and waked to find his imaginary cry the exaggeration of a feeble moan.

George Parsons Lathrop.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

II.

A MOUNTAIN FUNERAL.

As I was about leaving the mountain neighborhood inhabited by the moonshiners, I was informed that one of their number was "to be buried" that afternoon, and decided to attend the funeral. Reaching the place — a small farm high up on the side of the mountain — an hour before the time appointed for the services, I found the door-yard already nearly full of men and boys, while others came in sight every few minutes from the surrounding woods. Many of

the men had their guns with them. Most of these were "stacked," or stood up together, in the corner or angle between the projecting chimney and the wall of the house, on the outside. Most of the men stood around a great fire of logs, which had been built in the yard. Others sat on the rail fences and on the numerous oak stumps. Nearly all smoked pipes, and talked, with solemn animation, of the personal qualities and history of their deceased neighbor. "Mart was a good one, ef there ever wuz one on this crick," said an old man, as he picked up a glowing coal with his fin-

gers, letting it drop into the palm of his hand, whence he dexterously rolled it into the bowl of his pipe. He drew a few strong whiffs, and then repeated, "Mart was a good one, I tell *you*!" "He wuz that," assented a younger mountaineer. Then each person in the company by the fire contributed some remembrance of "Mart," and his good traits and actions. There was something which seemed Homeric in the simple earnestness and strength of this talk. It was the real funeral oration. Many acts of tender kindness were mentioned. Some talked of his physical prowess and courage. One man's lips quivered as he summed up, "There hain't no man can say Mart ever turned his back on a friend or a foe;" and several responded in chorus, "That's a fact, by the Jeemeses River."

A man from the camp had accompanied me. He introduced me to those who desired acquaintance as a gentleman from Richmond, who had "ben over in the valley lookin' at land; an' as he never was up in the mountains before, he's come across this way to see the country." He had advised this course, as we were on our way to the funeral, saying, "We 'll tell 'em all about ye, after ye're gone; but now, ye see, 'twould jest make an excitement, and kind o' disturb the fun'ral, an' 't ain't wuth while." I thought this a sensible view of the matter, and talked but little, as I had then no questions to ask. Presently "the preacher" came, riding along a forest path. A young man took his horse, and hitched it in a corner of the fence. The older men spoke to the minister, and shook hands with him. "Would you like to go in?" the old man already mentioned asked me. "If it's all right, and there is room." "Come along; I'll git ye a seat." I was placed just inside of the door, very near the minister, who stood in the door-way to conduct the services. The men stood in the yard. The two rooms

which I could see were filled with women and little children. The long coffin lay in the centre of the room, supported on two chairs. The bereaved woman, young, tall and powerful-looking, sat by the body of her husband, with three little children near her. One of these was but a babe. It was alarmed by the strangeness of the scene, and, refusing to be comforted by the neighbor who had it in charge, it had to be hushed on its mother's bosom.

The minister began by "lining out" the hymn:—

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

As he read these lines the woman gave a low, piercing wail of grief, which was followed by a burst of weeping from those who sat nearest her. There was a prayer full of sympathy and fervor, becoming rather vociferous near the close; then a very sensible sermon about the shortness and uncertainty of life, the certainty of death, and the great importance of being "prepared for a better world." "Our brother that's gone," the minister said, "had sought the Lord, and found him precious; and he said he was goin' home to live with Jesus. It was hard for him to leave his dear family, but he looked forward to a meetin' in heaven, where parting will be no more." The chief mourner's wails grew more impassioned, and the assembly shook with repressed weeping. Many of the men outside were in tears. There was another hymn, and then the people filed past the coffin, for the last look at the dead face. In a very short time, and without any apparent confusion or hurry, we were on our way to the graveyard: a straggling, irregular procession, mostly on foot, but with some on horseback, "riding double." A few of the older men walked in front. Next to these came a dozen or more of the younger women, accompanied and followed by

about as many young men; then older men and women on foot; then the wagon with the coffin and the family; and, bringing up the rear, those who were on horseback. I walked with my friend, a little in advance of the wagon. Immediately after we passed beyond the inclosure around the house, the widow addressed one of her neighbors, who was passing the wagon to a place in front, and bade him "tell Elmiry to sing." The word was passed along the line forward to the young women, and one of them, a tall, deep-chested girl, began a Methodist "revival hymn." Her voice was very strong and clear, and sweet, when not too loud. It had strange, thrilling cadences, and made me think of the singing of an improvisatrice. The other young people joined in the song, taking the different musical parts. When the hymn was ended, another was started by the same leader, and others in succession, during the entire march to the grave. In places the road was rough, and as the singers became weary from their double exertion their voices trembled and quavered, and some of them sang a little out of time and tune. Once, when there was a slight pause, the woman in the wagon exclaimed, "I hope Elmiry ain't a goin' to stop singin'!" I pitied the poor girls, as some of them appeared to be much exhausted.

At the grave the minister lined out another hymn, and it was sung while the coffin was being lowered to its place. The woman wailed and screamed, and fell backward, fainting, into the arms of the women who pressed around her. The people remained until the grave was filled up. Then the poor woman, who seemed half unconscious still, was lifted into the wagon, and laid on the robes and blankets on the bottom of it, with her head supported on Elmiry's lap. We returned to the house silently, and I thought the dark, wintry woods looked sad and lonely, and nature seemed un pitying. Some of the "neighbor-wom-

en" had remained at the house, and had "got supper for all that'll stay," as they said. I wished to engage my guide to take me on horseback to the railroad that night, and he said he would go if I would "stay an' git somethin' to eat first." I was glad to see that the woman of the house tried to eat, and that her hospitable instincts struggled with her grief, as she thoughtfully endeavored to make sure that every one was urged to "come to the table." As we arose from our repast I heard one of the young women inviting others to take our places, assuring them that "they's room now; the first table's all eat."

It was dark when my guide and I mounted our horses, and set out through the woods. We rode at a speed which I had not anticipated, nor thought was possible over ground so rough. I could barely see the man and horse in front of me. We dashed on, at a long, rough trot. After we had been half an hour on the way, my guide turned in his saddle, and asked, "Kin ye set purty tight?" I thought I might as well say, "Oh, yes," as I was plainly "in for it." It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached the railroad station in the woods. I asked the man what I should pay him. "'Bout a dollar 'll pay for my trouble, I reckon." He fastened up the stirrups of the saddle on which I had ridden, and struck the horse sharply with a switch. The animal promptly started homeward. I gave the man my hand, and thanked him, and he said, "I reckon ye won't come this way ag'in." "I suppose not, this year; some time, it may be." "We'd like to hev ye. I reckon our folks'll ruther miss ye."

The train came along soon afterward. As it trundled on, hour after hour, I dozed in the car-seat, and all that I had seen and heard in the mountains seemed to withdraw far away into the shadowy land of dreams. The next morning the conductor shook me out of a deep sleep, and as I rose heavily to my feet he said,

"Sorry to disturb ye, for I reckon ye 're mighty tired. But come an' have some breakfast. Ye've ben up in the mountains, hain't ye? I heered ye was goin', back on the road."

After breakfast, I deposited my baggage with a woman who was selling whisky to her neighbors, in the one room of her home, near the station, and started out to look around me. I saw a country wholly without "scenery," or features of any kind, — a wide expanse of rich, level land; no hills, no valleys, no streams or woods. A few trees and clumps of bushes were in sight, scattered about the plain, but they did not seem to break its monotony in any degree. It was a land, I thought, where New England women, lovers of the hills, might die of homesickness and the burden of the wearying sameness and eternal desolation around them. I was in one of the great "black districts" of the central South.

NEGRO TYPES.

I asked a man at the roadside where I could hire a horse for the day. He pointed to a house a mile away, and replied, "Ye kin git somethin' thar, I reckon." I was soon on the back of an enormous mule. As I mounted I asked the farmer if the animal was all right, and he replied, "He's the same as any mule, I reckon; they're all-fired unprincipled, all on 'em. It's best to be ready for Gabr'el to blow any time, when ye're in their company." But I rode the mule all over that region during that day and the next, and he behaved very well. It was a "cotton country" which I was now exploring. It seemed at first to have but a sparse population, as there were few houses in sight; but I found this impression a common one on first looking at a district thickly inhabited by colored people. Their houses are small and inconspicuous, and are usually huddled in groups, in what a Northern traveler would regard as out-

of-the-way corners, in hollows, near a clump of bushes, or in other unexpected places. The number of negroes which one small cabin can shelter and accommodate is startling. On many plantations, however, there is much improvement of late in the housing of the black laborers, and I saw many hundreds of new and commodious dwellings which were occupied by the "hands" on large cotton plantations, and which were better in every way than the average "tenement-house" of some New England factory towns. Inside, however, there is usually little house-keeping. In most cases, on the great plantations in the "black regions" which I have visited, there is what Northern people would regard as hideous squalor and noisome uncleanness within doors, and the black people seem to be merely camping out in the house. Very often the tenement is too good to suit them, and they would feel more at home in a ruinous hut.

What impressed me most respecting the quality of the labor in this region, as in all the great black districts, was the element of periodicity. Few of the black people seem to be able to work steadily or continuously for many days together. They must have frequent holidays, and appear to require some special stimulus or excitement to hold them to their employment; and periods of somnolent, sluggish enjoyment and animal repose, lasting a day or two, seem also to be necessary. Wherever there is a small village or hamlet within reach, the negroes on the nearest plantations congregate about it. There is nearly everywhere a marked tendency toward the towns, on the part of the "plantation hands." The movement in this direction has not, generally, I think, been productive of good results of any kind. Almost everywhere, as in the region which I was now examining, I found numerous rather handsome young mulattoes, men who are politicians, idle, voluble, worthless, and vicious. They

are usually satellites of white politicians, and act as pimps and procurers for them among the young women of their own race. These men are objects of abhorrence and terror to the admirable women who are watching over the young colored girls in their neighborhood, and trying to guide them in womanly ways. These flashy, dissolute fellows are nearly always able to defeat such efforts, and to secure the silly girls as fresh prey for the licentious passions of the satellite's white employer. More than once I witnessed a quarrel between a ruffian of this stamp and his master, growing out of the fact that the latter had invaded his menial's "rights," by taking for himself what the pimp claimed as exclusively his own. On one occasion I noted that the injured man made an oration about his wrongs. Brandishing a photograph of a mulatto girl, he thrust it into the white man's face, exclaiming, "By —, you *know* you never inherited this!"

In the great black regions the prevailing type is the uncouth, strangely-shaped, animal-looking negro or mulatto, who seems mentally, even more than by physical characteristics, to belong to a race entirely distinct from that of the white men around him. He is not so much hostile or antagonistic as alien, unimpressible, inaccessible. He cannot be influenced or guided to any great extent. He must have his way. He will do only so much work, and will labor only under conditions natural and desirable to him. He cannot be hurried, coaxed, bribed, or driven to do anything as Northern men like to have work done. I could not find any instances in which Northern men had been successful with negroes of this type as laborers. Southern white men of character and education seem to understand them, and to be able to arrange the conditions of life for them so that their labor is profitable, and their peculiar qualities have not become explosive and ruinous to the entire

social fabric of the regions in which they are, numerically, so much stronger than the whites. What the black people in such regions may become in the future is yet, in great degree, uncertain; but at present their race characteristics are remarkably definite. They do not appear, so far as I can judge, to be now undergoing any marked transformation or process of change as a race or distinct class of people; and while I cannot say positively that there is no improvement among them, I must confess that I have been unable to find any evidence or indication of it.

They are undoubtedly, in some important respects, a powerful race. They have enormous physical vitality in their present circumstances, but all that I have seen of them inclines me to doubt their having the ability to adapt themselves to any great change in their environment or the principal conditions of their life. But it is certain that all the theories and fancies regarding their decay and dying out as a race, which have been presented at different times since the first introduction of the negroes into this country, must be dismissed as idle speculations, with no support in the facts of the case. The negroes increase rapidly everywhere in the country places; much less rapidly in the towns, because there prostitution greatly reduces the number of births. It is also clear that the negro will not "be crowded out by the superior race." For reasons to be hereafter pointed out, it is likely that the rate of increase of the white population of the Southern States will soon begin to diminish, but it is not likely that the causes which will produce this decline will affect the black people in equal degree. They form already a large proportion of the people of our entire country. They will in all probability remain permanently upon our soil, and will be able to do their share of any "crowding" that may result from the conditions of life here in America in the future.

A BLACK PLANTER.

Leaving the railroad at Bayou Goula, Louisiana, I traveled on horseback westward and northwestward through the country for long distances. In this region the condition of the laborers is superior to that which prevails in Mississippi. For the most part the soil is better, but I think the chief reason for the higher character of the people of both races, the blacks and their employers, is that the production of sugar is better suited to develop and improve all who are concerned in it than the growing of cotton. Far over in the interior of the State, in a rich region lying among interlacing streams and arms of the bayous, I found a black man engaged in farming. He said that he was forty-two years old, and that his father, who died but seven or eight years ago on his son's plantation, was a young prince, or chief, in an important negro country in Africa, when he was captured and sold to traders, who sent him to America as a slave. Here he found a young woman of like origin and blood with himself, and married her. They had several children, but only this man whom I visited lived to grow up. The others died in infancy, because, as the survivor thought, their masters "had not sense enough to know how to hold slaves." "A fool can't be a master," he said; "he needs a master for himself." He had nothing when he found himself free at the end of the war. He went to work as a teamster for the Federal officers who remained some time in that region, and afterward bought a mule and began farming. He did all kinds of hard work, and soon employed other men, in order to derive some profit from their labor. After a year or two he bought a few acres of land, and began at once to save manure. This last was regarded as a foolish innovation, as it had never been attempted in that region.

He soon saw that it was ruinous to buy so many things in the way of plantation supplies and tools, and accordingly began to produce his own corn, pork, bacon, and hay, and many other articles which the planters about him had always purchased from the merchants in the towns. Next, he determined to try to construct his own farm buildings, and to make some of the principal tools required in his various occupations. He said he learned all the trades himself: those of the carpenter, bricklayer, and plasterer; he became a blacksmith and tinsmith, and built carts and wagons, and made axes and hoes, barrels and pails. He said the things were not very smooth; it made him sick to look at them; but he learned how to begin, and then he could do better next time. He visited and examined a foundry in one of the towns on the river, and built a small furnace, and made some castings at home.

As soon as he had paid for his land he resolved to train a few laborers, and teach them to work according to his ideas and methods. He said that on the large plantation up the bayou the hands had a hundred and fifty ways of covering a hill of corn, and not one of them was the right way. He began to look for young men for his purpose, but could find few who were earnest or trustworthy, or who cared to learn. He said, "I saw that a good hand was worth more to me than a poor one, and of course, he ought to be worth more to himself. So I told the men that if they would do just what I wanted I would pay a little more than the usual wages, and that I would not keep poor hands about me, if they would work for nothing. It must be good work or none. So I have got these men to work in my way, and have taught them how to teach others, and to manage things; and when they go away from here every one of them is to teach his hands all the things he has learned on my place." He would

like to grow his own cotton and wool, and spin and weave them, if he could, but of course he could not make everything at home. He thought it one of the most important things in the economy of life (or, to use his own phrase, "in managing the business of living") to decide what should be produced at home, and what should be purchased of others. He had studied much about this, wishing to "find out what was just about right," and had decided that there was no certain rule, and that the relations between these two divisions of a planter's business, the quantity or extent of each, would necessarily be varied by differences of climate, soil, place, the state of society or the degree of civilization prevailing in the country, and other circumstances.

After I had spent an evening with him he said, "Why do you ask me about so many things? I should think you wanted to come to this country and be a planter." "No, I am not coming here to live. I only wish to learn as much as possible about life here. You see, I don't think the white people are the only inhabitants of Louisiana." "Ah," he said, "that's a dark subject. I don't see exactly how things are to come out for all of us here."

This man was one of the most successful planters and business men that I saw in all my journey through the South, and it appeared to me probable that he would not only become rich, but that he would do much to improve the condition of the region in which he lived. He seemed to understand more clearly than most white planters the value of the principle of the selection of labor and laborers according to quality and performance. I asked many Southern men if some advance could not be made in this direction, but they nearly all thought it impracticable, and especially so in gathering the cotton crop, as it is necessary to employ "everything that can pick a pound." Much of it is in

fact picked by children, and it is often handled carelessly and wastefully. The cotton-picking was not finished in the Southwest last winter until it was time to plant the new crop in the spring. Much of the old crop was indeed never "saved" at all. I visited many plantations while the picking was in progress, and observed the methods of the laborers. The cotton is spread, or piled, on the ground in the field, and is often trampled under foot; and sand, mud, sticks, and stones are gathered up and carried away with it, and put into the bales. If the hands employed in gathering it could be required to use more care in handling the cotton, so as to keep it as clean as possible, and free from the substances which are so commonly mingled with it, I think its value would be considerably increased.

I was soon aware, in talking with this man, that he had read more than is found in newspapers, and desired to see his home, and learn what books, if any, were to be found there. He had Plutarch's Lives, and Montaigne in French; an old copy of a cheap American edition of Bacon's Essays, in one volume; most of Plato, in volumes belonging to different editions; Pope's Homer; an old copy of Sartor Resartus; a selection from Wordsworth's poems; Rollins' Ancient History; Shakespeare's plays; and Carey's Dante. He liked Plutarch and Shakespeare best; thought there were some great men "in the business that Homer tells about," but said he could not see them all plainly, and wished he could read it in the Greek. He believed Socrates to have been a very sensible man, and would like to know what he said, or what he would say, about many things; and to ask him about the hands and the work on the plantation, sometimes. But Plato was like one of these newspaper men; he talked too much; if he had a big thing to talk about he talked all the time, and if it was a little thing he talked just the

same. He thought Socrates and Abraham Lincoln would have liked each other, "and Carlyle." He went on, "Those three men, if they could be together, would have more fun than ever was in the world at one time; they could tell so many stories." I asked if they would not want Bacon with them; to which, after a moment's pause, he replied, "Bacon is very sober, but sometimes it is no great thing he has to tell us." He had Darwin's *Origin of Species*, he said, and had read it several years ago; but the book was not at home, as he had loaned it to a colored minister. There was a copy of *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, with various books on farming and stock-breeding, about forty volumes of African travels, and a few numbers of the *Popular Science Monthly* and of some British reviews.

He said the facts or laws of descent had "been known always in Africa. The people of this country do some strange things. I cannot see what their plan is. The very men who ought to show the people what to do will mix their blood with the blood of slaves. In Africa a prince or chief has as many wives as he wants, but they must all be of good blood. There are officers who have to remember who was everybody's father and mother." There were three kinds of men in Louisiana, he thought. One kind would not learn anything, nor do anything. They ought to be driven out into some poor country by themselves. "It would be better to kill them, but that's not the way here." The second class could do good work if they had somebody to tell them what to do, and to teach them. The other kind of men have to think what can be done, and they have to give orders, and put men in the right places. "On most of the plantations along here there is no foremost man. It's all tail without any head. Sometimes the man that's giving orders ought to be set to driving a mule, with somebody to drive *him*." I

asked him what he thought of politics, and he replied that there was "no good in all this *ki-yi* about voting, and what this party and that party will do,—no good for the black people. They would better work, and get homes of their own, and stay away from the speeches. If a man works, and makes a living, he cannot do everything else. When a black man begins to talk about 'de principles ob de gubberment' I see he don't make much cotton."

I remarked that in the North much improvement in all Southern affairs and interests was hoped for, as the result of the education of the negroes. He pointed across the fields, and answered, "Yes, the education is here." "But you would have these men read; you like books and newspapers." "Books after work, if a man wants them. Not many of our race can work and read too. Newspapers make us meddle with other people's business, and let go of our own. If I get mixed up with the Zulu war or the Nihilists, who will see that the mules are fed at the right time in the morning?" He stooped and pulled up a bunch of weeds by the roadside, and, shaking the earth from their roots, held them up for me to see, observing, "Worst kind of Nihilists around here, too." As we walked along the levee by the side of the plantation, he spoke of one of his men who had worked there the year before, and had done a good job, but had since gone to be a preacher. "Was that good?" I asked. "It's not for me to say it's good or bad. He was a good, true man, and he thought he ought to preach." "Does their religion help the black people much?" "Some of them; some not. Most of them go into it too strong at the meetings. It makes them drunker than whisky. The preachers generally don't know a great deal, and the people don't want to learn anything." "What do you think of it all for yourself?" He stopped, and turned his face upward to

the sun, and, stretching out his arms, exclaimed, "*There is something there!*" I do not know what it is." After a few moments we talked of the soil and crops, the manners of the people of the region, and other topics. This man's wife was much younger than himself, — a tall, rather silent woman, very black, but with features entirely unlike those of the usual African type. They had four sturdy children. A young mulatto woman assisted in the domestic work. The lady of the house — shall I say — presided at the table in an easy, graceful manner, and evidently followed the conversation intelligently, though she said little. Before the end of my visit she was more communicative, but was plainly inclined to shelter herself at her husband's side. They were evidently in thorough sympathy, affectionate, proud, and happy. Their life seemed to be entirely wholesome and admirable. The boys will learn trades, their father said, and the girls housekeeping.

This man seemed to have a firm grasp upon reality, and to see his way clearly, while most of the men around him, of both races, were floundering in uncertainty and inefficiency. I talked a little with several of the men who worked for him. They all thought their employer the best and wisest man they had ever known, and appeared to feel for him the reverence and devotion of soldiers for a beloved commander. Of his men this black planter said, "There is nothing they would not do for me." I think the work of this man and his co-laborers an instance of the kind of reconstruction which the South most needs, — the guidance of labor, by competent men, for the benefit of all concerned.

ANOTHER BLACK PLANTER.

There is another class of colored men in the South, who are laying the foundations of a better state of things than now prevails by sheer industry and de-

votion to money-making. I found a conspicuous illustration of this type in the person and work of a negro in one of the old Southern States. He could not read, but had learned within a few years, by instruction from his young wife, to write well enough to enable him to "keep the time" of his hands by recording it in his book of farm accounts. He had "begun without nothin'," he said. At the end of the war he gathered up some "lame and sick gov'ment mules that had been turned out fuh de crows, an' doctor'd 'em up." Then he worked on the plantations near him, at first by the day, but soon began to rent land and "hire hands." He said he "lived on nothin', or what other folks frowed away; but I reckon I fed my mules mighty well." He had bought land, a little at a time, and when I visited him owned many hundred acres of the best land in that region. He still worked hard himself, and exacted, most rigidly, the amount of labor which he thought his hands ought to perform. "I don't lay out fuh 'em to do as much as I does, boss; but dey mus' n't shirk." His residence was but a few miles from a considerable town. The year before I was there a neighboring planter had wanted a twenty-acre wood-lot cleared off. It was heavily timbered, and this black man offered to clear the ground for the wood which was to be removed. This was accepted, and he "had de choppin' done in de wintah, when dey wus n't no wuk, an' han's wus cheap." The wood was drawn out and piled up on a vacant lot near the road. "Nex' summah eberybody's out o' wood in town; dey allays is; dey nebber luks ahead mo' 'an 'twel dinnah time. Nobody hain't no time to haul wood *den*. Eberybody's in de cotton. But ebery night, ahtah we done done de day's wuk in de fiel', den my wagons ebery one takes load o' wood to town. De big-bugs pays good price *den*, 'cause dey ain't no wood fuh to be hed. So *dah*,

den [becoming animated], *hi*, boss, I sells de wood, *see*! An' I pays all de spences fuh cuttin' it, an' in de nex' place I buys de lan' what de wood come off, an' I hab suffin lef' in de bank." The guttural chuckle with which he ended I am powerless to represent. The principal citizens of the town said this story was true.

This man reared cattle, sheep, and hogs, and had better blooded animals than any other planter near him, white or black. He was saving all the manure that his farms yielded, and drawing more from the town, — "de profit's on de back load." His fences were good, and, what is rare in the South, the fence-rows were kept clean, and free from weeds, briars, and bushes. He had married but a year or two before my visit a beautiful young woman, with scarcely a trace of negro blood. He was extremely proud of her, and of their babe, a handsome boy. I took supper with them, by invitation, the family and the "hands" eating at the same table, while a colored servant-girl waited on us. There was excellent coffee and tolerable bread, but the principal dish was some kind of meat, which I did not recognize. After eating of it heartily I asked my host what it was, and he said it was "chit'luns;" but I did not at once think of "chitterlings," and he explained particularly what it was that we had been eating.

After supper the woman went away with the baby, and as we rose from the table I saw a double-barreled shot-gun standing in the corner of the room, and inquired whether there was much game in that part of the country. "Dat ain't fuh no game. Dat's fuh dem damned niggah preachahs." "What's the matter with the preachers?" " *Spose I want 'em comin' 'roun hyuh to see my wife, when I's 'way from home?* De low-down hogs! Dey makes deh livin' gwian 'roun', an' eatin' an' eatin', an' dey fool de wimmen twel dey hain't no sense."

"Would you not allow a preacher to come to your house?" "Let him wait twel I axes de pleasuh ob his comp'ny. I done tol' em all 'roun' hyuh, I let 'em know when I wants 'em. My wife b'longs to me, an' I's gwian to luk out fuh dem slick houn's wiv dat shot-gun."

BLACK MINISTERS.

This man's description applies justly to some of the colored preachers in most parts of the South. They are ignorant, fat, lazy, and licentious. Many of them use intoxicating liquors freely. The influence of such men is of course a curse to the colored people, and is the cause of much immorality among the married women who are members of the "colored churches." But it would be most unjust to allow my readers to infer that colored ministers generally belong to this class. Here, as in the description of all classes of people in the South, discrimination is necessary. The new order of things is manifesting itself in a conflict between opposing tendencies in the negro churches, and among their ministers. Except in the larger towns, most of the older ministers depend on mere noise and excitement to influence their hearers. They work themselves into incoherent fury, stamp and yell, and appeal only to the "feelings" of their uninstructed followers. These old men denounce "de high-flyin' preachin' we has dese days." They say "it's all book-l'arnin'; dey ain't no Holy Ghos' in it, at all. Dis new religion mighty smaht, an' mighty proud, but it hain't got no *feelin'* to it." There is a great deal of truth in this. The more intellectual preaching of the younger educated men is ill suited to the tropical and impulsive nature of the colored people. Their life is far more a matter of instinct than of thought, and to attempt to teach religion to them by means of appealing to their reason is to disarm religion at once of all its potency. The preachers and missionaries who are best

adapted to the peculiar conditions and needs of the colored people are the young men who have received an industrial education, who have been trained to manual labor, and have learned either farming or some mechanical art at such schools as the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Virginia, or the other admirable institutions of learning fostered by the American Missionary Association and the churches of the South. Of course, this class is still very small, but it comprises some excellent men, whose influence is already widely felt in the South, and is a potent factor in the soundest and most hopeful religious work now going on there.

SURVIVALS.

Savage African beliefs, or superstitions, as to the interference of supernatural powers in the affairs of human life prevail everywhere among the negroes of the South to an extent which Northern people would scarcely imagine without special study of the subject. This is not to be wondered at when we observe how largely prehistoric forms of thought survive even in cultivated Northern communities. I think there are no negroes, perhaps, except the few educated young men referred to above, who are free from the influences of the general belief in signs, charms, dreams, spells, and magical incantations. Nearly every neighborhood has an old man or woman who possesses unearthly powers, and who is constantly consulted and appealed to for assistance in connection with the love affairs and the quarrels of the colored people, and in cases of protracted or mysterious sickness. The belief in the power of the evil eye is nearly universal, as is the notion that persons, domestic animals, wells, and particular places can be "tricked" — that is, have a curse or malign spell put upon them — by anybody who knows the "charm," or method of procedure which will produce such a result. A nail driven into

the ground, with certain magical preliminaries and accompaniments, is a potent means of dire injuries and revenges. In matters of love, courtship, and marriage the negroes are usually extremely jealous and suspicious, and magical arts are commonly invoked to secure affection, to alienate those who are already attached to each other, and to protect aggressors from detection or punishment. There are various spells or formulæ for such purposes. They usually include the use of a scrap of some article of clothing which has been worn by the person who is to be tricked, or a shred of his hair, a piece of a finger-nail or toe-nail, or even some dust from his shoes. A volume might be written on the beliefs of the colored people regarding the supernatural, and on this department of their folk-lore, and the subject would probably as well repay attention as the ideas and race characteristics of savage tribes in distant parts of the world.

In their relations to one another, or life "among themselves," the colored people are generally very quarrelsome, and their social or neighborhood life is apt to be a continual scene of petty, vulgar bickering, of ill-temper and spite, which sometimes lead to blows, but more commonly find expression in endless and senseless talk. On several occasions I heard negro women quarrelling noisily. They were all members of churches and very religious, and the war of words between them was largely made up of accusations of unchristian conduct and character. "You has not de sperrit; you has not de *mahks* o' de sperrit." "My Lawd, he say to me by his sperrit, dat he 'spise yo' lyin' ways." "Ef yo' heart was full o' de love o' God, yould a come to me, and yould a said to me," Sistah Tummelson, Suze Maria's Jim, he say you done tole Mose Trippleses wife," etc., etc.

The prevalence of unchastity among the young colored women is represented

as almost universal. In every part of the South I was told by the most intelligent colored men that, except in peculiar and rare cases, no young man of their race can feel assured that his bride comes to him pure or free from the experience of vice. The colored girls go astray while they are yet so young that it seems impossible to give them any instruction suited to awaken a sense of womanly honor and delicacy, or to develop a disposition of self-protection and resistance to temptation. This is one of the serious social problems of the South. The conditions now existing and the prospects for the future are ominous for both races.

YOUNG MEN.

There are multitudes of young white men in the South who appear to be entirely destitute of any elevated or worthy principles or aims in life. They live merely for sensual gratifications, and their pursuit of such objects is open and avowed beyond anything that I have observed elsewhere. All their ideas are groveling, and their conversation is salacious beyond measure. This sheer animality, or lack of all manly and noble aspiration, is of appalling extent. When it is remembered that these young men usually encounter no resistance from the young colored women, it is plain that the development of domestic purity and the establishment of family life as one of the great agencies for advancement in civilization are objects which are likely to be very difficult of attainment, in many places in the South, for a long time to come. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that, at present, in that part of our country, there are whole populations to whom the virtues and sanctities of home and the divine restraints of womanly purity are entirely unknown.

CRIME.

The question of methods of punishment for crime, or rather the question

of the disposition to be made of criminals while they are undergoing punishment, where they are to be bestowed and how guarded, is fast becoming a most serious one in some of the Southern States. It appears to many thoughtful observers that the sheer impossibility of finding room, or secure prison accommodations, for the swarms and hordes of criminals convicted of theft must lead to changes in the laws relating to crimes of this class, and to some relaxation of the penalties now provided. This is the characteristic crime of the negroes; that is, the thefts committed by them greatly outnumber those committed by white men, and the expense to which the State is subjected has already reached alarming proportions. But the expense incurred is not the worst feature of the case. These prisoners, or criminals, white and colored together, are so numerous that they constitute a distinct social element or factor in the life and civilization of the community or State, with an appreciable influence upon public opinion, sentiment, and morals. Their class must be recognized, in any just survey of existing conditions and tendencies, as the source of potent formative or educating forces, as so many people are constantly in contact with them, either as guards or in other necessary relations. In the streets of some Southern capitals "the penitentiary stripes" are nearly always in sight, worn usually by men who are trusted to labor or attend to errands outside of the prison inclosures, often, in deed, without being accompanied by a guard. In one instance I met a handsome young man, wearing the prison garb, at various times, in the streets and at places of business in the city, and inquired regarding his crime and origin. I was told that he had murdered his most intimate friend and companion in a drunken quarrel, and that his conduct had been so satisfactory during his imprisonment that he would probably soon

be released; "pardoned out," to quote the phrase used. I observed that he chatted with the young women behind the counters in the stores, and with other customers, with easy self-possession; and it was plain in this, as in many other cases, that neither the criminal nor the people about him felt that he was in any wise degraded by his crime, or that he was in consequence of it to suffer exclusion from pleasant social relations with the community. The penalties now enforced for some of the most common crimes do not constitute any real punishment for such men as make up the mass of criminals in the Southern States, where I have examined the prisons and the methods of their management. As many of them are not confined to the prison, nor even to the inclosure around it, and as the labor of such convicts is by no means severe, being usually performed in a very leisurely manner, their life is not destitute of compensations and attractions for many idle, worthless negroes and young white men. They are brought up from dull little country towns, where they had "mighty hard work to live," to a city, where they have "a chance to see all the sights," with better food, clothing, and shelter than they have ever enjoyed before. What is to be the course of society, under the conditions of modern life, in its treatment of the classes requiring control and protection, — criminals, paupers, and insane persons, — and what is to be the effect of the reflex influence which these classes will in turn exert upon society, are of course somewhat serious problems in all civilized countries, and we have abundant material and opportunity for observation and experiment here in America.

WHITE TYPES: THE "BOURBONS."

As used in the North, this word "Bourbon" designates a class of white men, composed chiefly of the leading citizens of the Southern States. The

Bourbons are the principal business men, lawyers, physicians, teachers, clergymen, merchants, and farmers of the South. They are everywhere the leaders of society, in the best sense of the word. They sustain the churches, and give such efficiency to the moral activities and discipline of the local communities as they have thus far attained. Taken broadly or generally, the class includes the best people of the South, or most of them. They are Bourbons because in politics they are democrats, and act in opposition to the principles, policy, or methods of the republican party, which has administered the national government since the time of our civil war. In the Southern States the term Bourbon has no distinct significance. It is applied indiscriminately by all classes of politicians to anybody who differs from them. It is there a convenient though empty epithet or name of reproach. Every politician insists that his party is the party of progress, of improvement, — the representative and embodiment of the only ideas by which society can exist or civilization be maintained; and he is of course entitled to stigmatize his opponents as Bourbons. The word is a sham or burlesque weapon in the South, and is used there by everybody in political wrangling, "for all it is worth." As to the Southern men who compose the class to which this name is usually applied in the North, I am compelled to say that, aside from political matters, they are much like other people, or like the best people in our Northern communities. They do not appear to love what is wrong for its own sake, nor to prefer falsehood, baseness, cruelty, or injustice to the virtues and good qualities which are elsewhere revered by good men. They are amiable, truthful, conscientious, kind, public-spirited, and religious, resembling very closely the foremost men in our New England towns in all the important elements of personal character; differing only, in

general, in being more communicative and having less reserve than is usual among New Englanders. As to their political action, it seems to me to have been for some years largely inevitable; the necessary product and result of the peculiar conditions of life and society in the South since the civil war. It does not appear to have been owing to sheer depravity on their part, nor to any choice or agency of theirs, that there was for some years a disturbed and unsettled state of things in the Southern States. Collisions between different classes followed unavoidably upon the elevation of the emancipated slaves into political superiority over the disfranchised white citizens of the country. There has never been any such completeness of organization among the people of the South, since the war, as many persons believe to have existed there. That part of our country is distinguished by much greater feebleness of community and a less organic life than belongs to Northern society; and the Bourbons are not really responsible for everything that has been done south of Mason and Dixon's line. I shall have more to say hereafter of Southern politics. Here I wish only to place the so-called Bourbon type as plainly as possible before my readers. The men thus designated are, as a class, eminently social, hospitable, honest, and upright men, if we leave their politics out of view. They have, in large measure, built up and maintained such moral, social, industrial, and religious organization and activity as the South now possesses, and much of what is best and most encouraging in the present state of things in the principal Southern States is due to them, and to their efforts for practical reconstruction in a time of extreme difficulty and uncertainty, when their resources were most discouragingly slender, and when they had no precedents to guide them except such as were furnished by the experience of man-

kind in the long contest between civilization and barbarism in the past. I think they have made mistakes and have done wrong things since the war. I am not certain that we, or anybody else, would have done better than they.

In conversation with these gentlemen, I everywhere expressed my conviction that illegal interference with negro suffrage could not be continued without the most serious injury to all Southern interests, and that it would be better that Southern men, democrats, should make the ballot entirely free to all who are legally entitled to its possession, and then endure whatever ills might result. They always replied that disturbance, violence, and fraud were each year diminishing, and that negro political supremacy would be utterly ruinous for the state and for society, and insisted that if the republican party in the South possessed the character and employed the methods of the same party in the North they would gladly coöperate with it; that they were ready to discard and abandon their present political organization whenever any other party would take up the real problems of the South, and seriously address itself to their solution.

In studying the Bourbons I have been forced to conclude that nothing has yet been attained anywhere much better than the domestic life of this class of the Southern people, in its intelligence, refinement, beauty, and general elevation and wholesomeness.

ONE CLASS OF SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

I have in another place described various types, or individuals, among Southern republicans, but one very important type remains to be considered. No other class of persons in the South has, during the last fifteen or sixteen years, displayed characteristics so marked or vital; no other class has been so logical or so consistent. Now that they appear

to be about to leave the field of action forever, it is needful that their character, ideas, and work should receive due recognition, and be more adequately and justly set forth than has, so far as I know, as yet been attempted. I refer to the men who have always believed that, as the South was fairly conquered by the North, after a most obstinate resistance, it should, of right, be treated and ruled by the North as a conquered country; and that, as the subjugated people of the South adhere invincibly to their original hostility of feeling and purpose, and cherish undying hatred to the national government and to the Northern people, the rule of the conquerors should be stern, vigilant, and repressive. It is the conviction of men of this class that the authority of the national government can be maintained in the States once in revolt only by the constant exercise of force so great as to compel obedience, and make successful resistance clearly impossible. This class is not a large one, but it is made up of men of marked intellectual ability. Their moral character is irreproachable in everything outside of politics. But they regard the South as still in a state of war, and hold that any measure which is permissible in civilized warfare may rightly be employed by the national government in its long conflict with "the Southern rebels."

There are a few of these men in every Southern State, and I had much conversation with some of them last winter. They all believe that the Northern people in general, and especially the leaders of the republican party in the Northern States, are fatally ignorant and mistaken regarding the character and feelings of the Southern people. Some of them were impatient because I did not find everywhere in the South evidences of "the savage malignity and hypocrisy of the rebels." "They are the worst people in the world," I was assured again and again. "There is nobody like

them on the face of the earth." As I came home from the South I had a long conversation with a gentleman of this class who resides in Washington, and who has long held an important position in one of the departments or government offices there. He asked me how I found things in the South, and I answered that I thought there was some improvement. "In what respect?" "There are more men at work, the total industrial production of the region is increasing, and there is less of disturbance in connection with politics." "Ah, I see; they have deceived you, as they deceive every Northern man that goes down there. But they can't deceive me. Oh, yes; 'order reigns in Warsaw.' Peace in the South means the sway of the shot-gun and revolver. There is no disturbance, you say; but it is because so many of our people have been butchered that the rest are afraid to stir." In answer to further questioning, I spoke of the admirable arrangements for the health and general welfare of the laborers which I had observed at various factories in the South, and on many sugar plantations in the Southwest; and the gentleman replied, "Yes, that 's it, — that 's it exactly. The old slave-holding spirit over again." I suggested the proverb about giving even the devil his due, and said that if the Southern people should ever really improve we ought gladly to recognize all changes for the better; but my companion assured me that any professions of loyalty to the government, or of kindly feeling toward Northern men, which the Southern people might make were all pretense and hypocrisy. "There is no sincerity in them." "Would you be satisfied if they would all vote the republican ticket?" "I don't want them to vote the republican ticket. They ought never to have been allowed to vote at all." "But it is too late to change that, is it not? What can be done now?" "We should have legislation by Con-

gress disfranchising every man who interferes with or intimidates republican voters; and then the government should appoint men in every district and precinct who would enforce the law, and they should be sustained by the whole power of the nation." "It would be impossible to bring the Northern people to favor or sustain such legislation, or to find any considerable number of men who, as election officers in the Southern States, would try to enforce it. The business men of the North are becoming a little tired of stories about rebel outrages and the sufferings of Union men and republicans in the South. They want to trade with the South; want to supply her people with tools and machinery and dry goods, and make money out of Southern custom." "Then *ours* is the real lost cause! My God! what kind of republicans have you up there, that are willing to give up all we fought for to get a little Southern trade?"

A gentleman holding similar convictions wrote to me from Southern Alabama, a few days after the shooting of President Garfield. I quote a paragraph relative to the general expression of Southern sympathy and sorrow evoked by that event: "This is a most unfortunate occurrence for us, the republicans of the South. The Bourbons see their opportunity, and are improving it vigorously. This gush of pretended grief seems likely to impose on the clearest headed men in the North. The old rebels are pressing up to act as chief mourners, but they are standing on our necks. I fear our last hope has been struck down. The people up there never will understand the Southern leaders or their plans." The letter goes on to explain that the writer had not expected a severely repressive Southern policy from President Garfield, but had supposed that Southern republicans would be recognized and sustained by his administration. I talked with several gentlemen of this class in the South, who

felt keenly "the betrayal and abandonment of Southern republicans" by the national government, and by the leaders of the republican party in the North. Men of this type do not generally approve of any "political trading, or alliances with former rebels" for the purpose of "breaking up the solid South." Indeed, as is plain from their frequent and frank utterance of their convictions, they do not desire to see the "solid South broken up." They only wish to see it "kept down" and controlled. "The government ought to be implacable while the South is unrepentant," said a lawyer in Texas, as I was leaving the State. We had talked long, and I asked him how we should know it if the former rebels should, at last, repent. "They never will repent, and I don't want 'em to repent, damn 'em," was his reply.

Most of the men of this type whom I met are "Southern Unionists," or Northern men who were in the South before the war. A few of them are old anti-slavery men, who went to the South soon after the collapse of the Confederacy. They all exhibit almost precisely the same traits, and those whom I saw in Texas used many of the expressions which I had already heard from their brethren in Virginia and in Louisiana. They are, as a class, eminently conscientious, persistent, and sincere. They have the qualities which enable men to stand alone, and fight to the end for an idea or principle once espoused. These characteristics and the peculiar conditions and circumstances of the time gave to this class of men an influence, for some years after the war, out of all proportion to their number. They had the immense advantage of being on the ground, eye-witnesses of what was going on in the South, and they had the ear of the Northern people as nobody else could have. Many of them were correspondents of Northern journals, as some of them are still. They inspired

public sentiment in the North, gave the key to journalism, spoke from the pulpit, supplied materials for political campaigns, and shaped national legislation and the course of successive national administrations. They did all this legitimately and of right, because they were the strongest and the most clear-seeing men on the field through those troubled years. They knew what they wanted, and had a distinct and coherent policy, while the nation weltered in helpless uncertainty. Although some of these men have no very delicate scruples about using falsehood as a weapon against the common enemy, regarding it as fair in war, I think they did not often feel any need of its aid. I doubt not they usually pictured the state of things at the South as they saw it, and they saw it as men of their type, dominated by their ideas, would necessarily see. They had the power; the time gave them opportunity, and they used it. Of course they were always thoroughly and intensely partisan. To them, any attempt to look at things in the South "impartially and

without prejudice" is the extreme of folly. "You don't want to be 'impartial' in a battle; you want to put hot shot into the enemy's magazine." This was the remark of one of the principal men of this type in Virginia, when I told him that I had come to the South to see as much as possible, and to report accurately and impartially all that I could learn of the facts of the time; and he gave me the parting injunction, "Don't believe anything the Southern people tell you." These men are in quality invincible, like the forces of nature, irreconcilable and inevitable. They alone, of the participants in the struggles of the last sixteen years in the South, have not changed, have not abandoned a single position, nor modified in any degree their original opinions or policy. They will never accept the new order of things, the conditions of the new time in the South. They cannot be reasonably expected or required to do so. Their day is over, and their work is done. I salute them, and write this to their memory.

THE REFUNDING BILL OF 1881.¹

THE lack of sound financial judgment in Congress is so unfortunately familiar as scarcely to excite surprise. The method of selling our bonds during the war, the needless passage of the legal-tender act, the factious refusal to permit contraction of the currency, and the insane enactments of the Bland silver bill are mortifying chapters in our financial history. And while modern credit and banking is at once a most intricate and sensitive thing, yet in nothing else does Congress more boldly interfere.

In primitive times, goods were ex-

changed directly for each other. A hungry warrior bartered a coat of mail for a fat ox. Civilization has gone on, and among its many marvels none is less interesting than the system of banking expedients, by which we are returning to a skillfully adjusted method of barter. It is a system grown up from the slow experience of centuries, and cleverly adapted to the needs of trade, — a natural outgrowth of the increased exchange of goods. It is the heart of the industrial body. Without it, business, in anything like its present magnitude, could not exist. And on this sensitive mechanism Congress often lays its rude

¹ House of Representatives Bill, No. 4592, Forty-Sixth Congress, Third Session.

hands with a strange mixture of confidence and blundering ignorance.

Banks are not merely lenders of capital, but are the agencies through which the titles to goods pass, so that one article can be offset against another. Like division of labor, international trade, and great railways, banks are a means of abridging human labor. While ponderous trains thunder into our Eastern cities from the Western grain fields, and others, in return, roll westward across the country filled with silks and cottons, the titles to these goods (and the means by which all are exchanged one for the other) are being carried to and fro in the shape of bills and drafts by the banks, the great *railways of credit*. For every transaction, every line of steamers, every network of railways, there is a corresponding credit service, tallying with each exchange of goods — as it were, in the air overhead and unseen, but really running on its quick dispatch through the mails, the telegraph, and the telephone, and officered by the bankers of the country. It is as distinct, separate, and legitimate an employment as is that of a common expressman. Modern banking and the business of the country go together, like the two blades of the scissors. Take one away, and you destroy both.

While the national banking system is the best the country has ever enjoyed, it has existed only since 1864. Before that time the old state banks were regulated by each State according to varying standards of honesty, with the marked exception of the system in New York, established in 1838, and memorable as the model for the regulation of our national banks. By the New York law a bank was not granted the power to issue notes unless a deposit of state or United States bonds with the state comptroller was made, sufficient to secure the ultimate redemption of the notes. This plan of a special reserve for circulation is the basis of the English act of

1844, and implies a very different policy from that which keeps no special reserve for any one liability more than another. A bank is like a man in debt, who owns bonds, coin, and securities, to exactly the amount of his debts. He has debts (called liabilities), and he has an equal amount of wealth (called resources) with which to pay. The Bank of England before 1844, the old United States Bank, and the larger number of state banks set aside no special fund for the redemption of their note circulation. One might liken the resources of a bank under that which is now the old system to the crew of a ship, all suddenly called upon to take to their guns; without a man at the sails, a change of wind would be disastrous, and the ship would be wrecked. This, in effect, was what nearly happened to the Bank of England in 1825.

The National Bank Act contains the special-reserve plan, and gives absolute security to the note-holder. No man ever lost one cent by having in his hands a note of an insolvent national bank. But in this system of circulation Congress proposed to introduce very astonishing changes by the refunding bill of February, 1881, the history of which is worth preserving as a valuable means of teaching, — on the principle that a sign-board often warns us where not to go. The provision by which a separate fund was set apart is simple. The banks are required to deposit with the United States treasurer in Washington, to secure their circulation, United States bonds of any kind, and are permitted (there is no compulsion about it) to issue notes to the amount of only ninety per cent. of the par value of these bonds. (Revised Stat., sec. 5171). The requirement as to the increase or reduction of this deposit formed section 16 of the act of June, 1864, and section 5160 of the Revised Statutes: —

“The deposit of bonds made by each association shall be increased as its cap-

ital may be made up or increased, so that every association shall at all times have on deposit with the treasurer registered United States bonds, to the amount of at least one third of its capital stock actually paid in. And *any association that may desire to reduce its capital*, or to close up its business and dissolve its organization, *may take up its bonds upon returning to the comptroller its circulating notes* in the proportion hereinafter required, or may take up any excess of bonds *beyond one third of its capital stock*, and upon which no circulating notes have been delivered."

The important words for the present explanation are "*its circulating notes*," meaning the notes of the given national bank. Should a bank see fit, in a time of depression, to reduce its circulation, it would be able, under this section, to do so only by presenting *its own circulating notes*, and receiving therefor its deposit of bonds. In actual practice, however, a bank holds but very few of its own notes, and could get them only at the places of redemption. National bank notes, being equally good with greenbacks, are never, in fact, presented to any amount for redemption at the counter of a bank. Moreover, an institution is required to receive the notes of any other national bank, and has no object in presenting the notes for lawful money except in cases of insolvency or retirement. The outstanding notes of a given bank are in circulation (by virtue of the present sound character of all the national-bank circulation) not merely in the locality where the bank is known, but in the hands of merchants, banks, and farmers in almost every part of the country. What is important to observe is that the process of drawing in notes by a bank is a very slow one, and a slow one just in proportion as the national bank note is a safe money anywhere in the Union. For the holder, finding it perfectly good and safe, has no object in presenting it in exchange for

other kinds of money, even though the bank may have an object in having it redeemed. A given bank, consequently, could not reduce its circulation and recover its deposit of bonds except by presenting its own notes, and it could never get possession of such as had left its hands until after long use had so worn or mutilated them that they would be sent in to the redemption agency at Washington. The weak spot, then, of the act of 1864 appeared in the practical impossibility of reducing circulation according to the changes in the money market.

This difficulty was removed by the act of June 20, 1874, which repealed sections 5159 and 5160 of the former act:

"That *any association* organized under this act or any of the acts of which this is an amendment, *desiring to withdraw its circulating notes*, in whole or in part, *may, upon the deposit of lawful money with the treasurer* of the United States, in sums of not less than nine thousand dollars, *take up the bonds* which said association has on deposit with the treasurer for the security of such circulating notes; which bonds shall be assigned to the bank in the manner specified in the nineteenth section of the national-bank act; and the outstanding notes of said association, to an amount equal to the legal-tender notes deposited, shall be redeemed at the treasury of the United States, and destroyed as now provided by law: *Provided, That the amount of the bonds on deposit for circulation shall not be reduced below fifty thousand dollars.*"

It will be seen at once that by this change a given bank could withdraw its circulation instantly and rapidly by presenting, no longer *its own circulating notes*, but merely *lawful money*; that is, greenbacks or coin. The importance of the section, of course, is found in the words "*lawful money*;" for this was a kind of money which any bank could command at once, and in large sums.

An institution could thus send to Washington lawful money to the amount of its bonds, withdraw the deposited bonds, and leave a complete security to the note-holder in the shape of greenbacks or coin in the treasury at Washington, to await the slow incoming of the notes for redemption. The effect of the change was simply in the direction of greater ease and rapidity in reducing circulation.

This was the position of the banks in regard to their circulation when the late abortive refunding bill came before

Congress. But to understand clearly the results, it will be necessary to give a short explanation of the generally misunderstood amount of profit derived by the banks solely from their note issues. This can be exactly found by answering the question, What profit would the banks lose by withdrawing their whole circulation? As the lowest rate of interest paid by the government at that time was four per cent., I shall present a computation of Comptroller Knox, based on a deposit of four per cent. bonds : —

Interest on \$100,000 U. S. 4 per cent. bonds.....	\$4,000
Circulation issued on above.....	\$90,000
Deduct premium on bonds.....	\$12,000
Deduct reserve (5 per cent.)..	4,500
	16,500
Leaving loanable circulation.....	73,500, 6 per cent. interest on which is.....
	4,410
Total income on circulation.....	8,410
Deduct 1 per cent. tax on circulation.....	\$900
Deduct cost of redemptions.....	81
	981
Leaving as net receipts.....	7,429
\$100,000 capital loaned directly at 6 per cent.....	6,000
	1,429

When it is remembered that the functions of deposit and discount in banking can be carried on without the consent of the treasury, and that the profits on circulation are practically the only reason why a bank remains in the system, or in fact why the present admirable and elastic bank currency exists at all, the inducement does not seem very large. But what is more, without any change in the relation of the banks to the treasury, a rise in the market rate of interest (a matter wholly beyond the control of either banks or treasury) will have the effect of reducing the profits arising from circulation. To illustrate: suppose the rate of interest became seven per cent. instead of six per cent., in the above computation; then the \$100,000 could be loaned directly for \$7000 without the owners of it going through the ceremony of becoming a bank, or being examined by a government officer. Of course, the \$73,500

would likewise be loaned for \$5145; but the final profit from circulation would be only \$1164, instead of \$1429, when the rate of discount was six per cent. This will therefore tend to show that an increase in the rate of loans in the money market reduces the profit arising solely from bank circulation.

But, supposing the rate of discount to remain the same, a change in another element may produce a similar effect. If the banks were obliged to deposit bonds bearing three per cent. interest, instead of four per cent., then the item of \$4000 in the above computation would be changed to \$3000. This would reduce the net receipts to \$6429, and leave only \$429 as the profit which would be lost by withdrawing circulation. So that, if it should happen that the interest on the bonds were to be decreased by a refunding bill simultaneously with a rise in the market rate, the profit would wholly disappear between

these two mill-stones. It must be clear, then, that the profit on circulation depends both on the market rate of loans and the rate of interest paid by the government on the bonds required as a deposit to secure circulation.

But still, a consideration wholly apart from the mere rate of interest on the bonds deposited will affect the profit on circulation. At present the banks can deposit, to secure circulation, any United States bonds, of whatever description. This is an important provision in these times, when great changes are going on in the form of our bonded indebtedness, either (1) because the bonds are soon to fall due, or (2) because of a change in the market rate of interest. For, in the first place, as the date of payment of a maturing bond draws near, it gradually falls in value to the par which will be paid for it by the government, even though it may be a bond bearing a higher rate of interest than a new one proposed to be substituted for it. The "sixes of 1880" were bonds bearing six per cent. interest, but as they fell due in December, 1880, they gradually came to be worth only their par value (\$100), while a four per cent. bond, but just issued, was worth \$112. At the same rate of interest, a bond running for a long term of years is better for an investment than one for a short term. The lumberman, who looks at two trees of *equal diameter* at the base, estimates the total value of each according to the *height* of the tree. Then, again, a bond running for a short term may be worth less than one for a long term, even though the first bears a higher rate of interest. That is, to resume our illustration, one tree, not rising very high, although *larger* at the bottom, may not contain so many square feet as another, with perhaps a *less* diameter at the bottom, but which stretches much higher up into the air. This briefly explains the effect of its term on the value of a bond.

But, in the second place, the market value of a bond fluctuates with changes in the commercial rate of discount. If a four per cent. United States bond sell at par, it means that four per cent. is the highest rate to be obtained in perfectly safe investments; but if the rate paid in such investments decline, say, to three per cent., the bond which regularly returns four dollars a year to its holder pays a rate higher than can be got for other equally safe securities, and consequently rises in its value beyond par to such a figure (about \$118) that four dollars of interest on this last sum is equal merely to the usual three per cent. to be got in the money market; that is, the holder of the four per cent. bond can sell it so much above par that the buyer can get in the four dollars (of annual return) only three per cent. on the amount paid for the bond. In short, all bonds, securities, stocks, land, or any transferable investment yielding a regular income rise or fall in their selling price with the customary rate of loans in the community. If a piece of rented land yield to the owner \$100 a year on an investment of \$1000, or ten per cent., and if other persons can now get but five per cent., then the owner could sell his land for \$2000; because the same annual return of \$100 would give five per cent. on \$2000, the usual rate of interest. So that, without any change in its actual income, the land has risen in its capitalized value, only because of the change in the usual rate of interest. In this way the United States four per cent. bonds, which were at first sold at par (or a very slight premium), have risen in value from \$100 to \$116 or \$117. The price of such a bond, therefore, is a measure of the market rate of interest on safe securities. At the time when the refunding bill was before Congress these bonds were worth 112 or 114, realizing to the investor about three and one fourth per cent. These brief explanations will perhaps make it

clear that United States bonds have been constantly fluctuating in value, either (1) because some bonds are falling due, or (2) because the market rate of loans varies with the state of trade and general causes. It is to be observed, also, that the changes in the value of the bonds are due to the action of the government itself, and to causes entirely outside of the control of the banks.

The banks have been charged with reducing circulation merely in order to speculate on bonds. But if the premium on their deposited bonds rise, it practically amounts to these bonds costing them just that much more; for they have securities in the hands of government which they could at any moment sell for the increased value. Then it follows that the profit of a bank on its circulation may be diminished by a rise in the value of the deposited bonds. It may be objected, however, that the banks have gained by the rise in value while they held the bonds. True, but they would have profited likewise by investing their funds in bonds, purely as dealers in securities, without entering the banking system. They do not get that increase simply because they sent in bonds to secure their circulation; hence it cannot be said that the gain, in any sense, is derived wholly from circulation, or because they are national banks. If the circulation were discontinued, that opportunity for profit would not disappear, and so it is no inducement to continue note issues. The privilege which banking capital will always claim is that of holding its funds with such freedom that it can turn them in any direction where the market offers the best return. If Congress were to ask the national banks to lock up their bonds, they would be required to forego a reward enjoyed by other capital, and there would be a positive disadvantage in remaining in the national banking system.

A short time before the introduction

of the refunding bill, the machinery of the banks with which Congress tampered so rudely consisted of over 2000 institutions, with a circulation of over \$300,000,000, a capital of over \$500,000,000, deposits of about \$900,000,000, and making loans of over \$1,000,000,000; but all these banks together had only \$56,000,000 of legal-tender notes and the small sum of \$18,000,000 of their own circulating notes, among their resources. To the inexperienced, however, these very figures might give some reason for the constant tirades by certain Congressmen against the growth of the money power, and the fear that it was fastening its monopoly fangs on the heart of the country. Yet when it is recalled that the number of banks, the amount of deposits and loans (excepting times of speculation), are the result of and are in direct proportion to the growing wealth and prosperity of the whole business community, an attempt to "crush out" the banks is as if a horse-breeder, on finding that some of his colts are developing great beauty and speed, should take this as an injury, and forthwith cut their ham-strings. Now this was precisely the nature, strange as it may seem, of much of the speech-making on the refunding bill; but how the bill itself was a covert thrust at the banks, and how it brought on a panic, may not have been clear to the general reader. A refunding bill was necessary, because several classes of United States bonds, issued in previous years, fell due last year (1881), and authority must be granted by Congress, in a new bill, to the secretary of the treasury to borrow funds wherewith to redeem them. Considerably more than \$400,000,000 of five per cent. bonds fell due May 1st, and about \$200,000,000 of six per cent. bonds June 30th. Since these six per cent. bonds were issued, twenty years ago, our credit as a nation had so far improved that a four per cent. bond sold, at this time, at a premium of about 112, which

implied that an investor in government bonds would be satisfied with three and one fourth per cent.

Without recounting details, a bill entitled An Act to facilitate the Refunding of the National Debt was introduced (February, 1881) into the House of Representatives by the committee on ways and means. The first section authorized the issue of \$400,000,000 of three per cent. bonds, payable in five years, at the pleasure of the government, but which must be paid in ten years; and \$300,000,000 of "certificates" (meaning treasury notes), redeemable after one year, but necessarily paid in ten years, and bearing three per cent. interest. These last were analogous to English exchequer bills, and were intended to catch that large amount of floating capital which has not yet found a permanent investment. The rate of interest was placed below the (then) market rate, and, instead of compensating for this disadvantage by a long term, the time at which the Treasury could begin to redeem was fixed at five years, — a condition likely to lower the attractiveness of a bond bearing a higher rate of interest. The discussion in the house centred almost wholly on these points; and the ignorance developed was considerable, of course, but not surprising. The important part of the bill, however, and that which made the refunding bill famous, was the fifth, or "Carlisle," section; but the discussion did not embrace its probable results when in operation:

"Sec. 5. *From and after the first day of May, eighteen hundred and eighty-one, the three per centum bonds authorized by the first section of this act shall be the only bonds receivable as security for national bank circulation, or as security for the safe-keeping and prompt payment of the public money deposited with such banks; but when any such bonds deposited for the purposes aforesaid shall be designated for purchase or redemption by the Secretary of the Treas-*

ury, the banking association depositing the same shall have the right to substitute other issues of the bonds of the United States in lieu thereof: Provided, That no bond upon which interest has ceased shall be accepted or shall be continued on deposit as security for circulation or for the safe-keeping of the public money; and in case bonds so deposited shall not be withdrawn, as provided by law, within thirty days after interest has ceased thereon, the banking association depositing the same shall be subject to the liabilities and proceedings on the part of the comptroller provided for in section fifty-two hundred and thirty-four of the Revised Statutes of the United States: And provided further, That section four of the act of June twentieth, eighteen hundred and seventy-four, entitled, "An act fixing the amount of United States notes, providing for a redistribution of the national bank currency, and for other purposes," be, and the same is hereby, repealed; and sections fifty-one hundred and fifty-nine and fifty-one hundred and sixty of the Revised Statutes of the United States be, and the same are hereby, reenacted."

The aim of the first part of the section was to force on the banks the bonds which they would not take willingly. Otherwise, there would have been no reason for the requirement. But the obligation to hold three per cent. bonds on deposit in itself would probably not have produced any general desire to withdraw from the national banking system. It is true that if, while in receipt of only three per cent. on their bonds, the banks could loan funds at the commercial rate of six per cent., that of itself would reduce the profits arising purely from circulation to less than one half of one per cent. But, on the other hand, lenders of money could not be sure that the average rate on safe investments would not continue to fall somewhat, and make three per cent. a fair return. On this chance the banks

might have been willing to run the risk of the rate going the other way; that is, of rising instead of falling. Moreover, it does not seem to have been generally known to the public that Comptroller Knox gave his opinion informally to the effect that the reading of the first part of the section would not require three per cent. bonds to be substituted in the place of four per cent. or four and one half per cent. bonds, already deposited and not redeemable. So that, as the banks, taken collectively, held nearly one third of their capital on deposit in these two classes of bonds, this proviso would create a market for, at the most, only about \$60,000,000 of the new bonds.

By fixing the rate of interest below the market rate, and, in addition, handicapping these bonds by the short term, thereby creating a situation which made it extremely doubtful whether the new loan would be taken up, and expressing beforehand the lack of confidence of the government in the success of the loan by trying to force the banks to subscribe, Congress tried to lock up the capital of the banks invested in these deposited bonds by making it impossible to withdraw them. The machinery for this purpose is contained in the last proviso of the fifth section, by which the fourth section of the Act of 1874 was to be repealed, and the sections 5159 and 5160 of the Act of 1864 were to be reenacted. These last are the provisions, previously explained, treating of the means of reducing circulation. If this fifth section were to remain in the bill, it would *at once*, on its passage, take away the power of withdrawing deposited bonds by sending to Washington *lawful money* (as permitted by the Act of 1874), and

would restore the old process (see sections 5159, 5160), by which the bonds could be withdrawn only after the considerable time necessary for the banks to present their own *circulating notes*. Property belonging to citizens, and deposited at Washington with the understanding that it could be withdrawn at any time, was to be suddenly seized (on the passage of the bill), and held for years; and this retention would prevent the banks from changing the position of their investments, a power wholly indispensable to the proper carrying on of the banking business. All men are guilty of a little weakness, to be sure, in disliking to see others seize their goods, and bankers are but men in charge of their own and depositors' money! The reason why there was not greater indignation expressed by the general public is probably due to the fact that not one man in a hundred understood what was going on, while bankers did, and refused to be robbed. If the three per cent. bond changed in value by the operation of natural causes, the banks had not the power of withdrawing from their (voluntary?) connection with the government; all they could do would be to practice the noble virtue of fortitude.¹

History must record with mortification that the bill was passed in this shape by the house, and sent to the senate, where it was generally believed by the country that it would be changed in the interests of sound finance; that the rate of interest on the bonds would be raised to three and one half per cent., and the extraordinary fifth section struck out as disgraceful. It seems as if there was a spice of irony in entitling the bill An Act to *facilitate* the Refunding of

¹ It is to be observed, also, that the reenactment of sections 5159, 5160 would restore the requirement that one third of the capital should be kept in bonds at Washington (whether notes were issued or not), and repeal the act of 1874, by which a fixed amount of not less than \$50,000 (no matter what the capital) should be kept by each bank.

A large bank (like the Chemical Bank of New York), which had previously cared nothing for circulation, and withdrawn all its bonds down to \$50,000, would now have to add a very large sum in bonds in order to raise the amount to one third of its capital, and so be forced to take circulation, whether willing or not.

the National Debt. The finance committee of the senate (of which Mr. Bayard was chairman) reported the bill to that body, with the expected changes. Secretary Sherman had appeared before the committee, and given his reasons why he thought a three per cent. bond would not be successful. Estimating the market rate of interest at three and one fourth per cent., on the basis of the price of four per cent. bonds, he presented tables to show what the value of three per cent. and three and one half per cent. bonds, respectively, would be at certain terms in the future.

Years to run to payment.	Corresponding price of 3 per cent. bonds.	Corresponding price of 3½ per cent. bonds.
1	99.76	100.24
2	99.50	100.48
3	99.30	100.71
4	99.10	100.93
5	98.90	101.15
6	98.60	101.35
7	98.50	101.55
8	98.30	101.75
9	98.10	101.90
10	97.90	102.10
15	97.05	102.90
20	96.30	103.70
30	95.20	104.80
50	93.80	105.20
Perpetuity.	92.30	107.70

The second column shows to the eye that an arrangement which ties up a man's funds, so that he loses something each year, is worse just in proportion to the number of years he is required to lose; while the third column, on the other hand, shows that if the market rate is three and one fourth per cent., a three and one half per cent. bond is worth a slight premium at the start, and, as it returns each year more than the ordinary rate, it is worth more the longer it continues to pay this higher rate.

Despite these lessons in finance, the senate, on the 18th of February, 1881, rejected the amendments of the finance committee, and passed the bill as it came from the house with slight alteration. Besides one or two minor matters, the term was changed from five-to-

ten years to five-to-twenty years; but what is painful to recall is that the fifth section was retained in the bill by a vote of thirty-two to twenty-nine. The few amendments, however, required the bill to go back to the house for their concurrence before it could be sent to President Hayes for his signature, and finally become a law. This parliamentary form gave the banks time to awake from their sense of security, caused by the general feeling that the senate, at least, would be honest. In the house, the element which fifteen years ago was inflationist, four years ago rabid silver men (led by Ewing, Weaver, Bland, and De la Matyr), was anxious to push the bill, and "stab the money power," — as if the "money power" were not largely made up of the savings of the industrial classes, such as poor washerwomen and sewing-girls, who are thus represented as constituting a "menace to our liberties." Finally, the whole country woke up, and protests against the fifth section began to pour in at Washington; and inasmuch as it required a two-thirds vote to take up the bill from the speaker's desk in preference to other business, then fast accumulating at the end of the session, it seemed for a short time as if it would be difficult to push the bill through the house. But after several days of manœuvring the friends of the measure gained their point.

Now, however, since the banks, by the existing law, had the power to withdraw their bonds at any moment by the deposit of legal-tender notes, rather than be caught in a trap by the refunding bill, they found themselves obliged to alter the whole character of their present business, — a very serious step, but one to which they were inevitably driven. As honest men, the officers of the banks had no choice but to act so as to prevent the virtual confiscation of a part of the property of their shareholders. The law could not compel them to issue circulation any more than it could force

farmers to plant thistle seed in their wheat fields. In short, Congress, either not knowing what it was about, or being maliciously disposed, really forced a sudden contraction of the currency, even against the will of the banks. The result was a panic.

Men who want capital go to a bank, just as a man who wants corn goes to a grain-store. It is hardly necessary, also, to point out that modern business is largely done upon credit. A firm with a capital of \$10,000 does a legitimate business of ten times that amount. Men buy, agreeing to pay at a fixed time in the future; and they sell goods, to be paid for in the same way. So that, although a man is perfectly solvent, his receipts may be so affected, temporarily, that he may need a loan for ten, thirty, or sixty days, until his own collections are made. If the banks, in such cases, are suddenly unable to loan, it is as if the human heart should cease to warm and support the members of the body. That which directly affects the ability of the banks to loan is the ratio of their reserve to their liabilities; or, in other words, the amount they keep on hand with which to meet any demands compared with the amount of those possible demands. By law the national banks were required to hold their reserve in "lawful money:" therefore, anything which acted to subtract from the market the very kind of currency kept as reserve vitally affected the power of the banks to loan; while the only means the banks had of extricating their bonds from the grip of the government, in the few days before the refunding bill could become a law, was by sending lawful money to Washington, to be locked up in the vaults of the treasury until the bank-notes should become mutilated and sent in for redemption, or be purchased at a premium. Between February 19th and March 4th, one hundred and forty banks had sent in to the Treasury \$18,819,585. The disappearance of this

amount of money caused a violent paroxysm in commercial circles. Where a dam is thrown across a stream, the back-water forms a wide reservoir, from which a small constant supply of water is led off through a mill-race to turn the wheel of the mill. So the banks form the reservoir of capital (drawn from all classes in the country), from which the smaller stream needed for daily loans is drawn off to "turn the wheels of industry." The sudden withdrawal of lawful money to reduce circulation was of course like shutting off the water from the mill, and the wheels of industry were suddenly stopped. The usual indications of a commercial panic instantly appeared. No one had money to loan; "industrial strangulation" was going on; and had the stringency increased, the business of the country would have come to a standstill in a few days. Money was borrowed at the rate of about four hundred or five hundred per cent. per annum. And what is important to note is that the distress which the hostile or ignorant element in Congress believed they were inflicting on the banks really passed on to the people in general, who were powerless to help themselves. In view of all this, it seems almost incredible that a senator of the United States should rise in his place and soberly propose the following resolution:—

"That the hostile attitude assumed by the national banks to the refunding of the national debt at a lower rate of interest, and their recent attempt to dictate the legislation of Congress, are contrary to the best interests of the people, and calculated to excite their alarm for the future."

It is as if a burglar should declare it was against the best interests of the community that prudent people should lock their doors and windows in order to keep him out of their jewel-boxes. It is not an exaggeration to say that the "Carlisle section" was a piece of

impudent bad faith, of that kind which has always had the greatest effect to lower our credit. A nation gains, even in money, by being scrupulously honest and fastidious in dealing with its creditors.

I scarcely need say that, although the refunding bill passed both houses of Congress, it was promptly vetoed by President Hayes, and failed to become a law. The danger to the banks ceased at once, and business again went quietly on. We make these things possible in this country by allowing the untrained congressional bull such extravagant

smashings in the financial china-shop. But there is little hope of the idea entering his shaggy head that some things are of too delicate mechanism to be brushed by a swing of his tail. A large number of the charters of the banks expire in 1884, and something must be done to preserve the best banking system we ever enjoyed, and which is probably the best in the world. In view of the almost constant struggle between ignorant legislation and our business prosperity, it becomes us all to know more of our present admirable banking methods.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

TOM'S HUSBAND.

I SHALL not dwell long upon the circumstances that led to the marriage of my hero and heroine; though their courtship was, to them, the only one that has ever noticeably approached the ideal, it had many aspects in which it was entirely commonplace in other people's eyes. While the world in general smiles at lovers with kindly approval and sympathy, it refuses to be aware of the unprecedented delight which is amazing to the lovers themselves.

But, as has been true in many other cases, when they were at last married, the most ideal of situations was found to have been changed to the most practical. Instead of having shared their original duties, and, as school-boys would say, going halves, they discovered that the cares of life had been doubled. This led to some distressing moments for both our friends; they understood suddenly that instead of dwelling in heaven they were still upon earth, and had made themselves slaves to new laws and limitations. Instead of being freer and happier than ever before, they had assumed new responsibilities; they had es-

tablished a new household, and must fulfill in some way or another the obligations of it. They looked back with affection to their engagement; they had been longing to have each other to themselves, apart from the world, but it seemed that they never felt so keenly that they were still units in modern society. Since Adam and Eve were in Paradise, before the devil joined them, nobody has had a chance to imitate that unlucky couple. In some respects they told the truth when, twenty times a day, they said that life had never been so pleasant before; but there were mental reservations on either side which might have subjected them to the accusation of lying. Somehow, there was a little feeling of disappointment, and they caught themselves wondering — though they would have died sooner than confess it — whether they were quite so happy as they had expected. The truth was, they were much happier than people usually are, for they had an uncommon capacity for enjoyment. For a little while they were like a sail-boat that is beating and has to drift a few

minutes before it can catch the wind and start off on the other tack. And they had the same feeling, too, that any one is likely to have who has been long pursuing some object of his ambition or desire. Whether it is a coin, or a picture, or a stray volume of some old edition of Shakespeare, or whether it is an office under government or a lover, when it is fairly in one's grasp there is a loss of the eagerness that was felt in pursuit. Satisfaction, even after one has dined well, is not so interesting and eager a feeling as hunger.

My hero and heroine were reasonably well established to begin with: they each had some money, though Mr. Wilson had most. His father had at one time been a rich man, but with the decline, a few years before, of manufacturing interests, he had become, mostly through the fault of others, somewhat involved; and at the time of his death his affairs were in such a condition that it was still a question whether a very large sum or a moderately large one would represent his estate. Mrs. Wilson, Tom's step-mother, was somewhat of an invalid; she suffered severely at times with asthma, but she was almost entirely relieved by living in another part of the country. While her husband lived, she had accepted her illness as inevitable, and had rarely left home; but during the last few years she had lived in Philadelphia with her own people, making short and wheezing visits only from time to time, and had not undergone a voluntary period of suffering since the occasion of Tom's marriage, which she had entirely approved. She had a sufficient property of her own, and she and Tom were independent of each other in that way. Her only other step-child was a daughter, who had married a navy officer, and had at this time gone out to spend three years (or less) with her husband, who had been ordered to Japan.

It is not unfrequently noticed that in many marriages one of the persons who

choose each other as partners for life is said to have thrown himself or herself away, and the relatives and friends look on with dismal forebodings and ill-concealed submission. In this case it was the wife who might have done so much better, according to public opinion. She did not think so herself, luckily, either before marriage or afterward, and I do not think it occurred to her to picture to herself the sort of career which would have been her alternative. She had been an only child, and had usually taken her own way. Some one once said that it was a great pity that she had not been obliged to work for her living, for she had inherited a most uncommon business talent, and, without being disreputably keen at a bargain, her insight into the practical working of affairs was very clear and far-reaching. Her father, who had also been a manufacturer, like Tom's, had often said it had been a mistake that she was a girl instead of a boy. Such executive ability as hers is often wasted in the more contracted sphere of women, and is apt to be more a disadvantage than a help. She was too independent and self-reliant for a wife; it would seem at first thought that she needed a wife herself more than she did a husband. Most men like best the women whose natures cling and appeal to theirs for protection. But Tom Wilson, while he did not wish to be protected himself, liked these very qualities in his wife which would have displeased some other men; to tell the truth, he was very much in love with his wife just as she was. He was a successful collector of almost everything but money, and during a great part of his life he had been an invalid, and he had grown, as he laughingly confessed, very old-womanish. He had been badly lamed, when a boy, by being caught in some machinery in his father's mill, near which he was idling one afternoon, and though he had almost entirely outgrown the effect of his injury, it had not

been until after many years. He had been in college, but his eyes had given out there, and he had been obliged to leave in the middle of his junior year, though he had kept up a pleasant intercourse with the members of his class, with whom he had been a great favorite. He was a good deal of an idler in the world. I do not think his ambition, except in the case of securing Mary Dunn for his wife, had ever been distinct; he seemed to make the most he could of each day as it came, without making all his days' works tend toward some grand result, and go toward the upbuilding of some grand plan and purpose. He consequently gave no promise of being either distinguished or great. When his eyes would allow, he was an indefatigable reader; and although he would have said that he read only for amusement, yet he amused himself with books that were well worth the time he spent over them.

The house where he lived nominally belonged to his step-mother, but she had taken for granted that Tom would bring his wife home to it, and assured him that it should be to all intents and purposes his. Tom was deeply attached to the old place, which was altogether the pleasantest in town. He had kept bachelor's hall there most of the time since his father's death, and he had taken great pleasure, before his marriage, in refitting it to some extent, though it was already comfortable and furnished in remarkably good taste. People said of him that if it had not been for his illnesses, and if he had been a poor boy, he probably would have made something of himself. As it was, he was not very well known by the towns-people, being somewhat reserved, and not taking much interest in their every-day subjects of conversation. Nobody liked him so well as they liked his wife, yet there was no reason why he should be disliked enough to have much said about it.

After our friends had been married

for some time, and had outlived the first strangeness of the new order of things, and had done their duty to their neighbors with so much apparent willingness and generosity that even Tom himself was liked a great deal better than he ever had been before, they were sitting together one stormy evening in the library, before the fire. Mrs. Wilson had been reading Tom the letters which had come to him by the night's mail. There was a long one from his sister in Nagasaki, which had been written with a good deal of ill-disguised reproach. She complained of the smallness of the income of her share in her father's estate, and said that she had been assured by American friends that the smaller mills were starting up everywhere, and beginning to do well again. Since so much of their money was invested in the factory, she had been surprised and sorry to find by Tom's last letters that he had seemed to have no idea of putting in a proper person as superintendent, and going to work again. Four per cent. on her other property, instead of eight, which she had been told she must soon expect, would make a great difference to her. A navy captain in a foreign port was obliged to entertain a great deal, and Tom must know that it cost them much more to live than it did him, and ought to think of their interests. She hoped he would talk over what was best to be done with their mother (who had been made executor, with Tom, of his father's will).

Tom laughed a little, but looked disturbed. His wife had said something to the same effect, and his mother had spoken once or twice in her letters of the prospect of starting the mill again. He was not a bit of a business man, and he did not feel certain, with the theories which he had arrived at of the state of the country, that it was safe yet to spend the money which would have to be spent in putting the mill in order. "They think that the minute it is going

again we shall be making money hand over hand, just as father did when we were children," he said. "It is going to cost us no end of money before we can make anything. Before father died he meant to put in a good deal of new machinery, I remember. I don't know anything about the business myself, and I would have sold out long ago if I had had an offer that came anywhere near the value. The larger mills are the only ones that are good for anything now, and we should have to bring a crowd of French Canadians here; the day is past for the people who live in this part of the country to go into the factory again. Even the Irish all go West when they come into the country, and don't come to places like this any more."

"But there are a good many of the old work-people down in the village," said Mrs. Wilson. "Jack Towne asked me the other day if you were n't going to start up in the spring."

Tom moved uneasily in his chair. "I'll put you in for superintendent, if you like," he said, half angrily, whereupon Mary threw the newspaper at him; but by the time he had thrown it back he was in good humor again.

"Do you know, Tom," she said, with amazing seriousness, "that I believe I should like nothing in the world so much as to be the head of a large business? I hate keeping house, — I always did; and I never did so much of it in all my life put together as I have since I have been married. I suppose it is n't womanly to say so, but if I could escape from the whole thing I believe I should be perfectly happy. If you get rich when the mill is going again, I shall beg for a housekeeper, and shirk everything. I give you fair warning. I don't believe I keep this house half so well as you did before I came here."

Tom's eyes twinkled. "I am going to have that glory, — I don't think you do, Polly; but you can't say that I have not been forbearing. I certainly have not

told you more than twice how we used to have things cooked. I'm not going to be your kitchen-colonel."

"Of course it seemed the proper thing to do," said his wife, meditatively; "but I think we should have been even happier than we have if I had been spared it. I have had some days of wretchedness that I shudder to think of. I never know what to have for breakfast; and I ought not to say it, but I don't mind the sight of dust. I look upon housekeeping as my life's great discipline;" and at this pathetic confession they both laughed heartily.

"I've a great mind to take it off your hands," said Tom. "I always rather liked it, to tell the truth, and I ought to be a better housekeeper, — I have been at it for five years; though housekeeping for one is different from what it is for two, and one of them a woman. You see you have brought a different element into my family. Luckily, the servants are pretty well drilled. I do think you upset them a good deal at first!"

Mary Wilson smiled as if she only half heard what he was saying. She drummed with her foot on the floor and looked intently at the fire, and presently gave it a vigorous poking. "Well?" said Tom, after he had waited patiently as long as he could.

"Tom! I'm going to propose something to you. I wish you would really do as you said, and take all the home affairs under your care, and let me start the mill. I am certain I could manage it. Of course I should get people who understood the thing to teach me. I believe I was made for it; I should like it above all things. And this is what I will do: I will bear the cost of starting it, myself, — I think I have money enough, or can get it; and if I have not put affairs in the right trim at the end of a year I will stop, and you may make some other arrangement. If I have, you and your mother and sister can pay me back."

"So I am going to be the wife, and you the husband," said Tom, a little indignantly; "at least, that is what people will say. It's a regular Darby and Joan affair, and you think you can do more work in a day than I can do in three. Do you know that you must go to town to buy cotton? And do you know there are a thousand things about it that you don't know?"

"And never will?" said Mary, with perfect good humor. "Why, Tom, I can learn as well as you, and a good deal better, for I like business, and you don't. You forget that I was always father's right-hand man after I was a dozen years old, and that you have let me invest my money and some of your own, and I have n't made a blunder yet."

Tom thought that his wife had never looked so handsome or so happy. "I don't care, I should rather like the fun of knowing what people will say. It is a new departure, at any rate. Women think they can do everything better than men in these days, but I'm the first man, apparently, who has wished he were a woman."

"Of course people will laugh," said Mary, "but they will say that it's just like me, and think I am fortunate to have married a man who will let me do as I choose. I don't see why it is n't sensible: you will be living exactly as you were before you married, as to home affairs; and since it was a good thing for you to know something about house-keeping then, I can't imagine why you should n't go on with it now, since it makes me miserable, and I am wasting a fine business talent while I do it. What do we care for people's talking about it?"

"It seems to me that it is something like women's smoking: it is n't wicked, but it is n't the custom of the country. And I don't like the idea of your going among business men. Of course I should be above going with you, and having

people think I must be an idiot; they would say that you married a manufacturing interest, and I was thrown in. I can foresee that my pride is going to be humbled to the dust in every way," Tom declared in mournful tones, and began to shake with laughter. "It is one of your lovely castles in the air, dear Polly, but an old brick mill needs a better foundation than the clouds. No, I'll look around, and get an honest man with a few select brains for agent. I suppose it's the best thing we can do, for the machinery ought not to lie still any longer; but I mean to sell the factory as soon as I can. I devoutly wish it would take fire, for the insurance would be the best price we are likely to get. That is a famous letter from Alice! I am afraid the captain has been growling over his pay, or they have been giving too many little dinners on board ship. If we were rid of the mill, you and I might go out there this winter. It would be capital fun."

Mary smiled again in an absent-minded way. Tom had an uneasy feeling that he had not heard the end of it yet, but nothing more was said for a day or two. When Mrs. Tom Wilson announced, with no apparent thought of being contradicted, that she had entirely made up her mind, and she meant to see those men who had been overseers of the different departments, who still lived in the village, and have the mill put in order at once, Tom looked disturbed, but made no opposition; and soon after breakfast his wife formally presented him with a handful of keys, and told him there was meat enough in the house for dinner; and presently he heard the wheels of her little phaeton rattling off down the road. I should be untruthful if I tried to persuade any one that he was not provoked; he thought she would at least have waited for his formal permission, and at first he meant to take another horse, and chase her, and bring her back in disgrace, and put a stop to

the whole thing. But something assured him that she knew what she was about, and he determined to let her have her own way. If she failed, it might do no harm, and this was the only ungallant thought he gave her. He was sure that she would do nothing unladylike, or be unmindful of his dignity; and he believed it would be looked upon as one of her odd, independent freaks, which always had won respect in the end, however much they had been laughed at in the beginning. "Susan," said he, as that estimable person went by the door with the dust-pan, "you may tell Catherine to come to me for orders about the house, and you may do so yourself. I am going to take charge again, as I did before I was married. It is no trouble to me, and Mrs. Wilson dislikes it. Besides, she is going into business, and will have a great deal else to think of."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir," said Susan, who was suddenly moved to ask so many questions that she was utterly silent. But her master looked very happy; there was evidently no disapproval of his wife; and she went on up the stairs, and began to sweep them down, knocking the dust-brush about excitedly, as if she were trying to kill a descending colony of insects.

Tom went out to the stable and mounted his horse, which had been waiting for him to take his customary after-breakfast ride to the post-office, and he galloped down the road in quest of the phaeton. He saw Mary talking with Jack Towne, who had been an overseer and a valued workman of his father's. He was looking much surprised and pleased.

"I was n't caring so much about getting work, myself," he explained; "I've got what will carry me and my wife through; but it'll be better for the young folks about here to work near home. My nephews are wanting something to do; they were going to Lynn next week. I don't say but I should like to be to

work in the old place again. I've sort of missed it, since we shut down."

"I'm sorry I was so long in overtaking you," said Tom, politely, to his wife. "Well, Jack, did Mrs. Wilson tell you she's going to start the mill? You must give her all the help you can."

"Deed I will," said Mr. Towne, gallantly, without a bit of astonishment.

"I don't know much about the business yet," said Mrs. Wilson, who had been a little overcome at Jack Towne's lingo of the different rooms and machinery, and who felt an overpowering sense of having a great deal before her in the next few weeks. "By the time the mill is ready, I will be ready, too," she said, taking heart a little; and Tom, who was quick to understand her moods, could not help laughing, as he rode alongside. "We want a new barrel of flour, Tom, dear," she said, by way of punishment for his untimely mirth.

If she lost courage in the long delay, or was disheartened at the steady call for funds, she made no sign; and after a while the mill started up, and her cares were lightened, so that she told Tom that before next pay day she would like to go to Boston for a few days, and go to the theatre, and have a frolic and a rest. She really looked pale and thin, and she said she never worked so hard in all her life; but nobody knew how happy she was, and she was so glad she had married Tom, for some men would have laughed at it.

"I laughed at it," said Tom, meekly. "All is, if I don't cry by and by, because I am a beggar, I shall be lucky." But Mary looked fearlessly serene, and said that there was no danger at present.

It would have been ridiculous to expect a dividend the first year, though the Nagasaki people were pacified with difficulty. All the business letters came to Tom's address, and everybody who was not directly concerned thought that he was the motive power of the re-

awakened enterprise. Sometimes business people came to the mill, and were amazed at having to confer with Mrs. Wilson, but they soon had to respect her talents and her success. She was helped by the old clerk, who had been promptly recalled and reinstated, and she certainly did capitally well. She was laughed at, as she had expected to be, and people said they should think Tom would be ashamed of himself; but it soon appeared that he was not to blame, and what reproach was offered was on the score of his wife's oddity. There was nothing about the mill that she did not understand before very long, and at the end of the second year she declared a small dividend with great pride and triumph. And she was congratulated on her success, and every one thought of her project in a different way from the way they had thought of it in the beginning. She had singularly good fortune: at the end of the third year she was making money for herself and her friends faster than most people were, and approving letters began to come from Nagasaki. The Ashtons had been ordered to stay in that region, and it was evident that they were continually being obliged to entertain more instead of less. Their children were growing fast too, and constantly becoming more expensive. The captain and his wife had already begun to congratulate themselves secretly that their two sons would in all probability come into possession, one day, of their uncle Tom's handsome property.

For a good while Tom enjoyed life, and went on his quiet way serenely. He was anxious at first, for he thought that Mary was going to make ducks and drakes of his money and her own. And then he did not exactly like the looks of the thing, either; he feared that his wife was growing successful as a business person at the risk of losing her womanliness. But as time went on, and he found there was no fear of that,

he accepted the situation philosophically. He gave up his collection of engravings, having become more interested in one of coins and medals, which took up most of his leisure time. He often went to the city in pursuit of such treasures, and gained much renown in certain quarters as a numismatologist of great skill and experience. But at last his house (which had almost kept itself, and had given him little to do beside ordering the dinners, while faithful old Catherine and her niece Susan were his aids) suddenly became a great care to him. Catherine, who had been the main-stay of the family for many years, died after a short illness, and Susan must needs choose that time, of all others, for being married to one of the second hands in the mill. There followed a long and dismal season of experimenting, and for a time there was a procession of incapable creatures going in at one kitchen door and out of the other. His wife would not have liked to say so, but it seemed to her that Tom was growing fussy about the house affairs, and took more notice of those minor details than he used. She wished more than once, when she was tired, that he would not talk so much about the house-keeping; he seemed sometimes to have no other thought.

In the first of Mrs. Wilson's connection with manufacturing, she had made it a rule to consult Tom on every subject of importance; but it had speedily proved to be a formality. He tried manfully to show a deep interest which he did not feel, and his wife gave up, little by little, telling him much about her affairs. She said that she liked to drop business when she came home in the evening; and at last she fell into the habit of taking a nap on the library sofa, while Tom, who could not use his eyes much by lamp-light, sat smoking or in utter idleness before the fire. When they were first married his wife had made it a rule that she should al-

ways read him the evening papers, and afterward they had always gone on with some book of history or philosophy, in which they were both interested. These evenings of their early married life had been charming to both of them, and from time to time one would say to the other that they ought to take up again the habit of reading together. Mary was so unaffectedly tired in the evening that Tom never liked to propose a walk ; for, though he was not a man of peculiarly social nature, he had always been accustomed to pay an occasional evening visit to his neighbors in the village. And though he had little interest in the business world, and still less knowledge of it, after a while he wished that his wife would have more to say about what she was planning and doing, or how things were getting on. He thought that her chief aid, old Mr. Jackson, was far more in her thoughts than he. She was forever quoting Jackson's opinions. He did not like to find that she took it for granted that he was not interested in the welfare of his own property ; it made him feel like a sort of pensioner and dependent, though, when they had guests at the house, which was by no means seldom, there was nothing in her manner that would imply that she thought herself in any way the head of the family. It was hard work to find fault with his wife in any way, though, to give him his due, he rarely tried.

But, this being a wholly unnatural state of things, the reader must expect to hear of its change at last, and the first blow from the enemy was dealt by an old woman, who lived near by, and who called to Tom one morning, as he was driving down to the village in a great hurry (to post a letter, which ordered his agent to secure a long-wished-for ancient copper coin, at any price), to ask him if they had made yeast that week, and if she could borrow a cupful, as her own had met with some misfortune.

Tom was instantly in a rage, and he mentally condemned her to some undeserved fate, but told her aloud to go and see the cook. This slight delay, besides being killing to his dignity, caused him to lose the mail, and in the end his much-desired copper coin. It was a hard day for him, altogether ; it was Wednesday, and the first days of the week having been stormy the washing was very late. And Mary came home to dinner provokingly good-natured. She had met an old school-mate and her husband driving home from the mountains, and had first taken them over her factory, to their great amusement and delight, and then had brought them home to dinner. Tom greeted them cordially, and manifested his usual graceful hospitality ; but the minute he saw his wife alone he said in a plaintive tone of rebuke, "I should think you might have remembered that the girls are unusually busy to-day. I do wish you would take a little interest in things at home. The girls have been washing, and I'm sure I don't know what sort of a dinner we can give your friends. I wish you had thought to bring home some steak. I have been busy myself, and could n't go down to the village. I thought we would only have a lunch."

Mary was hungry, but she said nothing, except that it would be all right, — she did n't mind ; and perhaps they could have some canned soup.

She often went to town to buy or look at cotton, or to see some improvement in machinery, and she brought home beautiful bits of furniture and new pictures for the house, and showed a touching thoughtfulness in remembering Tom's fancies ; but somehow he had an uneasy suspicion that she could get along pretty well without him when it came to the deeper wishes and hopes of her life, and that her most important concerns were all matters in which he had no share. He seemed to himself to have merged his life in his wife's ;

he lost his interest in things outside the house and grounds; he felt himself fast growing rusty and behind the times, and to have somehow missed a good deal in life; he felt that he was a failure. One day the thought rushed over him that his had been almost exactly the experience of most women, and he wondered if it really was any more disappointing and ignominious to him than it was to women themselves. "Some of them may be contented with it," he said to himself, soberly. "People think women are designed for such careers by nature, but I don't know why I ever made such a fool of myself."

Having once seen his situation in life from such a stand-point, he felt it day by day to be more degrading, and he wondered what he should do about it; and once, drawn by a new, strange sympathy, he went to the little family burying-ground. It was one of the mild, dim days that come sometimes in early November, when the pale sunlight is like the pathetic smile of a sad face, and he sat for a long time on the limp, frost-bitten grass beside his mother's grave.

But when he went home in the twilight his step-mother, who just then was making them a little visit, mentioned that she had been looking through some boxes of hers that had been packed long before and stowed away in the garret. "Everything looks very nice up there," she said, in her wheezing voice (which, worse than usual that day, always made him nervous); and added, without any intentional slight to his feelings, "I do think you have always been a most excellent housekeeper."

"I'm tired of such nonsense!" he exclaimed, with surprising indignation. "Mary, I wish you to arrange your affairs so that you can leave them for six months at least. I am going to spend this winter in Europe."

"Why, Tom, dear!" said his wife, appealingly. "I couldn't leave my business any way in the" —

But she caught sight of a look on his usually placid countenance that was something more than decision, and refrained from saying anything more.

And three weeks from that day they sailed.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

"IN THE SILENT, THE SILENT NOVEMBER."

In the silent, the silent November

You were born, ere the snow-shrouded hours.

That day — ah, how well I remember! —

In the garden were blooming late flowers.

The summer for you had waited;

I thought you its loveliest child;

With sunlight your heart was freighted,

And buds seemed to blow when you smiled.

But strangely, O child, it was fated

You could not delay for the flowers

Whose petals your sweet life had dated:

You died with the snow-shrouded hours.

George Parsons Lathrop.

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

THE publication, in a volume, of the very interesting articles upon England Without and Within, originally contributed by Mr. Richard Grant White to this magazine, affords us an opportunity to give a brief review of the other writings of the author, and of the principles which have guided his career as an American man of letters. He has, for years, been recognized as a thinker and scholar of singular independence of character. He has shown, in treating every topic he has discussed, so confident a mastery of the subject matter relating to it, and has been so bold in rigidly following out to their logical conclusions the novel, and occasionally somewhat eccentric, trains of thought he has started, that he has become a constantly questioned, although still a palpable force in our critical literature. Perhaps he is most eagerly read by those who most vehemently disagree with him in opinion. On the whole, it may be said that no other American man of letters has had his great merits more grudgingly allowed, and his minor defects more assiduously magnified.

The reason of this appears to be that he assumed at the start too much of a "militant" (how cordially *he* hates that word!) attitude towards his opponents. There are two kinds of dogmatism, which, though essentially different, are apt to be confounded in the popular mind. First, there is the illegitimate dogmatism of ignorance and prejudice, which insolently emphasizes the personal pronoun, puts wilfulness in the place of reason, and is always hateful to the reader because it expresses something hateful in the disposition of the writer. Then there is what may be called the legitimate dogmatism, which springs from conscious superiority to others in some department of thought and inves-

tigation, because it has earned the right to say "I" by long-continued research into matters which the general reader has only superficially considered, and by patient reflection upon matters to which the general reader may have given only a loose and careless attention. Mr. White's dogmatism is, on the whole, of this kind. His positiveness of statement has its source in the intensity of his thinking, and what he considers the certainty of his knowledge. The controversial tone he adopts is that of the reasoner and the explorer, not of the egotist. It would of course have been better for his own comfort if he had uniformly adopted, toward the opponents he necessarily provoked, a less pugnacious and more persuasive tone; but still, in all his contentions, he strives to make it appear that it is good sense speaking through him, and not Richard Grant White speaking for himself, that lays down the law which he defies his antagonists to overthrow. All the force and pertinacity he displays come naturally from that vigor of character and depth of conviction which sustain a man in the championship of opinions he has formed on grounds of reason, after a wide survey of the facts and principles on which they rest. Such men are always misunderstood. Still it is well to state the real mental facts which make their moral and intellectual earnestness a wholly different thing from the stupid and willful self-assertion of the ignorant egotist.

The dogmatism to which we have referred was shown in his first elaborate work, published twenty-six years ago, called *Shakespeare's Scholar*. Every thoughtful student of Shakespeare who carefully read that volume must have felt that it was a positive contribution to Shakespearean literature, written by

an honest, fearless, intelligent, and discriminating critic, who had prepared himself for his task by assiduous study, and who had really cast new light on the meaning of some of the most obscure lines which had puzzled Shakespeare's editors and commentators. His criticism of Mr. Collier's corrected Folio of 1632 was especially acute. The "corrections" were evidently made by a man of the age of Charles II., taking a prosaic view of the imaginative audacities of a poet of the age of Elizabeth, and translating his "obscurities" into the baldest commonplaces.

This volume was followed by his edition of the complete works of Shakespeare, which occupied many years of careful and conscientious labor, and which, when completed, placed him in the front rank of the five or six persons who were known as preëminently American "scholars" of Shakespeare. The *Life of Shakespeare*, forming a part of Mr. White's edition of the dramatist's works, is now published in a separate volume. Most biographies of Shakespeare are overloaded with matter having but slight relation to the poet himself. Mr. White sifted the scanty facts of Shakespeare's life from the numerous fictions and ingenious conjectures with which they were blended, and produced an interesting narrative. He then ventured on a biography of *Shakespeare's Mind*, — which is of course the only true biography of Shakespeare, — and exhibited the marvelous genius from its first youthful efforts through all the stages of its rapid growth, until it culminated in such works as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*. The condition of the English stage during the reigns of Elizabeth and James is elaborately described; the leading Elizabethan dramatists are acutely criticised; and all the exterior circumstances of Shakespeare's age, which inspired him as well as his brother poets and dramatists, are lucidly set forth. The whole

volume is full of solid information and sound criticism. It is specially distinguished for good sense. A true scholar aids his readers by undertaking all the drudgery of investigation himself. We are as thankful to him for what he rejects as for what he admits; and when we are assured of his intellectual integrity we know that he has refrained from boring us with a mass of irrelevant material, the critical study of which must have intensely bored *him*.

Like many other American authors, Mr. White has been an indefatigable journalist. The separate books he has published convey an incomplete idea of the amount of work he has performed as a writer of political and social articles for newspapers and magazines, and as a literary, dramatic, and musical critic. In our estimate of the position of an American man of letters we are apt to overlook what may have been his daily literary occupation, and what should be his title to rank. Take, in illustration, Bryant. His original poems occupy a moderate octavo volume, and his translation of Homer two octavos more; but of his forty years' labor on the *New York Evening Post*, in which the pith and force of his mind were lavished on what we call ephemeral topics, we remember nothing, though probably his best intellectual activity was in writing, day after day, "leaders" on subjects which, as they referred to matters of pressing public importance, doubtless did much to give a right direction to public opinion in important junctures. Take George Ripley. There may be a volume or two, under his name, which give him a position among American authors; but the immense work he did as the literary critic of the *New York Tribune*, in which all the resources of his powerful mind, wide scholarship, and genial nature were devoted to seemingly perishing articles on new books, is comparatively forgotten, though he was notoriously a far greater man than most

of the writers of the volumes he condescended to review. Take George William Curtis. For many years he has written, month after month, short essays, displaying exquisite literary workmanship, for Harper's Magazine, under the leading title of *The Editor's Easy Chair*. Every cultivated reader of that excellent and widely circulated periodical turns instinctively to Curtis's department as soon as a number is issued. A selection from these charming essays would fill more volumes than Addison's contributions to *The Spectator*, and would now be much more attractive than Addison's, because they relate to subjects which interest the England and America of to-day. Yet Mr. Curtis is still represented as an American author by a few volumes, which, however good in their kind, convey no adequate idea of the force of his character, of the ripeness of his culture, of the variety of subjects on which he ventures to give intelligent opinions, and of the sweet persuasiveness of his method in discussing controverted topics. He was among the first to adopt unpopular doctrines: he has made them more or less popular by the beautiful urbanity of nature with which he has enforced their claims on public attention; and he has managed to insinuate into minds most reluctant to receive new ideas — especially when stormed in upon them according to the violent method adopted by most earnest reformers — a whole code of novel opinions. This he has done by the airy ease and elegance of expression with which he warns fashionable people that they will lose *ton* if they continue to resist principles which have become accepted by the acknowledged leaders of society. He has not only conquered gentility, but made philanthropy genteel. Among these four or five hundred brief essays, there are also delicious criticisms on art and literature, on great authors, composers, singers, actors, and musicians; there are memories of travel in foreign

lands, recording fine and exceptional experiences; and there are little suggestive treatises on matters of domestic and business life, which appeal directly to our homely good sense. Indeed, whatever may be the subject on which he discourses, his manner of doing it leaves on our minds the impression of a certain indefinable grace and charm. Yet Mr. Curtis has never condescended to gather into volumes even a selection from these delightful products of his mind.

We might go on enumerating other men, some of them very obscure indeed, who make no pretension to be called American authors, and yet have the satisfaction of knowing that their productions sink and melt into the public mind, and do their part in moulding public opinion. When we consider that writers like Bancroft, Ticknor, and Prescott owed to their opulence the means of leisurely indulging in the luxury of research and reflection, and of writing books every sentence of which was carefully revised, with no fear that a printer's devil should dare to disturb their sacred privacy and seclusion while they were engaged in the solemn task of verifying a quotation, or testing the exact significance of a word, we have a feeling of the injustice done to humbler men of letters, who may have possessed powers as bright as theirs, but who had to write under conditions which such authors would have called destructive to accuracy in matters of fact, and to judgment in matters of opinion.

Now, by far the larger part of Mr. White's literary work has probably, as we have already intimated, been thrown off in the rapid method of the journalist. But, like many other contemporary journalists, his mind was originally so imbued with leading principles that the subject he discussed at a moment's notice required little more than the mere effort of putting clear ideas into consecutive sentences and paragraphs. The writing was done in a few hours; but

the culture expressed in the writing was the result of years of patient study and reflection, accidentally directed to a particular topic of the day.

We suppose that to his labors as a journalist, familiar with the closing scenes of the war of the rebellion and the ferment of passions and opinions connected with the hardly less violent war of reconstruction, we owe the most extensively circulated of all Mr. White's works. We cannot venture to assert how many thousands of copies of *The New Gospel of Peace, According to St. Benjamin*, have been sold. There can be no doubt that the production was an astonishing political and literary *tour de force*. It occupies in our political literature somewhat the position which Arbuthnot's *History of John Bull* and Sydney Smith's *Letters of Peter Plymley* occupy in the political literature of England. It was, however, purely original, in phrase, scope, and purpose. It probably did more to make what was called "Copperheadism" both ridiculous and detestable than scores of republican harangues in and out of Congress. In fact, it was the great party pamphlet of the latter period of the war, and of the reconstruction period which followed. It cannot be read now without admiration for its ingenuity, and without enjoyment of the richness, breadth, and audacity of its humor. The mystery, or rather the mystification, respecting its authorship was not the least entertaining of the circumstances attending its publication.

In 1868 Mr. White published in the *Broadway Magazine*, a London periodical, an article on *The American View of the Copyright Question*, which he has recently republished, with additions, in a thin duodecimo of seventy pages. He anticipated the position now taken by leading American publishers, which is that they are ready to pay copyright to the foreign author, provided the book is manufactured in this country. The

question of international copyright is complicated with the question of our whole tariff system of protection to American industry. The contest is between English and American manufacturers of books. The American publishers are right in asserting that as long as free trade is not universally accepted they should have the right of *printing* what they are willing to pay the foreign author for *writing*.

Mr. White, as a matter of course, brings up the old question of the right of property which an author ought to have in his thoughts and creations, and puts this right on an equality with the title to any other kind of property. Abstractly, there can be no answer to this claim, unless the right of property is denied as a natural right. The legislation which limits the period to which an author, or the publisher who buys a manuscript of an author, can hold exclusive possession of a book as property can with equal justice, or injustice, be applied to ownership in land, in ships, in houses, in any tangible thing which a man thinks he possesses. Macaulay, in his celebrated speech on copyright, takes the ground that property is the creature of the law, and that the law which creates it can be defended only on the ground that it is a law beneficial to mankind. It is therefore under the control of legislation, and he professes his disbelief in any natural, indefeasible right of property, independent of utility and anterior to legislation, or in any natural right of succession to it older and of any higher authority than any human code. As a result of this reasoning, he considers the limitation of the right of property in books to be properly within the jurisdiction of the law-making power, and that the public benefit should be taken into view whenever the question comes up as to the number of years an author or his heirs and assigns should have a monopoly of the works of the author's brain. It is

curious that in all statements regarding literary property one vital fact is overlooked. The honor of the human race is concerned in the production and preservation of such works as the *Iliad*, the tragedies of Sophocles, the Divine Comedy of Dante, the great dramas of Shakespeare, the *Paradise Lost* of Milton. The indebtedness of the world to such men is incalculable, for on them rest most of our ideas of the intellectual dignity and moral grandeur of human nature. There would seem to be no property more worthy of recognition than property in such pure creations of exceptional genius. Yet these, and the thousands of works of genius inferior to these, but still of shining merit, are thought not to be property in the sense in which a stupid lout has a perpetual ownership in his acres of land, and an acute knave has an indefeasible property in his bonds and stocks.

It would be amusing to trace, if one could, the progress of the series of articles which have resulted in two of Mr. White's works: the first entitled *Words and Their Uses, Past and Present*, which the author modestly calls "a study of the English language;" and the second called *Every-Day English*, issued nine years after the first had appeared. It cannot be supposed that when Mr. White began his crusade against the misuse of his mother tongue he foresaw the controversies he eventually provoked. He was drawn away from topics which would probably have more pleasantly engaged his attention into a seemingly endless squabble about the meaning and collocation of words. He entered into a contest which might have delighted the leisure of a scholar to whom the thousand years of Methuselah were assured, but which was hazardous for a student to attempt whose life was limited to the modest modern term of fourscore and ten. Nobody could have watched his intrepid battle with the learned antagonists he naturally forced

into opposition without thinking that his case was worse than that of any poor man who claimed priority in the discovery and application of the almost death-sleep latent in the properties of ether. But the philologists were not his only enemies. He laid himself open to the criticism of hundreds of more or less ignorant private correspondents, who demanded that he should reply to the special bit of sense, or half sense, or pure nonsense which they dared him to answer on his own principles. Nothing since the death of President Garfield has more awakened public sympathy for his honored wife and widow than the twelve hundred letters she has received from correspondents, each expressing horror of the assassination, each deeply bewailing her affliction, and each asking money of her for his own pecuniary benefit. It would not be hazardous to assert that Mr. White had received, during ten or twelve years, an equal number of private letters, having for their subject matter his distinction between "shall and will," and his acceptance or rejection of this or that word as good English. His correspondence, indeed, must have been fearfully large, and had he been compelled to pay the postage the gains on his volumes would have been seriously reduced.

It has been often asserted that most literary and theological controversies consist in a war *of* words. No one but a philologist knows how much more virulent this contest becomes when it is concentrated in a war *about* words. The anarchy, the absence of "grammatical order," in the English language enables the combatants to wage a "still beginning, never ending" battle. Each appeals to authorities; but the trouble is that the authorities do not agree; and such an appeal commonly results in leaving the warriors on both sides dead on the plain.

Mr. White escapes this fate, as he thinks, by broadly asserting that English

is almost a "grammarless language;" that, "with a minimum of exception in pronouns, in one case of nouns, and a few persons and numbers of verbs, English words have but one form." Again, "Grammar may be found in Greek, in Latin, in German; in English little else can be found than logic." He declares that what is called English grammar was unknown to Chaucer, Spenser, Sidney, Marlowe, Hooker, Bacon, Shakespeare, the translators of the Bible, and other authors of the great Elizabethan age. The only grammars that the scholars among them studied were those of ancient and modern languages, different from English in being grammatical, while their own mother tongue was essentially logical and grammarless. As a boy, Shakespeare studied the "rudiments" of Latin grammar, but of what is called English grammar he knew nothing; Lowth and Lindley Murray following him after the lapse of a century and a half; and as to John Bunyan, a master of singularly pure, sweet, and forcible English, he knew nothing of grammar at all, foreign or native.

Now, declining to venture an opinion on the correctness or the incorrectness of Mr. White's leading principles, who ever reads *Words and Their Uses*, and *Every-Day English*, without being instructed as well as stimulated and entertained? Into matters seemingly sacred to the labors of the philologist or the pedagogue, he throws all the force, keenness, and brilliancy of his mind. There is hardly a dull paragraph in the thousand pages which make up these two fascinating books. In the analysis of words and idioms brought into dispute, Mr. White shows abundant acuteness of intellect and abundant fullness of information regarding the "uses" of English words by English authors. In the homelier aspects of the topics presented, where he enters, perhaps, into somewhat too minute details, he enlivens the discussion by the throng of apt quotations

and humorous anecdotes which he has ever at command. But next to the value which these two books possess in following out his logical method of treating the English tongue, in opposition to the formal grammatical method, is his appreciation of the processes by which the English language has been enriched by the fine audacities of writers of creative imagination, who have given to its literature its strong hold on our intellect and sympathies. From Chaucer to Tennyson, there has been going on an intellectual coinage, more precious than the coins which have come fresh and bright from the English mint. This is the coinage of new words and new combinations of old words, which the thoughts and sentiments of men of original genius autocratically exacted from the old mine. Shakespeare, for example, is a notable instance of a creative mind, who left the language in which he began to write a different language from that which served him in his first efforts in composition. He forced it to express Shakespeare, in all the marvelous variations of his comprehensive genius, and it obediently yielded to his imperative plastic touch. Mr. White understands, as few writers on the English language have understood, the authority which poetic genius thus confers on a word or a phrase which bears its stamp; for he has the poetic sense to discern the imaginative value and justification of expressions which formal grammar abhors, but which even the dictionary makers are at last forced reluctantly to admit into their pages.

The last book which Mr. White has published, *England Without and Within*, must be considered the best work on England by an American author since the appearance of Emerson's *English Traits* and Hawthorne's *Our Old Home*. The difference between Emerson and White is obvious at the first glance. The merit of Emerson is in his condensed generalizations; the merit of

White is in his elaborate detail of facts and observations, on which generalizations rest for support. Emerson states conclusions, the result half of insight, half of observation. The eye of his mind is always wide open; it detects ideas and principles in the mass of miscellaneous and confused facts which attract his keen observation of external peculiarities; but his sight, clear as it is, is not so remarkable as his insight. His mere impressions of English life and character are transformed by his reason and imagination into something "rich and strange." He so condenses his matter, in stating the results of his study and thought, as to give point to the remark of a wit, who declared that English Traits always affected him as if, when engaged in an inquiry into the agricultural resources of England, he was presented with a mince pie as their compact and complicated result. Indeed, everything he says demands such a constant strain of mind on the part of the reader, to fill up for himself the spaces which separate premises from judgments, that Emerson's brilliant, epigrammatic brevity is constantly liable to be misunderstood. His verbal abstemiousness oddly contrasts with his prodigality of thought. He is like a miner who, by mechanical help, crushes out from a ton of slag and refuse a few grains of gold. He embodies in one short, scintillating sentence matter which could be more readily recognized at its worth if he had expanded it into a paragraph or a page. One is sometimes reminded, in this overdone compactness, of the declaration of the pugilistic Chicken, in Dickens's *Dombey and Son*, to Mr. Toots. This prize-fighter declares that his patron, in favoring his rival's pretensions to the hand of Florence Dombey, while disinterestedly giving up his own, is doing something "mean." The Chicken, to give force to his utterance of the offensive epithet, adds, "I ain't a cove to chuck a word

away." From the lowest level of life comes this announcement that words should always be identical with acts and thoughts; and Emerson, with a large vocabulary tempting him into diffuseness, never chucks away a word. The result is that he is ever in danger of being alternately called a mystic, a fanatic, a worldling, and a cynic. Still, English Traits remains the most noticeable volume ever written by an American on England; and, a hundred years hence, when the largest portion of the English race will be in the United States, sentences from it will be quoted to show how deep was Emerson's perception of the radical characteristics of the English race.

Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* stands by itself as a criticism of English life and character, written by a shy man of genius, who avoided rather than welcomed the persistent attempts of cordial Englishmen to dine and wine him, and do him honor in a bluff English way. It is curious that the modest American consul at Liverpool so secluded himself that he was unrecognized as a writer whose English was as simple, pure, and sweet as Addison's, while it expressed, what Addison was incapable of expressing, the moods of a great creative mind, attracted to what was certainly exceptional and mysterious in human experience, but imaginatively embodying profound meditations in characters which vividly represent, in action, some of the psychological puzzles which physicians and metaphysicians had long labored to explain, and had abandoned in pure despair of finding a solution. Dickens disliked *The Scarlet Letter*, and expressed his dislike in a private letter, which is ludicrously shallow in criticism. Tennyson seemed never to have sought the acquaintance of a writer whose power he must have discerned, had he condescended to read one of his works. Mrs. Hawthorne mentions, in her *Diary*, that she and her husband saw the Poet Lau-

reate at a public exhibition, but did not presume to go forward and introduce themselves. Hawthorne was so diffident a man that he thought the poet whom he so warmly admired, and whose popularity was as great as his merits, had never heard of *him*. So the 'great romancer considered that to accost the eminent poet without a formal introduction would be an intrusion on his privacy. The only person he met in England who seems thoroughly to have won his esteem was Francis Bennoch, an English merchant, gifted with literary tastes and literary ambition, who had an enthusiastic admiration of men of letters, and who, when he made the acquaintance of a man of genius, cordially opened to him all the hospitality of his heart, as well as all the hospitality of his house and table. The result was that Hawthorne, in judging England and English character, depended on his power of external observation, sharpened, of course, by his power of spiritual insight. His book, accordingly, has too much of that inspiration which springs not from sympathy, but from antipathy. This quality is detected in those passages where he applauds as in those where he censures. It is evident that he did not like England or the English. The demure humor of his satire reminds us of Addison and Goldsmith, but with an additional subtle scorn, natural to a shy man of unrecognized ability when he comes in contact with the boisterous self-assertion of an average Englishman of the middle class, who seems to condescend whenever he compliments. Hawthorne's *Our Old Home* is a work of genuine power; indeed, next to his weird romances, it is the best thing he ever wrote; but we rise from reading it with a feeling that our New home is infinitely better than our Old.

These two volumes are, as we have said, the only rivals of Mr. White's *England Without and Within*. Each has its separate charm; in each there is

no indication that the tourist is moving too rapidly through the country to pause for reflection on what meets his eye; and in each there is evidence of a thorough previous culture in English history, literature, and manners. Mr. White specially attracts the reader by making him his companion. We might call his volume a "transporting" book, for it literally transports us, without effort on our part, from our firesides to every spot which he visits, and into every circle to which he is admitted. His large, minute, and accurate knowledge of England, which he carries with him, enables him easily to find what he seeks. It would be dangerous to state how short was the period of his residence in England, for his familiarity with its social, industrial, literary, and political life suggests that he must have spent many years in observing what really occupied him only a few months. It is a new illustration of the old fact, that the value of a traveler's judgments depends not so much on his bodily as on his mental eye. And then Mr. White has the art of concealing the haste with which he must have passed from one place to another by the leisurely, almost lounging tone of his remarks and reflections. In his wanderings, he picks up, here and there, a novel fact, or finds that what he observes starts an entirely original vein of thought, and he communicates fact and thought as though the reader was walking by his side, ready to agree with him or to contradict him, but never violating the amenities of cordial good-fellowship. Whatever may be the judgment on *England Without and Within*, it may be safely said that nobody will find a page of it dull. But the book is not merely entertaining; it is full of valuable matter, and is a new mental and moral introduction of Jonathan to John Bull, such as few American tourists have been able hitherto to make. In all the notices of it in the literary journals of Great Britain, it is recognized as the book of a scholar,

a thinker, and a gentleman,—as a book which rightly claims attention, because it deserves it; and it is also to be said that, in almost every case where exception has been made to its statements, the supercilious critic has had the bad luck to hit upon something where he was ludicrously in the wrong. Thus Mr. White, in speaking of British “Philistinism,” called it “the unreadiness of the Saxon Athelstane developed into a social and intellectual power of inertness.” Now almost any reader on this side of the Atlantic would have seen at once that the reference here was to the Athelstane of Scott’s *Ivanhoe*. But a learned critic in the London Academy, quoting this sentence, exclaimed, “Shade of Æthelstan! has it come to this,—that a scholar of English history should confound your name with that of the redeless Ætheried?” One wonders, reading this, if we have a critic in the United States who is at once so profound in

Saxon lore and so forgetful of Walter Scott!

In this rapid review of Mr. White’s works we have not lingered on his faults, because we have had insufficient time and space to set forth adequately his merits. What most attracts us in his career as a professional American man of letters is the courage with which he has expressed his opinions, whether popular or unpopular; the patience with which he has investigated the materials of literary and social history on which just opinions regarding such matters are founded; and the acuteness, independence, force, and fertility of thought he has brought to the discussion of every debatable question which has attracted his attention as a critic and a scholar. We might clamorously demur to many of his most confident judgments, but the spirit which animates him as a thinker and seeker after truth appears to us pure, wise, and unselfish.

E. P. Whipple.

EMBER DAYS.

NOT the specified Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays of ecclesiastical observance. The Ember Days we note date back of any calendar, Christian or Pagan. They are ushered in by a series of brief-lighted, half-hearted, jaundiced days, post-autumnal in their temper, and yet not due winter. The fire of the year slowly smoulders out, dropping into corroded brands and ashes on the earth, and escaping upwards in smoke and vapor of fog. The vital spark in man’s heart and brain suffers by sympathy with the season, and needs some fanning to keep it in genial play. Premonitions of winter sleep steal over us, urging the propriety of looking about for a snug *hibernaculum*. The Muse has nothing

to say, unless to clap approval at the sentiment pronounced by the pleasant balladist:—

“When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows;
When the north-wind howls, and the doors are shut,
There is place, and enough, for the pains of prose!”

To distinguish the month of November, we would call it a *mélange* of all ill weathers. It contains days borrowed from February and March, days of fickle variety, like a shrewd and imbittered April. By the falling of the leaves, after much miserable temporizing, we are brought face to face with the austere heavens and a long reckoning of inclemencies. This is the November

which some one has rightly named "Eat-heart."

It is wonderful how the grass contrives to double the season. It has two spring-times, and grows bravely up to the very threshold of winter, both on the vernal and autumnal side. In some places, it may have communicated its courageous spirit to neighboring plants. This November blue violet, does it not sweetly and acceptably apologize for the absence of blue overhead? Here and there the dandelion still contributes its pennyworth of sunshine. These signs of nature's vernal feeling in the dead of the year affect us with some such surprise as we have at seeing the summer-time constellations rising before dawn of a winter day. But the pushing thriftiness of the grass cannot mask the prevailing soberness of the season. In pastures, and about the fence corners everywhere, the golden-rod and other weeds of rank flowerage during the autumn now stand with hoary or black tops, like a row of snuffed-out candles, once used for an illumination. Here is the milkweed, with its pods set so as to represent a bevy of birds; but the wind is plucking off their silken white plumage, and sending it wastefully adrift through the field. Here, a shabby thistle is putting out a last purple pretense of decayed royalty. "Poverty grass," with its straight, wispy bents, bleached white, and standing in even parallels, looks like the threads of a warp in the loom. But there is not so much as a spider to put in a gossamer filling. I sometimes hear a faint thin note in the grass, much like the rattling of small seeds in a dry husk: this, I fancy, may be the lay of the last cricket. Once in a long interval, my foot starts up a decrepit grasshopper, frost-bitten and rheumatic, — possibly the old immortal Tithonus of the fable. Here a puff-ball, grown to prodigious size, and torn or burst open at the top, is sifting its fine, snuff-colored dust into the wind. It suggests *diablerie*; in-

deed, the brown elves must use it as a censer in their unhallowed midnight incantations. Weird and eldritch suggestions are plenty on every side. If you walk in the woods, you are startled by mysterious small sounds, — Panic noises, which you cannot readily trace to an origin. That old rustic practical joker, who in his day has frightened so many a solitary traveler, was never more alive and maliciously inventive than now. He it is, undoubtedly, who sends the partridge detonating through the dry leaves directly in our path; who sets the woodpecker to dispatching telegraphic messages, with a hollow tap, tap, on some sonorous trunk close by; who makes the trees groan humanly among their upper branches, and the dry leaves on the scrub oak discourse gibberish. Sometimes, where the fallen leaves are glued together with mildew, one detaches itself from the sodden company, and turns deliberately over, with a beckoning motion. Then I see the brown, charm-weaving hand of some ancient earth sibyl. On a hard-bound December evening, the low, faint shudder running through the crisp leaves and grasses brings to mind a certain awesome Scripture: "Thou shalt be brought down, . . . and thy speech shall whisper out of the dust."

I notice that a white bloom has gathered on the raspberry briars, modifying their burnt-senna color to a delicate flesh-tint; indeed, it would seem that all vegetable life, designing to brave the winter through, had grown, for that purpose, a kind of tough, unsensitive scarf-skin. Even the trees appear to have gained a thicker rind, and their upper branches and whole stem system look, in the sunshine, as though they had been brushed over with some preservative lubricant or varnish. On every hand, nature strengthens her position, or, if forced to yield ground, covers safely her retreat. Let none be uneasy on her account. "Young buds sleep at the

root's white core," and the future leaf rocks securely in its cradle on the tree-top. Now, before the deep snow flings to the door, I would like to visit the winter dormitory of every hibernating creature, — would follow home the chipmunk which I caught yesterday filling his impudent cheeks with corn from the crib; I have a natural curiosity to know how *his* granary is planned. No less would it be worth while to ascertain how and where the bumble-bee and the yellow-jacket and the solitary-bee are temporarily embalmed, in spices and ceremonies of their own providing. What lodgings have been engaged by the bullfrog and his mellower-voiced rival, the hyla? Are there any "birds of a feather" tumbled together at the bottom of some old chestnut stump, for the astonished farmer to exhumate about Candlemas Day? Above all, I would like to know whether there are any swallows done up in clay at the bed of the stream, as White of Selborne was so desirous of proving, some time ago; and whether the cricket has laid in a good supply of fodder, or merely chews over his summer cud. I am the more concerned to push investigation in this quarter since I have read an old scientific authority which claims that the insect has the same number and arrangement of stomachs enjoyed by the Order Ruminantia!

Here comes the woodpecker, with his sharp, mouse-like note, seeking the honest living due him in nature's economy. It is plain that neither a chrysalis case, nor a cocoon shroud, nor even the narrowest cranny in the bark of a tree is a safe mode of retirement. But I know something that the woodpecker, with all his foraging penetration, perhaps does not know. If he would split with his bill those dry stalks of boneset close down to the root, he would get for his pains, every time, a fine fat grub.

Frequently, in the early morning, at this time of the year, one hears the high, shrill clamor of the bluejay, spreading

his wings on the stream of the north wind and crying a defiance; it is the very voice of winter. Until late in the season, and occasionally during the milder winter weather, I hear the coarse guffaw of the crow at a long distance through the woods. Is there not a true sardonic inflection in the note of the crow? What lazy contempt and derision it expresses! He is called Jaques, in our Forest of Arden. How ridiculously he caricatures the gait of human kind. I remember to have seen a man chasing a lamed crow over a plowed field, and to have been impressed by the ludicrous similarity of their motions. The black-coated man, by a ruse of fancy, became a larger species of crow, while his corvine thiefship appeared as a smart little personage in black broadcloth. Some time before the advent of settled cold weather, I find the chickadees and snowbirds comfortably hobnobbing in the woods. They regard me with the eye of a quondam acquaintance. I conclude we have met before, and shall meet again, when the deep snow drives them to accept the charity of us villagers. Now and then, the Bohemian waxwing comes "berrying" in our woods, but remains no long time, having come down from the North on a limited ticket. His note is poor and small; in this respect following the melodious rule of all our hibernating birds.

Each spring, I am grieved to note the inroad that has been made upon the timber during the fall and winter previous. It seems to me that the nobility is first to go, and I wonder how it is that the woodman's axe refuses to taste of aught less than the fairest and tallest-grown of the forest. Is there no penalty attached to *arboricide*? If I were in the chopper's place, I should fear that Sylvan would hurl the falling shaft my way, and crush me beneath it. Down go the beech, the oak, and the ash; down goes the maple, notwithstanding its veins of kindness. The ground is

scattered over with splinters and chips, white or pinkish, clean and sweet-smelling. What further destiny is in store for this deposed and mutilated majesty? The oracle of Dodona could not have foretold. Part, sound sleepers under the tracks of the last new railway; part to be floated down the Lakes, out through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and over the "road of the bold" to England; part to remain here, and become a patient power in the lands, converted to tools in the hands of the farmer; still another part to be consumed on our hearths, — an extravagant and guilty luxury, we are inclined to think. Unhesitatingly, we pronounce coal the *cheaper* fuel. Of this wood quarry, the forest of old time, there still remains an abundant supply. If man had existed previous to the Carboniferous period, it is a question whether there would have been any coal for the present day, since he would have taken care, then, as now, that the woods should be cleared away.

Occasionally, the axe discloses the fact that a great and flourishing tree was quite corrupt at the core; that it lived for years with a heart of sawdust. Nature has her laugh at us, and propounds the following: Pray, how will this fact fit into your object-lessons, my little philosopher? Will you teach your pupils that even from hearts unsound right growths may sometimes proceed? But when we have wrinkled our brows over the embarrassing problem long enough, she will tell us, most likely, that a tree's heart is where a man's heart should be, all abroad in free circulation, in branches, stems, and leaves, — in radiating sympathies and enthusiasm, if we look upon the human side of the question.

He has hardly become acquainted with the whole tree who has known it only in its summer phases. He is no true lover of the woods who ceases to go to them when the leaves have dropped away, and the garrulous dryad has re-

tired to sleep. I would know my friends in their adversity and hardihood. Some invaluable intimations are reached down on that lichened north or north-east side of a sage, weather-beaten old tree. To one who enjoys their winter society each tree of the forest has its distinct individuality, no less now than when it flourished under the sign of the leaf. There are all degrees of muscularity, all shades between grayness and brownness, beside delicate differences in pose and deportment, to pronounce the tree. This is the "builder oak," that throws such energy into its strong, up-reaching arms; this, the beech, distinguished by the lateral precision of its branches; this, the soft maple, recognizable by its poised lightness and round contour. Who knows not the "vine-prop" elm, with its lofty grace and slight benedictive droop, the oriole's nest still swinging from the end of some branch? Bring us the nest of the bird, and we will do our best to tell you what tree afforded the site. We dare to do this, because we chanced, last spring, to be present at a congress convened by the birds, to discuss the comparative advantages for nest-building presented by various trees. The smooth, gray stem of the ash looks not unlike an old churchyard slab, with here and there a frill of lichen, or a patch of moss. The bark of the cucumber-tree is arranged in fine scales, as though the tree had put on an hibernal coat of mail. "The Dorian column of the sycamore" stands out in white relief against the dark background of the deeper woods. This tree casts its bark as well as its leaves. Are you a skilled archæologist? Read what is written on that scrap of parchment, — a true Saxon book, direct from the bark of the tree. It is thought to contain the tree's esoteric doctrines, its notes and comments, thrown off in its summer leisure. Even the pine and the hemlock are deciduous, though they manage to shift the old garment for the new so

adroitly that none of their neighbors discover the sleight.

The west wind, in summer time a delicious boon, becomes at this season a scourge, with a threefold lash of sleet, hail, and snow; for the most of our heavy winter storms rise from this quarter. Our trees have wrestled so long with this wind that they are permanently warped towards the east, as may be seen by running the eye over their profiles; there is even a perceptible scantiness in the growth of their branches on the side exposed to the prevailing wind. What mighty battles have I seen and heard waged between the trees and the west wind, — an Iliad fought in fields of the air. I cannot understand, when I hear the wind characterized as “lonesome” and “melancholy.” It is the great traveler, who not only has been around the earth, but has circumnavigated some of the nearer stars, returning with a traveler’s zest for story-telling. There is heraldry in the wind, mysterious errantry. It is possible that our snow-topped pine, gently nodding to its black shadow in the moonlight, has just received advice from that tropical palm, its legendary love. A high wind calls the imagination to come up higher. What has the poet of nature to do with the island valley of Avilion, — with a region

“Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly”?

If we have neither mountains, trees, streams, nor the sea in our prospect, we have at least the sky and the wind: the one, with its clouds, to paint pictures for us, the other to sing us songs. The morning was bound in blue and gold. Wherever the long shafts of the sun fell, a gold-stone sparkle followed; but the shadows had the tint of the lilac, or of an aerified amethyst. There were flowers on the dry stalks of plants that had been out of bloom for months past. Every blade of grass was shot

full of minute crystalline barbs. The children of Aurora perceived that manna had fallen in the night, and went forth to gather it; but they wisely carried neither scrip nor basket, knowing they could lay none by for the morrow. In May we indeed believed, with the Rosicrucians, that there might be an immortal virtue in May-dew; in December we discovered it was lodged in the frost. On first waking we drew aside the curtain, and found on the window-pane a glorious emblazonry of summer trees, flowers, and tangled thickets. How was it? Had we dreamed of summer? And then, did the spirit of cold and the breath of a sleeper convey the phantasmal dream to the pane, and there leave it to crystallize under the keen surveillance of the stars? I was shown, last winter, the photograph of a singularly beautiful frost-piece, and required to name the original. Before I hit the truth, I was successively reminded of a fern plot in the woods, a garden of deep-sea plants, and an imprint of fossil vegetation. This seemed to me additional proof that nature has only a few fine forms, which she works over and over, with unwearying delight. We read that a whole tropical flora lies buried under the Greenland glacier. It is this fact, perhaps, that is whitely hinted at in all the works of the frost.

Living not far from a great lake, locked in its winter sleep, I sometimes fall into the impression that our coast line runs coincident with the arctic circle, and that Wrangel Land, and the icy mausoleum of so much brave polar research, might be reached by an hour’s journey due northward. Yonder is the frozen deep; for aught I know, it is the limit of discovery. Instead of the “unmeasured laughter of the waves,” there is dead silence, or only the astonished whistle of the north wind, as it sweeps over surges it cannot drive, — “white caps” that sparkle, but are without power to burst into spray. The voiceless-

ness of the lake is the first impression obtained; the next is of the vast sunken perspective it presents. It vividly suggests the crater of a burnt-out volcano. Frequent drifts of snow and caked ice, mixed with sand sifted in from the beach, answer to the lava and ashes of bygone volcanic eruptions. If the lake has frozen under a stiff norther, our beach will be filled with a wild arabesque sculpture and architecture. There sits the fatal mermaiden, now spell-bound herself, a creature of glassy shreds and tatters; there is a shaggy triton blowing a soundless horn; and here is the arm "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," reaching up *Excalibar*, whose hilt sparkles with pure diamonds! Here are ice-caves and narrow cloister walks, niches and shrines; and here (by a bold upward fling of the tortured water in freezing) is a veritable wigwam, a piece of poetic justice in the elements, commemorating the far-away Indian occupancy of the shore. In the offing there will be one or more jagged ramparts of ice, and beyond, at the furthest reach of the eye, a dark, steel-blue hint of free waters, though frequently no such channel is visible from the shore. This irregular fence of ice, of which I have spoken, suggests the Giant's Causeway, or the fantastic desolation of the Dakota Bad Lands. The frozen drift along the shore has, in rigorous seasons, considerable permanency. The sun is the mildest-mannered iconoclast (a lesson to those who believe in the sledgehammer). He rarely takes by storm the enemy's stronghold. His method is gradually and almost imperceptibly to create angles, thus multiplying the points of attack; to girdle the shaft with strategic beams, so that when it falls, it seems to have toppled by reason of its own unbalanced gravity. I have sometimes imagined there was a sunny flaw in the ice itself, a surreptitious spark of inclosed caloric, which, no less than the outward ray, works towards dissolution.

Can we discover any correlation existing between the icicle and the iceberg? Only this: that the form of the icicle follows that of the stalactite, while the iceberg is a kind of immense movable stalagmite.

I watch with interest the first tendency towards solidification in a stream of water. Notice how sluggishly the current drags along; how dark and mantling it looks, like some dense liquid slowly cooling off. Large bubbles collect on the surface. Next, fine crystal bayonets and spears are thrust out from the margin, as though they would impale and hold the unwilling current. Dipping reeds and willow whips are soon glazed over, and made the nuclei of small glacial reefs; the web spreads, and the stream is firmly woven under. The old ice of pools in the woods, partially thawed, will show us some delicate etchings. Lift up this water-soaked leaf of beech or of maple, and you find its graven likeness on the ice where it has rested for half the winter. Beech burs and hickory nuts have also carved clean-cut intaglios.

It is past the solstice, — close upon the crumbling verge of the year. At last, there falls a snow, the fibre of which has been well tested in yonder laboratory of the heavens. No "sugar-snow" this, to melt in our cup! It has come to stay. Its siege will not be so long as in New England, nor will its depth be so great or so uniform in this locality; but it suffices. The houses, muffled at foundation and eaves, look low as pictures of Swiss chalets, — so low that it seems possible to rest one's elbow on the roof, and look about on the village beneath. The woods in the distance are mere hedge-rows, and there are no longer fences to divide claims. Imagination adds a good rod to the breadth of an untracked road in winter. The storm has isolated us, but not unkindly. We are retired citizens, cosy *habitants*, and we now ask that our ap-

ples, nuts, and cider may not be wanting in the four hours' stretch of the winter evening. Thus modestly we propose *desipere in loco*. There is no misanthropy in our retirement; on the contrary, we seem to have withdrawn ourselves for the sole purpose of considering how we may love our neighbor still better. We fancy him engaged in the same benevolent meditations. There is even an expression of good-will toward

us in the affable curve of the smoke that comes from his chimney. At night our fireside and that mellow star, our evening lamp, can scarcely be contained within doors; at least, looking out at the window, I see their charitable image, constant and bright, under the rocking trees, in the blue winter dusk. If we spoke of "the dead of the year," it was a mistake. The embers are well covered over.

Edith M. Thomas.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN the year 1835 Richard Cobden traveled for a month in the United States, and some of his observations upon what he saw and heard there are recorded in his biography, lately published by Mr. Morley. Mr. Cobden sets down, among other things, as the best example he could give of the wild extravagance of American brag, the following anecdote: "Judge Boardman, speaking of Daniel Webster, said, quite coolly, and without a smile,—for I looked for one very closely, thinking he joked,—‘I do not know if the great Lord Chatham might not have been his equal, but certainly no British statesman has, since his day, deserved to be compared with him.’” Comment upon a statement so perfectly monstrous appeared to Mr. Cobden not merely superfluous, but preposterous. To one of the controlling minds, and one of the most liberal men of modern England, it seemed that only the maddest vanity would think of even mentioning Daniel Webster in the same breath with great English statesmen. Yet if we were now to somewhat modify Judge Boardman's statement, and say that since the death of Charles Fox no English statesman, except Mr. Gladstone, has been the intellectual equal of Daniel Webster, few

persons whose opinion is worth anything would be likely to dissent.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Mr. Cobden recorded this anecdote and sent it across the water to his brother, and thirty years have passed since the eager attention of this nation was concentrated upon the death chamber at Marshfield. Of late there has been a revival of interest in Webster, indicated by new editions of his speeches, by published reminiscences, by the statue in New York, and now by the observances which have just marked the centennial anniversary of his birth. It is therefore not unfitting, perhaps, to attempt at this time a historical estimate of Webster's character and career. Under ordinary circumstances the period thus involved would be too near for history in any form, but the intervening war has riven a chasm so deep and wide between that time and this that the events of Webster's life belong to a different era, almost as much as the downfall of the federalists in 1800, or the war with England in 1812. But this is not enough. In order to reach a purely historical judgment of Webster,—which is the only one worth seeking, for there has been an abundance of others, of every degree of merit,—we must approach

him historically. We must come to him neither from the point of view of those whose feelings found their best expression in the noble lines of Ichabod, nor, on the other hand, from that of the men

. . . "that had loved him so, followed him, honored him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him their pattern to live and to die."

We must seek the Webster of history with the open mind of the generations to which he is, for the most part, only a great name and a great tradition; and seeking in this spirit we can find him, as he still lives, and as he will always live, in his speeches, arguments, letters, and state papers; in the biographies and anecdotes of friends; in the eulogies of admirers, and in the attacks of his enemies.

There is no need to rehearse in detail the events of Webster's early life. He sprang from a pure, hardy, and very typical Puritan stock, a family of borderers, possessing in the highest degree the stubborn tenacity of New England which enabled them in the struggle with earth, air, and man, savage and civilized, to wring a bare subsistence from their granite hills. Webster's father was an Indian fighter, one of Rogers's famous rangers in the old French war, and a captain in the Revolution. Education had been sacrificed by him to the trade of arms, and he determined that this loss should be spared to one at least of his sons. In accordance with this resolve he selected Daniel, his youngest boy, who was slender, delicate, and unfitted for the hard toil of the farm, and sent him to school and to college. Every one is familiar with the touching affection of the son thus favored, who, not content with his own good fortune, turned back to draw his elder brother after him into learning's road, at the cost of much to himself and of fresh privations on the part of the devoted parents. Study of the law followed graduation,

all accompanied by a dire struggle with the most pinching poverty, until at last the brothers managed to go to Boston, where the younger one was fortunate enough to obtain a clerk's place in the office of Christopher Gore. Here Webster acquired much knowledge of his profession, and had the benefit also of the society of a cultivated man of the world, a ripe lawyer, an experienced public man, and a fine gentleman in the best and truest sense of the term, whose high-bred face looks benignly upon us from one of Stuart's canvases. Webster's mind was sure to expand beneath such influences, and thanks to Mr. Gore he put aside the temptation of a clerkship in the courts, which would have given him immediate independence, and very probably might have checked his career. Wiser, if not richer, Webster returned to New Hampshire, and began the conflict of life and the practice of the law in the little town of Boscawen. Thence he removed, not long after, to Portsmouth, the chief town of the State. There he married, and passed nine happy years in the pursuit of his profession; meeting in Jeremiah Mason an antagonist who taught him much, and forced the development of the powers of mind which speedily placed him at the head of the little bar of his native State.

In 1812 Mr. Webster was elected to Congress, and took his seat in May, 1813, at the extra session. Up to this time he had taken no more interest in politics than was natural to any intelligent and active man in a period of strong political excitement. When he entered public life Mr. Webster may be described as a firm but moderate federalist. He was strongly opposed to the embargo and to the war, but when war was once declared he was not prepared to go on with the extreme federalists in a bitter and unrelenting resistance to all measures of the administration. Young as he was, and new to public life, he came at once to the front with that mas-

terful spirit which never left him, introducing at an early day a resolution designed to compel a disclosure of the origin of the war, and supporting his motion with a force which placed him at once among the leaders of the house, then numerous and distinguished. At the close of the war, when the democratic party, floundering in a chaos of unpaid debts and disordered finances, was clamoring for a bank as loudly as they had before clamored against the one devised by Hamilton, Mr. Webster again took a most conspicuous part in opposition to the scheme of Mr. Calhoun, which threatened a wild inflation of the currency and an increase of existing difficulties. In a speech of singular clearness and merit he showed very plainly that in his years of political inactivity he had read and meditated deeply; that he had classified and arranged his thoughts, and had accumulated stores of knowledge from which his retentive memory could at will draw forth weapons for the contest. In 1816, he led the opposition to Mr. Calhoun's tariff in another forcible and able speech. Mr. Webster belonged in this respect not to the school of Hamilton, but to that of the New England federalists, who, while they had favored moderate protection in a few well-ascertained directions, were, in the light of their own commercial interests, very averse to anything like a general protective policy or an extensive tariff.

These speeches and the position attained by Mr. Webster in Congress gave him necessarily a very great increase of reputation. The field open to him in New Hampshire was manifestly too small, and could not yield him an income sufficient to provide for the needs of a growing family. Soon after his tariff speech, therefore, Mr. Webster removed to Boston, left Congress, and de-

voted himself to the pursuit of his profession.

This temporary withdrawal to private life brought fresh successes, greater than anything achieved as yet by Mr. Webster as a public man. His career in Congress had opened to him a practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and before that tribunal at Washington, in the year 1819, he appeared as counsel for Dartmouth College, in defense of their charter rights. The argument then delivered placed him at once at the head of the bar of the United States, and fixed his reputation as one of the greatest of our constitutional lawyers. This famous case was the source and forerunner of others of like character and importance, which came to Mr. Webster at intervals throughout his whole subsequent career, and which were presented by him with equal success and ability, although he never, perhaps, surpassed his first great effort.¹

To every one competent to judge, that argument, with its easy flow of what one of its hearers called "pure reason," is familiar. It exhibits grasp, breadth, and smoothness; it is logical and strong; it has, in short, everything that a constitutional argument of the highest order should possess. The one quality, perhaps, for which it is preëminent is felicity of presentation. The various facts and groups of facts, with the many arguments and branches of argument flowing from them, are so arranged and conjoined that the chain of reasoning runs out without check or hindrance, and the listener passes from one subject to another, conscious only of the unbroken connection of thought, and of the close way in which one reason sustains and upholds another.

A year after the delivery of this argument, Mr. Webster, in another field, achieved an equal if not a greater suc-

¹ The cases of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, *Ogden v. Saunders*, and that growing out of the Rhode Island rebellion will occur at once to every one as giving

rise to the most memorable among Mr. Webster's constitutional arguments in court.

cess by his oration at Plymouth, in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. This address belongs to a branch of the art of oratory which is neither parliamentary, political, nor legal, but approaches most nearly, perhaps, to a lay sermon, with the incident of the day or the cause of the celebration as a text. To that text the orator may stick closely, or he may deal in a general way with any and every subject of human interest, social, moral, or political; or, if he chooses, he may start, like Sir Walter Raleigh's history, at the beginning of the world, and come down, frequently plunging headlong, like Phaeton, to the earth of the present hour. Addresses of this sort offer a great temptation to survey mankind from China to Peru, and with most men, in attempts of this kind, the vision becomes indistinct, the outlines confused, and the historical and literary perspective very faulty. To Webster this wide scope was peculiarly attractive, and he was one of the rare men who could use it well. The oration which he delivered at Plymouth, in the first flush of his splendid powers, and with the consciousness of the resources of his strength still untouched and unexplored, was the first of a brief series of similar productions, which have established Webster's position as a great master in what, for want of a better name, may be called occasional oratory. The address at Plymouth is not, perhaps, quite so fine, as a whole it is not so rounded and complete, as one or two of the later ones, but it possesses, nevertheless, all Webster's characteristics in this field of eloquence, where his work is well worthy of study. The most striking quality of all these speeches is the grand sweep with which the orator passes over each and every subject. Yet with all this there is never the slightest pretense of universal knowledge. If he is dealing with history, of which Webster was very fond, it is with the ease and

grace of a statesman, scholar, and man of the world, but with no affectation of abstruse learning. If the subject is science, as in the address before the Mechanics' Institute, there is no yielding to the strong temptation to behave like Lord Brougham, and make a show of boundless knowledge by a glittering display of superficial and inaccurate information. It is the speech of a man of education and natural eloquence dealing with scientific topics in the general way which is becoming to one who is not a special student. In all these orations Webster moves easily on a high level of thought and feeling, and when he rises to a more impassioned strain it is with a pinion so strong that he carries us up with him, and brings us back without jar or shock. There is always the same clear presentation of ideas which is to be found in all Webster's work, so that, while it seems as if the subject or the question must be very plain, the real secret of the lucidity and smoothness lies in the method in which the topics are handled. This clearness of arrangement is joined with a severe simplicity of style. The men of Webster's day were versed in the rolling periods of the end of the eighteenth century, and were most familiar with the English of Johnson and Gibbon. In Webster's writings there are no traces of these influences. Whether he was saved from them by a youthful fondness for Addison, or by the example of plain, direct speech afforded him at the bar by Mr. Mason, saved from them he surely was. His sentences are never gorgeous, never loaded or involved. They are simple, nervous, compact. In his occasional orations, and in his political speeches as well, there occur of course many rhetorical passages. Some of them, if detached from the context, seem even florid in thought if not in expression. But if they are read in connection with the whole speech, and with due attention to the subject, they will be found to comply with what is the rule

of good oratory as of good architecture, in being ornaments to the construction and not constructed ornament. We are told that he was an unsparing censor of everything he published, and that he weeded out Latin derivatives with an unsparing hand. He certainly clung closely to Anglo-Saxon words, but we doubt if revision could have found much to alter. From this practice he made one constant and, under the circumstances, very singular deviation: he invariably uses "commence" instead of "begin," — a vicious habit, and all the more noticeable from its recurrence in the midst of a style in every other respect simple and pure in a remarkable degree.

In a similar way he is very sparing of imagery and metaphor, using them but seldom, and always with great point and effect. This was due to the same austerity of taste which is apparent in his style, not to any lack of imagination, for Webster had both the dramatic and the poetic sense strongly developed. Tradition tells us that he was often highly dramatic in voice and manner, at times perhaps too much so, but there is no excess in the language or the thought. The supposed speech of John Adams and the address to the survivors of the Revolution at Bunker Hill, beginning, "Venerable men," to take two well-known instances, are very dramatic, but they are neither forced nor theatrical. It was the same on the poetical side; for, although Webster was a poor versifier, he had a genuine vein of poetry. Take, for example, that most familiar sentence at the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument: "Let it rise! Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." The thought and picture are alike poetical, and they are expressed in the simplest of English words, a rare combination, — so rare that we are wont to call it Shakespearean,

and so easy in appearance that many persons think any one can effect it, and hold to that belief until they make the experiment themselves.

The Plymouth oration was widely read, and gave a national fame to its author, who, at the same time, by his services in the constitutional convention of Massachusetts, was again brought conspicuously forward as a statesman and legislator possessing a profound and ample knowledge of organic questions of government and a rooted conservatism of temperament. All this bore fruit in a general wish for Mr. Webster's return to public life, and in 1823 he was elected to Congress by the Boston district. Again in Washington he vindicated his reputation as an orator by his speech on the Greek revolution, a subject which invited a display of rhetoric upon the struggle for freedom then maintained by the inheritors of the brilliant history and traditions of Greece. But Mr. Webster spoke simply as a statesman urgent to have the United States take strong ground, and such as became them, against the doctrines of the Holy Alliance and the Congress of Laybach, which struck at the very foundations of the American system, and ought not therefore to be passed over in silence. The speech had the effect which was intended in defining the position of the United States, and it brought out for the first time Webster's conception of the relations of his country to other nations, and of her importance and meaning in the affairs of civilized mankind.

In the years which immediately followed Mr. Webster stood at the head of the hard-pressed forces of the administration during the presidency of Mr. Adams, but a wider field and a position of more dignity were soon opened to him. In 1827 he was elected by the legislature to represent Massachusetts in the senate, where his first important speech was delivered in support of the tariff of 1828. In 1816 and in 1824

Mr. Webster had displayed great ability in opposing the tariff, and had in fact headed the resistance to a protective policy. The change of opinion which led him to defend the tariff of 1828 with the same talent and force of argument which he had displayed against its predecessors was used then and subsequently, by his enemies, to found a charge of inconsistency and time serving. Mr. Webster's position in 1828 was the one which he afterwards maintained to the close of his life, and was perfectly defensible. He said substantially, "New England has steadily and consistently resisted protective measures, but you of the South and West have insisted upon them. You have passed the embargo laws, and you brought on the war of 1812; and not content with this, you have enacted two tariff laws. The result has been to force the enterprise and the capital of New England into new channels, and to create a large number of industries. Tired of the experiment, you now propose to destroy the legislation to which New England has conformed, and force her to another change which would involve losses and disaster." The argument was logical, and as a representative of New England Mr. Webster's position was impregnable. The tariff of 1828, however, led to a struggle upon other issues which quite overshadowed the original cause. Out of the tariff came the resistance of South Carolina to the laws of the United States, and the doctrine of nullification formulated by Mr. Calhoun. This theory of disintegration and disunion for the first time found open expression and bold advocacy in a debate arising unexpectedly upon a harmless resolution concerning the public lands. Its exponent was Mr. Hayne, who has gained an enduring if unenviable fame from having been crushed on this occasion by Mr. Webster. Hayne was, nevertheless, a man of much ability, young, fluent, and filled with the ideas of the Atlas of the

slave world, who sat by and watched the conflict from the chair of the vice-president. His first speech went beyond the limits of the resolution, touching severely on New England, and hinting strongly at state resistance. To this Mr. Webster replied, and Hayne then responded at length, denouncing New England with increased vehemence, and boldly advocating the nullification doctrine. The next day, before a crowded audience, Mr. Webster answered him in a speech which stands unequaled in the annals of American debate, and is one of the masterpieces of English oratory. This great speech offers no loop-hole for criticism. In elevation of tone, in fitness to the imperial theme, in range of thought, patriotism, imagination, and style, it is all that the most exacting taste could demand. It has all the qualities of Mr. Webster's occasional speeches, together with those other attributes which are required by debate. Mr. Webster made many other great speeches in Congress, but no one can doubt that he would be content to have his standing as a parliamentary orator determined by the reply to Hayne. That speech was delivered when he was in the prime of manhood and in the full vigor of his strength. His personal appearance, his voice and manner, then as always greatly enhanced the effect of everything he said. The slender boy, unfit for the labor of the farm, had developed into a man of large and commanding presence. Mr. Webster was less than six feet in height, yet every artist has portrayed him as of almost heroic stature. The fact was that he impressed those who saw and heard him as of gigantic mould. A Liverpool navvy is said to have pointed at him in the street, and called out, "There goes a king!" and Carlyle is reported to have said that he looked like "a walking cathedral." His head was very large, of fine shape and with a most noble brow, beneath which great eyes looked out full of dusky light when in repose, and glow-

ing like fires when he was excited. His massive features, black hair, and swarthy complexion, together with a manner extremely grand and solemn, all contributed to render him impressive to an extraordinary degree. His voice was one of great richness and compass, in its highest pitch never shrill, but penetrating to the remotest corner of hall or senate-chamber, and in the open air to the very outskirts of a vast crowd. When he rose to reply to Hayne he must have had, like Lord Thurlow when he answered the Duke of Grafton, and in a still greater degree, "the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder."

The effect of this speech at the moment was overwhelming, and its results were hardly less so. It crushed the nullification theory in Congress, and forced the Southern leaders back upon the more difficult and less acceptable ground of secession. So far as argument could go, circulated as it was in that speech by tens of thousands of copies, it fixed public opinion throughout the North at least in unalterable opposition to the South Carolina doctrines, and prepared the whole country for the support of the administration in the crisis which was close at hand.

In the speeches in Congress and before political bodies, among which the reply to Hayne stands first, Mr. Webster exhibited, as in his occasional orations, and in equal measure, the sweeping range of thought, the artistic presentation of facts and arguments, and the easy, powerful flight in the grander passages of passion or imagination for which he was always conspicuous, while at the same time he never abandoned his nervous, forcible sentences or his clear simplicity of style. In those other qualities which are peculiarly necessary in parliamentary oratory and in debate he also excelled. He had perfect readiness in reply and swiftness in attack or defense, great command of facts, and an obedient and retentive memory. He was

never a maker of epigrams or a master of keen retort, and never indulged in parliamentary fencing. He did not come upon the field like the modern duelist, trusting only to skill in the use of a thin, flexible, pointed strip of steel, but, like the knight of olden time, he rode into the tournament in full panoply of glittering armor and with well-poised lance, bearing down his opponents by force, weight, and address, and never shrinking from the full shock of arms. In one respect Mr. Webster's career as a debater and orator is peculiar. He never, save in one memorable instance, when Ingersoll of Pennsylvania and Dickinson of New York assailed his integrity, gave way to denunciation of his opponents. The temptation must have been great to a man of Webster's powers to indulge in personal attacks, but he always refrained, and used the dangerous weapon of invective only against arguments and principles. With his opponents he employed a cold, dignified, rather argumentative and very effective sarcasm, which suggests flaying, as in the case of Mr. Hayne. Yet this sarcasm has not the bitterness which commends its victim to the listener's pity, but has rather beneath its gravity a throb of laughter and a sense of the ridiculous which keep the hearers in sympathy with the orator. This grave sarcasm, with a subtle mingling of ridicule and amusement, appears very strongly in Cicero's orations against Milo, and closely resembles the same trait in Webster. It would be difficult to say why he was so sparing in the way of humor pure and simple; certainly from no natural defect, for it abounds in his private letters, from the first exuberant epistles of youth down to the last utterances in the days of age and disappointment, while with those nearest to him the spirit of fun was always breaking out. Before the world, however, Webster was very grave and dignified, and this grave dignity waxed ever more lofty and solemn as he ad-

vanced in years and fame. Still, the natural humor crops out now and then in his speeches, veiled sometimes under stately irony, sometimes coming with more freedom and directness. One example, rather of the latter than of the former kind, occurs in a speech of the year 1838. Mr. Calhoun had been discussing the sub-treasury, had brought up slavery and the tariff, and attacked Mr. Webster, who hurried to the senate, being informed on the way that Mr. Calhoun was "carrying the war into Africa." Mr. Webster began his reply in a laughing way, and after a few sentences said, —

"Sir, this carrying the war into Africa, which has become so common a phrase among us, is indeed imitating a great example; but it is an example which is not always followed with success. In the first place, every man, though he be a man of talent and genius, is not a Scipio; and in the next place, as I recollect this part of Roman and Carthaginian history, — the gentleman may be more accurate, but as I recollect it, — when Scipio resolved upon carrying the war into Africa, Hannibal was not at home. Now, sir, I am very little like Hannibal, but I am at home; and when Scipio Africanus South-Carolinensis brings the war into my territories, I shall not leave their defense to Asdrubal, nor Syphax, nor anybody else. I meet him on the shore at his landing, and propose but one contest.

*'Concurritur; horæ
Memento cita mors venit, aut victoria læta.'*"

In the summer of 1830, just after the great reply to Hayne, when he was probably the most conspicuous man in the country and at the very zenith of his reputation, Mr. Webster made the best known and best preserved, if not the ablest and most remarkable, of all his many addresses to a jury. He was called in to aid the government in the famous case of the White murder at Salem. It was freely charged then, and

has been generally believed ever since, that this aid was due to a heavy fee from the relatives of the murdered man, and the explanations and defense of Webster's biographer confirm the unpleasant impression that money tainted the transaction. But however that may be, Mr. Webster began his speech by defending himself against the insinuation that he had been brought there to "hurry the jury beyond the evidence," and then burst forth with that splendid exordium on murder general and murder particular which is in every school reader, and which as delivered by Webster was certainly calculated to terrify a jury, fill them with horror, and if necessary "hurry them beyond the evidence." After this opening he proceeded with his argument. In the most masterly manner he drew forth and reviewed the evidence, and, marshaling his facts in solid column, moved them forward in a way which must have swept every doubt from before their onward march. That Webster had an extraordinary power of convincing a jury cannot be questioned, but he must have affected them chiefly with a feeling of awe; instead of leading he must have impressed them. In those very peculiar qualities which make a man a great advocate with the twelve judges of fact; in variety and fertility, in the rapid mingling and alternation, of wit and pathos, of grave argument, solemn exhortation, and quick ridicule, Webster was surpassed, it must be admitted, by both Erskine and Choate, although the latter's fame unfortunately rests almost wholly upon tradition. At the same time there have probably been few men who have achieved better results in the difficult task of "getting a verdict."

We have now glanced at Webster in every branch of the orator's art. In the senate and in occasional speeches he was at his best, and above any other American of whom we have sufficient means of judging. Mr. Everett tells us

that in England Webster was compared frequently to Demosthenes, and the severity of his style and expression justify the comparison. He was assuredly most like the great models of antiquity, and this fact takes him at once out of range of the fervors of Continental oratory. Among his kindred of England he finds more rivals and greater ones: in Chat-ham and Pitt, Burke, Sheridan, and Fox, Canning, Bright, and Gladstone. Fox and Webster most nearly resemble each other, for both possessed that which in the former was again and again described as a "manly eloquence." Burke was more profound, more metaphysical, richer, more various, than Webster, but no one ever said of Webster what Goldsmith did of Burke:—

"Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining."

Webster, again, was less splendid than Sheridan, but many of the glittering sentences of the "Begums" look very dim now, and the tinsel of the "greatest speech of the age" has tarnished sadly, while Webster's classical simplicity is as pure, fresh, and glowing as when the words were uttered. There is, however, nothing to be gained in hunting comparisons. Webster has passed into history as one of the handful of men whom the world acknowledges as the great masters of eloquence.

Although before the tribunal of public opinion the reply to Hayne had given a death-blow to the doctrine of nullification, yet the heresy was still to be met as a practical question; and when Jackson took it by the throat, Webster, with true patriotism and statesmanship, laid aside his opposition to the president, which was deep and abiding on every other subject, and stood by the side of the administration in advocacy of the force bill. In a similar fashion he resisted Clay's compromise. It was not, as Webster firmly believed, a question

of a tariff, but of the supremacy of law and the maintenance of the Union. Modify the tariff, and the victory lay with the rebellious State. When South Carolina was on her knees and the law enforced throughout her borders, then would be the time to talk of modifications. Compromise prevailed, but Webster had no cause to blame himself for any part in the perilous concession.

Jackson's administration and that of his successor cover the most brilliant years of Mr. Webster's life. He was then in the full maturity of his powers, fighting for the constitution and for sound finances, the leader of a new and growing party, wholly in the right on the public issues of the day, and acting up to his beliefs without fear or reservation. Jackson's violent wrenching and twisting of the constitution afforded constant opportunities for Mr. Webster to make great efforts in behalf of that which lay nearest his heart, but the absorbing question of all that time was of course the bank and the finances. The bank was opposed to Jackson, and so Jackson undertook to stuff its offices with his adherents, as he had done in all other similar cases. The bank resisted, and then the president determined to destroy it. He began by vetoing the bill for its recharter; but this mode of destruction was so slow that, to quicken the work, he withdrew the deposits, and determined to manage the finances himself. Jackson regulating the finances and the currency was like a monkey regulating a watch. He simply smashed everything, and then went out of office, leaving his successor to make the best of it. Hampered by Jackson's principles, and coming, moreover, much too late to do any good, Mr. Van Buren was just in time to meet the financial crash of 1837, which spread ruin and disaster over the country. From the first Mr. Webster had led the opposition to Jackson's mad financiering, and had struck hard and telling blows at him and at Mr. Van

Buren. He had a perfect mastery of the questions at issue and of all the intricate financial details, so that while he showed what ought to be done he predicted with unerring sagacity the exact result of Jackson's course. All that he said was read everywhere, and when the crash came, his statesmanship and foresight received a startling vindication. In the campaign, which soon ensued, against Mr. Van Buren as a candidate for reelection, Mr. Webster stood at the head of the opposition forces, and in all parts of the country, with wonderful variety and freshness, enforced the doctrines which he had always defended, and pointing to the suffering of the country denounced the policy by which all this misery had been caused. It had been a long waiting, but Jackson's outrageous course and ignorant blunders at last had their reward. His party, his political heir and successor, and his principles of government were all condemned, and buried by the great wave of popular disapproval which carried General Harrison to the presidency, and placed Webster beside him as secretary of state.

To enter into a discussion of Mr. Webster's course in this new field would be impossible within the limits of a necessarily brief essay. His state papers are fully worthy of him. They are able, dignified, clear and acute in argument, and show the breadth and grasp of mind so characteristic of their author. They cover a wide range of topics, and deal with many nations, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and the opening of diplomatic relations with China. The great event was of course the treaty with England, concluded by Lord Ashburton at Washington. That this was the work of a statesman, that it was boldly approached and as a whole wisely settled, no one now would be likely to question. At the time it was made the subject of attack, and very recently the injury it inflicted upon Maine has been ably discussed by Mr. Washburn before the historical so-

ciety of that State. In the senate Mr. Benton, in his usual loud-mouthed fashion, stormed against it as a complete "surrender," while on the other side of the water it was fiercely assailed, and was stigmatized by Lord Palmerston as the "Ashburton capitulation." But it must be judged as a whole, and if so judged it seems a fair treaty and a removal of differences which continually threatened war. Its only defect was the failure to provide for the north-western boundary, which soon became troublesome and required fresh negotiations. On the settlement effected by the treaty, which set at rest questions that had endangered the peace of the country for forty years, Mr. Webster had fixed his heart. He therefore continued in office after Harrison's death and after Mr. Tyler's rupture with the whig party. This course was made the subject of many fierce attacks, but no one now will question that Mr. Webster was right in refusing to sacrifice to the strife of party a statesmanlike policy which he had undertaken to carry through. In his grandest way, with the lofty pride which at times so became him, he gave the whig party to understand that he could do without them, but that they could not dispense with him; and before long the whigs came over to his views.

After leaving the cabinet in 1843, Mr. Webster had two years of private and professional life before he was again chosen to the senate. He came back then in season for the miserable years of the Mexican war, with its schemes of conquest, all of which he opposed steadfastly and vigorously, until at last he was brought face to face with the slavery issues, growing out of the Mexican and Texan acquisitions. It was the great political crisis of 1850. Webster met it in the 7th of March speech, and failed.

From the senate, where he was devoting himself to the support of Clay's

compromise measures, he was again called to the department of state, by Mr. Fillmore. The only event of his second term of office in the cabinet was the famous Hülsemann letter. The Chevalier Hülsemann wrote in a very offensive manner to Mr. Webster, remonstrating against the official inquiry directed by the United States government in regard to the Hungarian revolution. The letter merited rebuke, and Mr. Webster administered it in a way which he himself calls "boastful and rough." Severe, and justly so, it certainly was; but the boastful passage, which at the moment so caught the popular fancy, was hardly justifiable, in point of taste, in a state paper, and was unworthy of Mr. Webster.

In the spring of 1852 the whig convention assembled in Baltimore to nominate a candidate for the presidency. There was in New England, as there had been before on similar occasions, a movement in favor of Mr. Webster. Mr. Choate, who was at the head of Mr. Webster's friends in the convention, went on to Washington the day before it met. He found Mr. Webster fully possessed with the idea that he should be nominated, and that the great office was at last within his grasp. So filled was he with this faith that Mr. Choate had not the heart to tell him that there was no chance, but held his peace, and went back to lead the forlorn hope and to watch the prolonged contest which ended in the nomination of General Scott. Even if he had been successful, it is nearly certain that Mr. Webster could not have lived much longer. As it was, the disappointment fell upon him with crushing effect. He withdrew to Marshfield, hid his face from the world, and died. He died proudly, as he had lived, but not without a touch of that affectation which Dr. Johnson said came to every man at the last hour, and which Webster had himself condemned. To the public he was silent, but he ad-

vised his intimate friends to vote for Pierce, and told them that the whigs as a national party were ended. Melancholy words of farewell from a great party chief to his trusted friends and followers!

The whig party was indeed at an end, but it was wrecked by the compromise measures and the 7th of March speech, and not by the nomination of Scott. That speech was the supreme trial of Webster's whole career, and he failed. Had he but died an hour before that chance, it had been for him a blessed time. His friends and admirers say that there was nothing new, nothing inconsistent with his past utterances, in that speech. In a certain sense, so far as opinions went, it was consistent. The trouble with the 7th of March speech was in the changed tone and attitude of the man. In 1832, when Jackson faced South Carolina, Webster stood close beside him. Then the question turned on a tariff, and Webster said, Let us have no compromises until the supremacy of the law is vindicated beyond doubt or cavil. In 1850 California stood with a free constitution in her hand, waiting for admission, and Taylor, like Jackson, no statesman, but merely a plain American soldier, said, Do your duty; admit California. I hear the threats of Texas; I see the boundary troubles: but admit California, and I will settle the boundaries, if need be. Taylor was right, as Jackson had been. But this time Webster did not stand by the president. He bowed before the menaces of the South, and urged a compromise. His argument against Taylor's policy proceeded on a futile distinction, and upon a dread that display of force by the general government meant disunion; whereas a bold, firm attitude on the part of the administration would, in fact, have done more for peace and for union than any compromise. Compromise meant concession to the South, and to that there was no end. In a few

years the South tore up all compromises; in a few years more they plunged the country into civil war, because they lost an election. Vigor and decision would have checked the rising mischief in 1850; weakness and concession simply hastened disunion. The Northern whigs ridiculed Webster's dread of secession, but the dread was well founded. His fault lay in meeting the danger, not like a brave man, as in 1832, but with timidity and compromise.

In 1832 the question was a tariff, in 1850 human slavery. Webster had denounced the slave trade at Plymouth; he had opposed early and late the extension of slave territory; he had raised a voice of warning and denunciation against the annexation of Texas; he had resisted the acquisition of territory from Mexico; he was opposed to slavery as a system; he had foreseen the magnitude of the abolition agitation when others had scoffed at it; he had felt that it was the duty of Southern statesmen to deal with the question; and now he turned about and derided the Wilmot proviso as an abstraction, sneered at the free-soilers as fanatics, urged compromise, and supported a new fugitive slave law with might and main. The Wilmot proviso was a declaration of principle, and, on the same grounds as Taylor's policy, it should have been supported. How could the South ever be brought to reason if they always got what they wanted by a sufficiency of angry threats? Webster's place was at the head of the free-soil movement, of the constitutional opposition to slavery. He saw, perhaps more plainly than any one, the magnitude and the inevitable character of that question, and he should have led the North in the determined purpose to deal with it and settle it in a statesman-like way. When, instead of doing this, he cried out for compromise and concession, he seemed to the rising spirit of the North, what in fact he was, false to his race, to his past, to his principles, to

himself. He became in a moment a "lost leader."

"One task more declined, one more footpath untrod."

His failure when he came to the crucial point was complete, and was deplorable and terrible for the very reason that he was so great in intellect, so marvelous in faculty, so highly gifted, and with a past crowded with words and deeds which had become part of the history of his country. The greater the height, the worse the fall and the deeper the censure.

Webster's course in 1850 was due to two motives: his love for the Union, and his wish to gain the favor of the South, and thereby the presidency. The first was noble, even if misguided; the second, and much the weaker, was pitiable in such a case and in such a man. Webster's love for the Union was in reality the key to his whole public career. It appears in his boyish letters, warm with youthful fervor; it burns strongly in his latest words. Webster lived during a period when the United States were in their first youth. The American people had begun to feel, in a dim way, but none the less surely, the greatness that was in them. They felt it, but others could not see or understand it. They were, as a nation, young, raw, inexperienced, and the consciousness of their future and of their unappreciated strength made them boastful, sensitive to the opinion of others, and full of a rough self-assertion. All this has gone. We know now, instead of feeling dimly, and self-assertion has become utterly idle, worse than vanity, to an assured greatness. Many persons, however, either silent, or capable only of crude expression, felt in this way in the first half of the present century, and among them was Daniel Webster, who saw clearly, instead of dimly, and could give fit utterance to all he saw and felt. To him the future opened with a dazzling radiance. From the height of his own

intellect he beheld the land which he would never enter, but which we who have come after him are beginning to realize in actual possession. He saw the millions who would come here, the wealth which would be won, and in the train of wealth literature, science, learning, and the arts. He saw the help to humanity, the opportunities for education and comfort, the elevation of man's condition, which would be possible here. He saw the vast influence which this country would exert, and the great place to which she was destined among the nations of the earth. All this rested on the Union, and union and nationality rested on the constitution. This vision of futurity was the dream, the love, the adoration, of Webster's life. To this conception, as embodied in the Union and the constitution, he poured out his soul, as the poet to his mistress. It governed his opinion on every question, foreign or domestic, as to our position toward foreign nations, as to internal improvements, and as to all the responsibilities which a destiny so lofty should impose. In every speech, almost, he brings it in, and gives to it all the poetry and imagination of his being. It always inspired him to the highest point, and it made even the fatal utterances of the 7th of March great in eloquence. At that supreme moment his courage failed him; but he believed even then that he was taking the surest way to preserve the Union and all that was dearest to his heart.

As to the second motive, the desire to obtain the presidency, that ambition had been long with him. He was pushed forward as a candidate in 1832, and the great prize was kept always before his eyes for twenty years. In 1852 he believed the time had come. It was certainly the last chance, and we can hardly wonder at his faith. He was surrounded by devoted and admiring friends, who were drawn from the ablest, most learned, richest, and most successful men in the

most highly civilized portions of the country. The quality of the admiration blinded him, increased his pride, and made him impatient of counsel or opposition. Yet even in his own party the masses were all with Clay. Webster really never had a chance for the presidency. The politicians were afraid of him, and while he awed and impressed the people he did not appeal to their sympathy. That he did not understand this was most natural; that he was led to lower himself by the belief that he might succeed was deplorable. Much charity must be extended to a man who thinks he can reach the presidency. As Lincoln said, in homely phrase, "No one knows how that worm gnaws until he has it;" and the worm gnawed at Webster's heart for twenty years. The North alone could have made him president, and he came down from his high place and bowed to the South, who received him only to throw him aside. In wrath of spirit he advised his friends to support the party he had always resisted, the party of slavery and secession. The waters of bitterness went over him, and the sun of his greatness set in clouds.

In private life Webster had all the qualities which make such a man peculiarly attractive. Cold, dignified, in his later days solemn even, in public and before the world, in the midst of his family, or with his intimate friends, he unbent completely, pushed politics and cares of state aside, and gave rein to talents for conversation which corresponded with the richness and strength of his mind. Wit, wisdom, anecdote, learning, humor, and a boyish fun all mingled in his talk. In the field with his farmers, on the shore or on the sea, fishing or shooting, with his boatman or with some congenial companion, he had a large, unstudied ease of manner; and with the simple country people who lived about his home, with his servants or dependents, in his letters and in his

talk, there is a constant flow of humor and a pleasant grace which pervades even the dry instructions as to the management of the farm. In the close intimacy of the family circle these qualities were displayed in even greater measure, and upon all connected with him by ties of blood or friendship he poured out the wealth of his affection. He was called upon to bear much sorrow. Grief for the death of his first wife, the wife of his love and youth, and for the loss of his children, stirred to their depths his strong emotions, and shook him in a way which we are told was terrible to witness.

It would be pleasanter to every one to stop here, with his generosity, his fascination of talk and manner, and his warm affections, but his admirers and biographers, by denial or silence, compel us to glance at darker shades of character. It has been considered fitting and wise to deal in this way with the notorious fact of Webster's occasional excessive indulgence in wine, and with his reputation in respect to the other sex, which popular report, at least, stamped as far from pure and honest. No one wishes to rake among the failings of a great man in these directions, and there is very rarely any reason to do so, but it is even less fitting to seek to cloak them with silence or vain denials. The proper and manly way is to mention them, admit them if they should be admitted, regret them, and have done.

Webster had, however, one grievous failing, which cannot be passed over in this way, and which his principal biographer felt called upon to discuss at length, as it had been openly assailed in Congress. This was his constant acceptance from personal or political friends of large gifts of money. At one time it was an annuity, at another a few thousands for the expenses of his table; private subscriptions to pay his debts were at all times painfully common, and, unless he is fearfully belied, he would not un-

frequently draw upon his friends for large sums, which soon after appeared among the debts to be paid again by subscription. But putting aside everything which is not susceptible of immediate and absolute proof, when we read in the pages of a foreign historian of the acceptance of a check for ten thousand dollars from a Washington banker, as a token of admiration for the 7th of March speech, and then think who and what Mr. Webster was, it makes us shudder. It was not only neither delicate nor high-minded, but it was utterly wrong. Mr. Webster made enough money as a lawyer to live as became him. If he could not continue in public life except as the pensioner of State Street, then he had no business to be in public life; and the decision of the question was with Mr. Webster alone, and cannot be foisted off on State Street. It is said that he was not influenced by these gifts, and this we believe to be perfectly true. Mr. Webster's attitude, with the modifications of civilization, was that of a feudal baron. He protected his supporters' interests as the baron did his peasantry, and then levied tribute from them. The baron took what he wanted with the armed hand. Webster took what he wanted by his services, his overshadowing personality, and his great intellect, and at a fitting moment acknowledged the aid by a magnificent compliment to the donors, individually or collectively. The principle in the two cases was about the same. It was rather predatory and very wrong and unbecoming, but it was not a question of improper influence; it was simply a stain upon the character of a great man.

When Webster failed, it was a moral failure. Moral weakness was the cause of the acceptance of money and of the fall of the 7th of March. Intellectually, he ranks among the greatest men of his race or country. His mind was not profoundly original, nor did he have that unknown subtle quality, rarely met with

among statesmen or lawyers, but to be found in poets and artists, which men have agreed to call genius. We watch the feats of some superb athlete, and all that he does is impossible to us, far beyond our reach; but we understand how everything is done, and what muscles are needed. We observe the performances of an Eastern juggler; we see the results, we appreciate the skill, but the secret of the trick escapes us. This is true also of mental operations; it is the difference between the mind of Shakespeare and that of Pitt, a difference, not of degree, but of kind. Webster belongs to the athletes. We can do nothing but admire achievements so far beyond our grasp, and gaze with wonder upon a development so powerful, so trained, so splendid. But we can understand it all, both the mind and its operations. It is intellect raised to any power you please, but it is still an intellect, a form and process with which we are familiar. There is none of the baffling sleight of hand, the inexplicable intuitions of genius. Webster has been accused of appropriating the fruits of other men's labors to his own uses and glory. This is perfectly idle criticism. Webster had the common quality of greatness, a quick perception of the value of suggestions and thoughts put forth by other men, and the capac-

ity to detect their value and use them; making them bear fruit instead of remaining sterile in the hands of the discoverer. But after all is said, we come back to the simple statement that he was a very great man; intellectually, one of the greatest men of his age. He is one of the chief figures of our history, and his fame as a lawyer, an orator, and a statesman is part of that history. There he stands before us, grandly, vividly, with all his glories and all his failings. The uppermost thought, as we look at him, is of his devotion to the Union, and of the great work which he did in strengthening and building up the national sentiment. That sentiment, the love of Webster's life, proved powerful enough to save the Union in the hour of supreme trial. There is no need, and it would not be right, to overlook or to forget his errors and failings, all the more grievous because he was so gifted. All men, even those who censure him most severely, acknowledge his greatness. But it is not his fame which will plead most strongly for him when his faults are brought to the bar of history to receive judgment. It will be the thought of a united country the ideal of his hopes, the inspiration of the noblest efforts of his intellect, which will lead men to say, even while they condemn, "Forgive him, for he loved much."

Henry Cabot Lodge.

BEETHOVEN.

MASTER, thou didst not need the ear of man:
 God took away one sense, and gave thee fire
 Diviner far than since the world began
 Had thrilled the strings of Music's golden lyre.

Thine ear caught not the strains majestic, when
 They floated as some sacred incense curled;
 Heaven sang them to thee first,—what need again
 To hear a feeble echo from the world?

Owen Wister.

ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.

III.

SOCIETY WITHOUT CRIMINALS.

IN the first paper of the present series it was shown that the proportion of crimes against property bears an intimate relation to the material status of society, and that the important fluctuations in the crime ratio largely depend on two main factors. One of these is the struggle for existence as enhanced by a disturbance of the standard of living, through such incidents as war, pestilence, or hard times, and the opportunity which the public places in the way of the offender, these two facts constituting the degree of effective temptation offered for the commission of delinquencies. The other is the character of the offender, which mainly determines who in a given community will enter the criminal career, and what form of felony he will adopt. In the second paper it was found that the ordinary legal punishments have no substantial effect in reducing the crime ratio, because they neither lessen temptation nor modify the character of the man who falls; they do nothing to mend his weakness. It now remains to consider some of the substitutes for arbitrary legal punishment which will be efficacious to reduce the crime ratio. In reviewing this field it is understood that only such measures as are capable of affecting the structural conditions of society will be discussed. Those ephemeral expedients which seem to promise relief, but really contribute no remedy, will not be considered. The argument, then, divides itself into two branches: How shall the social environment be improved? and, How shall the character of the criminals be modified? Taking up the consideration of the first, the meaning is best conveyed by illustrations.

Some of the devisees of the late A. T. Stewart were apprised by anonymous letters that if certain moneys were not forthcoming the body of the noted merchant would be "resurrected" for ransom. The devisees, acting according to the dictates of common sense, employed a man to watch the vault where lay the remains of the late Mr. Stewart, for the space of a month. On the night after the watchman was discharged from duty, the body was carried off and held as a ghastly hostage. Then it took months of detective work and large sums of money to discover the thieves. This case fairly represents how the frustration of crime by a watchman is better than punishment, and would have cost far less money than the outlay in tracing the offenders, the interest on which sum would have defrayed the costs of guardianship till a secure vault could have been built for the remains.

Similarly, on Monday, October 28, 1878, the news went forth that on the morning of the previous day the Manhattan Savings Institution had been plundered by burglars of three millions in money and securities.

The bank is situated on the corner of Broadway and Bleecker Street, New York, with large plate-glass windows, so that from two sides any one passing by may look in and see what takes place at any hour of the day or night. The detectives, with one voice, said of this exploit that it was the neatest "job" since the Northampton bank robbery; but the detectives were sadly at fault in their comparison. Why should "Johnny Hope," who "put up the job," withhold his covetous hand from the "big money" he was about to swoop away, and prefer to be deterred by ruefully contemplating the possibly cold and solitary cell awaiting him in Sing Sing? Did he not know

that the janitor who held the combination to the lock was a coward? Was he not aware that the assistant private watchman was "piping" for him six months after the directors of the bank had evidence of this man's unfitness by finding their safe bored through, and the lock so injured that they had to break open their own vault, by the aid of a locksmith?¹ Had he not "sugared"² a member of the police force to carry off the "swag" under the safeguard of his blue coat and buttons, in the small hours of a Sunday morning? Was not this same officer thrice transferred to a new precinct because his superior officers had reported him "stale"? Was it not known that no time lock prevented the opening of the safe door till the hour for which the lock was set had arrived, and that no burglar alarm connected the safe or the premises with the district telegraph or the police headquarters, only two blocks off? The most ordinary means of frustrating the crime were flagrantly neglected both by the managers of the bank and the police authorities, and Johnny Hope was not nearly so bold a burglar as the detectives thought him to be. If any one of the precautions here mentioned had existed, the robbery would have been avoided. Had the managers not given the combination to their janitor; had they discharged the watchman when their safe was forced the first time; had they provided a time lock to prevent the combination from being of any use, and connected the safe with the district telegraph company; or had the police commissioners "broken" the officer when he was found consorting with thieves, the Manhattan bank would not have afforded a sensation on that memorable Monday morning. So obvious is the method of frustration that it has been used from the earliest days. It stands to reason that if a needy thief finds himself thwarted every time he at-

tempts to steal, his impulse for appropriation must of necessity come to an end, however strong may be his inclinations to plunder. It is the end, and not the means, which stimulates, and it seems sufficiently obvious that the simple defeat of the end would "perform the office of punishment."

Indeed, there is not a little irony in the position of the law as it practically addresses the malefactors. It seems to say: "If you steal that coat we will try to catch you, and *when* we have caught you we will punish you if we can." The police officer was caught, but when the high court tried him it failed to convict. When he was set at large, gathering assurance from impunity, he sued the Police Commissioners for arrears of salary, amounting to some six hundred dollars, which had accumulated while he lay in jail. How much the "cracksmen" cared for the fulminations of the law threatening punishment is seen in the fact that they actually hired a lobbyist who "worked" at Washington to prevent Congress from passing an act empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to issue duplicates of the government bonds they had "lifted." Setting aside the conventional legal platitudes as to what constitutes crime, and assuming the position which a study of the laws of crime entitles us to take (that it is often the concurrent result of at least two agents, the criminal who has been tempted and the victim who has furnished the opportunity), would not Macaulay's New Zealander, sitting on the ruins of London Bridge, have the right to ask in such cases, as one might very properly ask in the case of the Manhattan Savings Institution, Who are the offenders, — the burglars who did the deed, or the managers of the bank and the police whose laches allowed it to be done? Would the New Zealander be wrong in his logic if he thought it

¹ It was Johnny Hope's father who made the first attempt on the bank.

² Bribed.

reasonable for Johnny Hope to plead in extenuation that the directors were his latent accomplices? "Gentlemen of the jury," he might say, "the forcing of a safe is no more to me than is the bursting of an ash-barrel to an ordinary man. Did I not know that my father had almost succeeded in 'cracking that crib' six months before I tried my hand at it? I knew the directors had done nothing to secure the concern against a second attempt, and if you let them off on this 'deal' they will set out their pot of money right on the sidewalk, a third time, in the way of my son, so that he will be tempted to do what I have done, and what my father did before me. You do nothing to them, why to me?" The guffaw of the public and the stereotyped reply which is supposed to be unanswerable may be anticipated: "If the malefactors are to set up the plea of instigation to crime as an offset to an indictment, you could never convict another rascal." Well, perhaps as an experiment this would not be the most unfortunate thing that could happen to society; for then we should be at once confronted with the real point at issue, — the necessity of adopting preventive instead of enforcing questionable punitive measures. In this connection, the action of Judge Gildersleeve¹ cannot be too highly praised. With the strong common sense of our New Zealander, he discharged the lad convicted of larceny, and publicly censured the lady who brought the complaint, because she made herself the wanton instigator to the offense by carrying valuable property where it was absolutely unprotected, in an open pocket, which the fashion of the day affixed behind the sack. May the coming judge take such a view in future Manhattan robberies! Indeed, it is time to raise the point whether the loss incurred by such crimes is not itself one of the most fitting punishments for those who act in opposition to the laws of

¹ In the Special Sessions, New York.

crime, just as the burning of your hand, when you thrust it into the fire, is the natural and appropriate rebuke for violating the physical laws of heat. The popular obstinacy of faith in the efficacy of punishment contributes largely to the neglect of the means of prevention, and it seems necessary to force the public to make individual efforts at self-defense, instead of deceiving them with expectation of protection by the police, or the law, which cannot be realized. It is as if the inventive genius of the race were incapable of devising mechanical or social remedies equal to the emergency, the remedies remaining undiscovered or unapplied because the government monopoly in the management of the crime question blights the efforts of private enterprise. Mosier, who is reputed to have stolen Charley Ross, met his death at Bay Ridge, New York, while attempting a burglary on a vacant house, the owner of which had connected it by an alarm telegraph to his brother's occupied premises. This automatic detective brought the brother and his son to the scene at the critical moment, who at once put a stop to the felony. If this mechanical precaution were generally adopted, especially in the rural and suburban districts, one would hear less of masked burglars and their dreadful doings. The entrance into one house would arouse a score of neighbors to the rescue, and enable a small force of mounted police to act over a large area with great efficiency. The telegraph, the telephone, the photograph, and a good system of registration of criminals could be made to play so important a part in the frustration of crime as visibly to diminish their number. If the police force were made acquainted with all the professional thieves of the city, and the notorious criminals of the principal cities of the Union, and if the appearance of such characters traveling late at night or under suspicious circumstances were enough to insure arrest and detention till

morning, the necessity for punishment would be forestalled. But, unfortunately, in many cities a thorough knowledge of the criminal class is the professional prerogative of the detective force, and jealously held by them. On the other hand, the general prevalence of political patronage in this department so emasculates it that it cannot be relied upon for good service. The bad experience in retaining Nugent in the case of the Manhattan bank had no appreciable effect on the discipline of the force; for eighteen months after the bank robbery, when a captain failed to detect crime in one precinct, the Police Commissioners appeared to have no better expedient to correct his inefficiency than to transfer his incapacity to another precinct. "Commissioner Wheeler offered a resolution transferring Captain Michael J. Murphy from the charge of the twenty-first to that of the thirty-first precinct in New York city, and Captain Thomas M. Ryan from the command of the thirty-first to that of the twenty-first precinct. Commissioner Voorhis asked the reason for this proposed change, and was informed that a change was desirable from the fact that during the past six or seven months numerous small burglaries and petty robberies had occurred in the twenty-first precinct, and in very few instances had the police in that precinct arrested the thieves or recovered the property stolen. This was attributed to a want of energy or a lack of knowledge of his duties on the part of Captain Murphy, and it was believed that a change in the commanding officer would result in an improvement in the management of police business in the precinct."¹

It has been forgotten that our modern police systems originated exclusively in a voluntary organization, without the sanction or the aid of government, and it is folly to expect security if the

functions of superseding, instead of the duty of supplementing, the private care of property are delegated to irresponsible men.

Fortunately, living examples, with proper modification, suggest modes of private vigilance in this direction. There are Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, with the power to arrest and prosecute those who ill-treat animals and children. There are Dr. Crosby's Society for the Prevention of Crime, and Mr. Comstock's Society for the Prevention of Vice. That there may have been some misdirected zeal, or improper methods employed, or that some of the essential conditions of civil liberty have been violated in one or even all of these societies, does not detract from the leading object of their establishment. The germ of a true police can be found in each; the ostensible object of each is in some respect proper; and it only remains for experience and practice to eliminate the objectionable elements, and leave the useful working machinery to be used in other directions.

Another colossal fraud, the result of the negligence of the stockholders, depositors, and directors of a bank, has recently been exposed. The leading feature of this last sensation is that, like the Trojan horse of old, it carries a number of minor frauds within it. The cashier seems to have been compelled to conceal the defalcation of one of his superiors and one of his subordinates as contingencies in covering up his own robberies, which, amounting in all to three million dollars, had in the interval of nine years become known either partially or wholly by several persons, who kept their knowledge to themselves. In this case, as in many of its kind, the trouble originated in stock-gambling operations. An axiom in banking is that no bank should enter into stock, produce, or other speculation; and so im-

¹ Report of the proceedings of the Police Commissioners, New York Times, March 10, 1880.

portant is the observance of this rule that the public welfare requires that none of the officers or clerks of a monetary institution shall make private ventures even with their own money. A case pointing to the remedy has recently occurred in the mercantile house of Ralli Brothers, which illustrates how they have guarded their commercial integrity against the seductions of speculation. The parent house was established a century ago in London, with branches in every quarter of the world. The managers of the branch houses, whether they furnish capital or not, are made partners, participating in the profits of the house they control; but it is the invariable rule of the central firm "to require all its partners to sign a paper declaring their positions forfeited the moment they speculate in one bale of cotton, one pound of hemp, jute, or flaxseed, one railroad share, one share of any kind dealt in on any stock exchange, in any country," etc.¹

It is perceived that the heads of a branch house practically enter into a contract that they will avoid the temptations of speculation. Last year it seems that the joint managers of the New York branch violated this stipulation by speculations in cotton, which fact, coming to the knowledge of the parent house, resulted in the following official note, addressed to them and the customers of the firm:—

{ No. 25 FINSBURY CIRCUS,
{ LONDON, *February 10, 1880.*

DEAR SIR, — We beg to inform you that P. A. F., A. G. V., and A. A. F. from this date retire from our employment and have ceased to hold our procuration. Our present attorneys are P. Y. Fachir and T. P. Ralli, who will sign by procuration, either jointly or alone, etc.

RALLI BROTHERS.

To this rule is no doubt due the fact that the firm has continued for three

¹ Extract from the contract of partnership.

generations. What an admirable example of Jeremy Bentham's proposition, that "the non-collection of reward performs the office of punishment," that a mercantile firm can prevent the misdoings of its members before crime like the Newark scandal has been committed, by a simple cancellation of partnership on the violation of the provisions of the contract!

Why should not all the officers and clerks in fiduciary institutions be compelled to enter into contracts similar to that required by the Ralli Brothers? If this precaution were supplemented by the formation of a protective society, composed of stockholders and bondsmen, with the power to order at any moment an examination of the condition of the institution in which they were interested, the uncertainty of the time for investigation would be an additional safeguard against speculation and speculation such as the public has lately witnessed. Such precautions would relieve the comptroller of the currency from the necessity of devoting a portion of his report to explaining how impossible it is for his bank experts to detect the frauds of cashiers, and thus excuse them for not carrying out the law. But perhaps there is utility in having a public document filed in the archives of the State, which brands the law as a useless device to check crime; it is another note to warn us that delegated power is not equal to self-protection.

So far, only a few of the more prominent checks to wrong-doing, and which relate to the environment of criminals, have been glanced at; it now remains to consider what shall be done to modify the character of offenders. As a preliminary, it is here in place to estimate the force of mere prevention in this transformation. If it be true that practice makes perfect, and if it be also true that the habits of parents are entailable, then the failure to gain a living by crime will discourage its repetition, and

gradually weaken the impulse to resort to it. A corollary to this is that a new way of living must be substituted for that which has been lost. There are two alternatives, pauperism and the career of labor. Pauperism will not be accepted by the mass of criminals, who, adopting habits of industry, will in time develop those sentiments and elements of conduct which make law-abiding citizens. In this way, while the predatory instincts will decay by disuse, the civilized attributes will be strengthened. From this point of view one can realize how truly prevention becomes transmuted into moral coercion.

It can hardly be objected, at this day, when one remembers that in the earlier stages of civilization, before law and police were created, peaceable tribes and citizens could find protection for their property only behind natural fastnesses, or within castles and walled cities, frustration being the only safeguard against robbers, that the same kind of defense is a weak weapon in fighting down misdoing.

It will be urged, and with truth, that it is impossible to bring frustration to such perfection that the want of success in the criminal career will extinguish the criminal class. It is therefore necessary to consider what auxiliary influences can be brought to bear to this end. The common origin of all men is from the primeval savage, who remains savage so long as he fails to accumulate property, but with the increase of property lays the foundation of commercial exchange as a substitute for rapine. It has been seen that in our own day the national vicissitudes growing out of political revolutions — scarcity of food, and commercial and industrial stagnation — always bring in their train conditions analogous to those of savage life, and that these develop, in the various forms of crime, savage attributes latent in the community. Now these national vicissitudes do not control simply the

criminal and quasi-criminal ; they affect all classes of society. The sudden loss of wealth and the consequent change of social position breaks down the character of many men and women of good repute, who are as weak to withstand the shock as the veriest criminal, and are exposed to the same dangers. While a man may be stronger than some accidents, no man is stronger than all the circumstances that may environ him.

The check of crime, therefore, must be one that extends beyond the training of the habitual criminal. It must be co-extensive with society, and must provide something like a common training of the faculties, moral, physical, and industrial, which will prepare each individual to meet such contingencies as may occur in the life of any person, and ought to be provided for beforehand. This preparation consists in the industrial training of all classes of society, male and female ; but under this term much more is meant than the mere instruction in any particular trade, though even that would be much. It includes all the concomitants of moral character which accompany an industrious life. An examination discloses the fact that a surprisingly small proportion of the population of the most civilized countries are skillful mechanics, or persons fertile in invention. It is not merely that the laboring and professional population are untrained as artisans, but that the very refinements of modern manufacture tend, by the minute subdivision of labor, to restrict a man's dexterity to some special manipulation, entirely useless in any other trade, and often in another branch of the same trade. When it is remembered that one of the principal elements which affect the rate of wages is found in the aptitude of the laborer, it can be readily seen that a want of aptitude in adapting himself to any important change of industrial or national conditions may reduce the most skillful artisan to the lowest level of inefficiency. In other

words, having ceased to be of any service, he fails to receive remuneration, and finds himself a prey to overmastering circumstances. He no longer rises superior to misfortune, but succumbs to it.

Those who comprehend the more obscure processes of moral growth, how it begins with the education of the senses, through acts which, by repetition and variation, organize in the mind definite and permanent abstract conceptions of right and wrong, are prepared to admit that the kindergarten system for infants and youth furnishes the best model for practical training. Its claim, above all other methods, is that it concurrently trains the hands, so as to establish the impulse to industry, and enlists the mind to accomplish a predetermined task, while the result is always in accordance with the moral requirements of society. There are here combined three essential elements for success in life: the impulse to industry, the dexterity of the senses and their organs, and the power of applying this dexterity in such various directions as the exigencies of gaining a livelihood may require. The kindergarten is not only a miniature workshop; it is also a little society, where each child is induced to act towards his playfellow after the manner in which he will be called upon to act as an upright man when he reaches maturity. It is not simply that the kindergarten will make skilled mechanics, and train children to the practice of the social virtues, which recommends its use; it is also the best means of keeping in check the most dangerous vices. The part which lust plays in producing crime has been purposely omitted, but it is here in place to say that the aphorism of the French detective, that "there is a woman at the bottom of every crime," is true in so large a number of instances as to make it acceptable; and it may be added that she is also a dangerous woman. Now the best possible safeguard against being dominated by a passional nature is

education to the habits of industry. It not merely diverts the thoughts away from vain imaginings, but in addition it occupies the time given to their indulgence, and moderates their transports. We have no space to enlarge on the advantages of the kindergarten, and must content ourselves with urging that its claim to preëminence in connection with the subject which we are treating is that it brings out by practice all the essential elements which go to organize civilization.

If in insisting on the universal education of the senses and emotions of the people, whether low born or of high degree, the charge of escaping the real issue through vague generalizations may be made, what shall be the practical methods employed in transforming the character of the criminal class? Strange as it may seem, the employment of our already established reformatory and charitable institutions, where the kindergarten education could easily be established arbitrarily, is not here urged. In fact, these institutions can never play a very important part in modifying individual character, much less in forming the national character; and the reasons for this opinion are easily given. Society is like water; it never rises above its own level. If you lift water in a pail to the top of a church steeple, and liberate it on the apex, the pail will speedily upset, while the water flows to the base; so, if you train a child in an institution where its wants are provided for by an almoner, its morals are cosseted by a goody instructor, its work given out by a task-master, and its social life regulated and confined by an exclusive association with children, you must not be surprised if, on being liberated, the child will be tided over to the dead level of temptation, and sink into the ditches of debauchery and wrong-doing. The test, and the only test, of sound moral character is that it possesses *coherence under liberty*, and has learned those numerous

arts of adaptation to ever-varying circumstances which make it a working quality, constant, rational, and automatic. To produce this result, there is need of a new experiment; not a revolution, not a reform, not a philanthropic venture to redeem the fallen, but a sober business enterprise, entered into as you would undertake the building of a railway in the wilderness, which is in time destined to make the wilderness fruitful by settling it with a hard-working and frugal population.

It must be a fresh dispensation of the experience of the race, so that the process of civilization, which has been working for centuries to produce modern society, may be employed as an art to transmute the still refractory elements of the community, of whom the criminal forms an important type, into fresh forces. Our New Zealander, as he ponders on the decay of a past grandeur, prefigures to himself a man who has studied the underlying facts of history, and traced the laws which conduce to national growth and preserve national maturity. There stands before his mind's eye one who comprehends that every refined moral attribute has a corresponding physical basis, on which it rests, and that this physical basis is the essential start for the reformation of offenders; a man who can penetrate the motives of those who surround him, so that he may know how to handle those he trains and how to select those who are to second him; a man with a love for children, which makes his task more a delight than an ambition; a man fertile in expedient, so that no case long eludes his grasp; a man able to take his pupil at the point where the scholar's natural interest or curiosity furnishes a hold upon the attention, and from this point capable of leading him to the practice of social and personal virtues, without patronizing and without dictation; above all, a man who knows the great art how to teach what to forget as well as to im-

part what was unknown. Well, our New Zealander, in this man, has drawn the portrait of the modern law-giver. But such a man is powerless without the material agencies which enable him to realize his aspirations.

This new enterprise must, if needful, receive the support of ten millions of dollars to redeem the waste products of society, just as in the case of a mill or a chemical laboratory there would be invested a similar sum to utilize the refuse of their looms or their crucibles. Millions are spent in efforts at futile punishment and in ill-directed efforts to reform the erring; there is no reason why part of such ill-spent money should not be diverted to a new experiment. What could such a man not do, it might be asked, with sufficient material backing, to help the solution of the crime question? But how would he go to work?

He settles in a county, and carefully reviews the dangerous class within a certain section, and studies out the environment which the society of that section furnishes for the continuance of crime. He selects a family where the children branch out into numerous families of their own. As he knows this is not a work of a year or two, but one covering generations, he will choose the branch family to whose head the others look up as to a leader; he knows that no untutored man will imitate one whom he thinks his inferior, and will largely depend for his success in the community of thieves upon their imitating the one whom he has induced to begin a change in his mode of living. He will avoid a family where incurable disease is gradually working the extinction of the stock, but will select a vigorous stock, where the vitality is misdirected, and may be turned into new channels of activity. While he can rely upon the parents of the reputable class to lead their children in upright ways, with the criminal the process must be reversed.

In cultivating the sentiment of domesticity he must affect the parents through the children, and remember that if he enables these latter to conquer social success they will find the means of drawing their parents within the charmed circle of their betterment. From the one over whom he has gained ascendancy he will reach the brother; from the brother the youngest child, and through it the mother. Knowing that the possession of property which has been acquired by industry is the best mode of inspiring respect for property, he will contrive to make his wards owners of estate, and lead them to administer it and to increase its value and income. When he has established a mastery over one family he will gradually draw in the cousins or the intimate associates, and extend the circle of his ascendancy until he has created a little community, which he can use as an environment to expand his dominion over other families. All the details of such a vast undertaking cannot here be developed: it can only be pointed out in a general way that the new method must lay hold of those who, in the next generation, will be the criminals, if left, unaided, to the wretched surroundings of a debauched home; that success imperatively demands that the youth shall learn self-restraint and self-respect under liberty; and that in the process of breaking down hereditary

crime an environment conforming to that of reputable society must be formed to stimulate and sustain the neophytes in civilization. The process will at first be very slow; still it will be cumulative; and as it grows in importance it will increase in power till it becomes a weapon, much as the invention of machinery has given man a mastery to subdue the elements.

The new experiment here proposed differs from the conventional systems of reform which have hitherto been tried, in that the latter deal with the individual segregated from his home and neighborhood, so that every case becomes a new and doubtful experiment in social transplanting, while the new effort follows a triple development: along the lineage of the family, so that the work is consecutive and constructive; within the community, which will unawares become moulded by the innovations devised by the method in dealing with the criminals and so reconstitute the general social environment as to give permanence to the changes; and in its own experience, which while it widens will include aims and achievements beyond the immediate purposes of the first establishment of its work.

It is idle to cavil at the scheme as utopian; the introduction of Christianity among the barbarians was a task not less gigantic.

Richard L. Dugdale.

A CONTRAST.

WITHIN her soul contending love and pride,
 Stirring her deep as dread and longing reach:
 In him, for whose caress she would have died,
 A critical observance of her speech.

K. G.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

I.

AN AWKWARD MEETING.

A YOUNG girl sat in a hackney coach, of a mid-February afternoon, looking up with interest at one of the great wholesale dry-goods stores, of iron and glass, in the most roaring part of Broadway. It could be seen that she was rather tall, slender, with a pale, smooth skin, brown hair, which was gathered in a loose, semi-matronly knot behind, and eyes of a color which would commonly be denominated gray. Brows of a stronger marking than usual gave to these eyes a certain grave, not to say severe, aspect. There were strapped behind the hackney coach some modest trunks which appeared to have come a long journey.

The inscription "Rodman Harvey & Co." was neatly lettered in black on two plates of polished zinc bent round the bases of two of the fluted iron columns of the façade. In the plate-glass windows, under the blue shades, half rolled up, were presented to the street only the cold shoulders, as it were, of some bolts of the great accumulation of prints, ticks, and denims, cassimeres, cheviots, damasks, and Canton flannels, heaped up in all the stories within. A plaster bust of a classic nymph, standing upon a pedestal of flat green paste-board boxes, in one of the windows, utilized to display a new pattern of corset, was the sole concession to attempted advantage by allurement of the eye.

At this distinguished height the securing of trade is matter of deep and far-reaching rather than superficial influences. Though it offered so little appeal to the casual passer-by, there were special ships on the seas whose compasses were deflected to this decorous iron store front; and merchants in all

the small towns, from Maine to California, who, seeing the cut of it, with which the bill-heads rendered them with their purchases were adorned, looked upon it with reverence, as possibly the structure of leading importance in all the metropolis.

The trade of Rodman Harvey & Co. was matter of repute for long and solid standing, in the house; matter of prominence in every commercial and social enterprise, of patriotic service to the government during the war, and of especial staunchness in the political opinions of the majority ever since, in the head of it; matter of "special inducements to cash and short-time buyers," — so its advertisements read; matter of the blandishments of the ingenious commercial travelers who passed constantly through the length and breadth of the land in its interest.

The companion of the young girl, a square-built, middle-aged man, the veteran and trusted Klauser, who every year made a journey upon the tracks of these oftentimes too sanguine commercial travelers, to look after the security of the credits they were inclined to extend, had but a moment before got down with a pair of satchels, and picked his way across the crowded sidewalk to the entrance. He had met at the threshold the proprietor in person, who had come out to look for his carriage, and was engaged in conversation with him there, his own part in it marked by a slight German accent. A tallish young man, of a gentlemanly aspect, with a package of papers in his hand, followed the merchant out, and would have gone away, but was detained by him for some further affair.

The young girl made sure, from a certain well-known resemblance, that it was the proprietor-in-chief, Rodman

Harvey, she saw. As to the minor partners, whom he took in from time to time, they were all lumped together under the Co., and never heard of by name. She was alarmed and annoyed. It was not right of Klauser to have brought her here. Klauser had assured her that there was hardly a possibility that Rodman Harvey could be found at his place of business at this time, since he was in the habit, now that he was contemplating withdrawing from trade, of spending his afternoons in attention to multiplying outside affairs. And even if he were, since his own errand was but of an instant's duration, and she was not to alight, there was no conceivable chance of their catching sight of each other.

She had not been averse to having so much of a glimpse of the place where was made the fortune of an arrogant relative who had always played an important part in the imaginations and discourse of the home circle she had lately left. He was building, too, she knew, a great new mansion up town, which it had been agreed they should drive past on their way to the depot. But as to meeting him, as to throwing herself in his way, there were most cogent reasons against it.

"If you *should* see your uncle" — her mother had begun, as they sat at table, the evening before her departure, with Klauser, who was to take charge of her on the journey, as their guest.

"But she will *not* see her uncle!" her father had interrupted, hotly. "I do not wish it this time more than before. I forbid it. She will take the train for Poughkeepsie immediately on her arrival. Her uncle scarcely knows of her existence, nor does he care to. He has never done anything for us, and it is too late now for him to begin. I will have no toadying and crawling to such a person."

The daughter was used to discounting certain violent and unreasonable moods in her father, and could recall, herself,

some tangible favors from this source. Nevertheless, the chronic disagreement existing between the brothers was at present at its most aggravated pass. The repute for magnanimity of her uncle, in the family, by concentration of view upon his more obnoxious traits, was decidedly bad. And there was her father's express interdiction. She had in addition, if more were needed, a private and local resentment of her own, based upon his attitude towards two dear friends of her school existence, whose cause she thought good warmly to espouse. "I do not at all like his treatment of the Hasbrouck girls," she said.

But the judicious Klauser, politic and imperturbable, and not without his impulses towards benevolence, in his way; Klauser, who could hear both sides of a controversy, and keep an unbiased mind; who could listen, on his rounds, to the tirades of the less fortunate brother, without finding it necessary to relax his devoted vigilance in the service of the other, or to dismiss his belief in his possession of redeeming traits, or the more to betray any part of the said tirades to the ears of his employer, had conceived other views of his own. He predicted a favorable impression upon Rodman Harvey from the acquaintance of this pleasing niece. The more she won him on their long journey, as she did, both by amiable and vivacious manners and her appearance, the more desirous he became to devise some means of bringing about a meeting, which might result to her in some substantial benefits. He was able to invent nothing more promising in the end than a pretext for stopping at the store, with the very slight chances this offered. Such chances as there were in it, however, had resolved themselves favorably. To the extent, at least, of finding the merchant at home, the experiment was a success.

The merchant dallied on the steps, and again at the curb-stone, when his

belated carriage, a light buggy behind a pair of fast-traveling horses, driven by his man, Joseph, in livery, came up. The young girl in the hackney coach was in full range of his wandering vision. At every moment she dreaded some awkward resting of it upon herself. The young man, dancing attendance, having nothing better to do, as it seemed, regarded her fixedly, too, while he waited. To withdraw herself somewhat from observation, she turned away a shapely head moving easily on a slim neck, and, assuming as unconscious an air as possible, studied the doings in the street.

The foot-ways were black with hurrying masses of humanity. An impenetrable muster of omnibuses, latticing in more black parcels of humanity, like a curious sort of mercantile freight, with trucks, vans, and tumbrels piled high with the boxes and bales of an illimitable traffic, filled the central space. There was a long rise in the ground, to the southward. The boxes and bales, the swaying whips, the heads and bodies of the drivers, coming over the edge of it, were seen exalted impressively against the sky, and against the long, full, rich perspective of becolumned façades; carved and gilded emblems of trade, and flaunting banners; domes, bristling cupolas, steeples of churches, and prodigious mansards of many stories overladen with fanciful dormers. Some stream of the Yellowstone region might chisel into such a semblance the high walls of the cañon into which it cuts its way deeper and deeper from the light.

As in the borders of actual rivers, to one looking closely, there are runnels of water down the banks, retardations and overflows among the sedges, bubbles rising from the bottom, so here the fresh young observer of the scene speculated on the comings-out and goings-in, the distinct stir of life at every portal; marveled how each several foot of the margin presented to the flood its local con-

formations and special interests. Drawn involuntarily away by the fascination of the onward movement, she had well-nigh forgotten her cause of anxious pre-occupation, till aroused suddenly by hearing, close at hand, —

“And whom have you there, Klauser? Your daughter?”

To which Klauser replied, “Your niece, Miss Otilie Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois. I have had the pleasure of taking her in charge to bring back to school. She was just setting out on her return, after a short leave of absence, when I passed through there, and we made it convenient to come together. And a long way it is too, Mr. Harvey.”

Embarrassed, overawed, Miss Otilie Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois, found the uncle she had dreaded to meet regarding her with a keen scrutiny.

He was a spare, small man of sixty, with gray hair, curling in a tight roll behind, tufts of gray side-whiskers, pallid skin, and a mouth which by long habit of compression was little more than a straight, unmodulated line in his countenance. He had something of a stoop in the shoulders; wore broadcloth, not too glossy; and had a habit, imposing to inferiors, of carrying a hand to his ear, to catch what you had said.

He shook the young girl's hand, and said she had the Harvey look. Recollecting something on which he wished to confer again, at once, with Klauser and Mr. Minn, the head of the “white-goods” department, he insisted that she should alight. She dared not refuse. They all went into the store together, including the young man with the envelope of papers, whose affair, whatever it was, was not yet dispatched. The roar of all the heavy wheels, grinding the stone paving blocks in the street, entered with them through the open door, like a section of an actual solid.

The glance of the rather severe eyes of the visitant newly arrived would have been quite of its severest towards Klau-

ser, had it corresponded to her real convictions and sentiments. That faithless person was frustrated himself at a highly inauspicious opening of his experiment. For the merchant, turning to his niece with asperity, began, "Going back to school? So you are at school? What school?"

"Vassar," said Ottilie.

"And you have been there — how long?"

"About a year. I — graduate this summer."

"Your father must be doing very well, making a precious lot of money, to afford schools like that, and thousand-mile journeys back and forth. Let us see, — there were five or six of you, were there not?"

"Five; but one, the youngest sister, is dead." She glanced involuntarily at her dress, which was still of the degree of sombreness known as "half mourning," in witness of this bereavement. She had thrown back the fronts of her shrouding ulster, in the warmer temperature of the interior. "I think my father is not doing any better than usual in his affairs, — not as well, indeed, as at some times, or I should have come last year, when I was already prepared. It was my wish to do something for my own support, as a teacher or governess, in order to lighten somewhat, if possible, his burdens," she continued, in a lower voice, though one in which anxiety to avoid all appearance of appealing to his sympathy was conveyed. "We — I thought — that to have the diploma of a very thorough, excellent school would help command a better position. As to my traveling so much, my brother was going to the Sandwich Islands, where he has obtained a position, and we did not know when we should see him again, and as I had not been home at Christmas, and it was my father's desire" —

She was angry at herself for having to make these explanations, but they

seemed necessary to refute his placing of things in such an erroneous light. Oppressed, too, by her idea of his greatness, she was not at all mistress of herself.

Klauser hovered, with a deprecating air, on the outskirts of this conference. The young man with the papers had been driven before it, as it were, into the private office of the merchant, partitioned off at one side of the store, near the front, to the entrance of which the interlocutors had now approximated. However he might seem to occupy himself with the maps on the wall, with poking the fire in the grate and adjusting an office chair of maroon Russia leather nearer to one of the handsome desks of walnut and bird's-eye maple, Ottilie felt that he had heard every word that was said, and in his present position he could not avoid doing so if he would. She had caught his eyes fixed upon her, she knew, with looks of quizzical inquiry. Most likely he was a private secretary of some sort, before whom his employer was accustomed to talk with freedom; but that made it none the pleasanter that her belittlement and confusion should be witnessed by him. He had an odiously self-possessed and conceited air, she thought.

"So it seems you have been in these parts some year or two, and have not thought it worth while to let us know anything about it," continued Rodman Harvey, exaggerating the case, in his carping mood.

"I passed through very hastily, and — the family — I knew they were in Europe a great — deal," stammered Ottilie, at a loss for a plausible excuse for conduct which he was pleased to put in the light of reprehensible neglect and incivility.

"Your father is a fool!" he burst out, as if, under the spur of irritating memories, going at once to the reason he deemed the real one. "I always meant well by him. I always stood

ready to help him, if his conduct had ever been half-way decent or endurable. A person who has made so complete a botch of his own affairs one would think would be somewhat amenable to reason. I know him, both when he was in partnership with me years ago, and in everything he has undertaken since. But no, here he is, throwing back your counsel in your teeth, and insults by the dozen with it. He must continually threaten to withdraw his custom, forsooth, unless this and that were allowed him or done for him, that nobody else in the world would think of demanding. As though his picayune custom could make a straw's difference to a house like that of Rodman Harvey & Co.! And then he actually did it, and that was the end of it. Your father is a fool, I tell you; he would try the temper of saints."

Ottilie, though understanding fairly well her father's weaknesses, would have liked to say many resentful things in reply, had she dared. But she was much more in danger of bursting into tears.

Her uncle, observing her distressed look, and having vented sufficiently, as it seemed, his complaints, — framed, perhaps, as much on his account as hers, to justify to himself a long neglect, for which conscience was not always free from vague prickings, deserved though such neglect might be, — took now an opposite and more cheerful tone. He was not imputing blame to her, — she knew that very well; she was not at fault; he was only laying certain facts before her. And, designing to leave her in as good spirits as possible, while he bustled off with Klauser to the white-goods department of Mr. Minn, he presented her, with a mild flourish, a really rare display of humor on his part, to the young man, close by, whom she had appointed in speculation his private secretary. "This is my niece, Miss Ottilie Harvey, of Illinois," he said. "You see they raise girls, as well as wheat and pork, in that great West we hear so much

about. If they always did as well as this we should n't complain, eh?" And to her, "This is Mr. Bainbridge. Mr. Bainbridge is my lawyer. He is a famous fellow for drawing documents. I always have to send down to Chippendale, Bond & Saxby's and have him up when there is anything important on hand. And for serving dispossess warrants, now, that is his strong point. You must bear it in mind. He is wonderful at that."

Left together thus, they did not at once fall into the easy understanding that may have been intended. Ottilie was cold. As a witness, though involuntary, of her humiliations, she made him a sharer in their infliction. She was fatigued with traveling, and uncomfortable in that place. Why was she there at all? Why did not Klauser hasten, and take her away?

The young man made talk, of a facile sort, but patronizing, she thought. She surmised that owing to her school-girl character and the unceremonious treatment to which he had seen her subjected, he took her for a person younger and less experienced than she was. This was really the case. He would not have put her age at above eighteen, but she was twenty, and flattered herself upon opportunities for observation of the world she had enjoyed, not at Lone Tree only, but in visits to the important centres of Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago.

She was unresponsive, curt, almost ungracious, in her replies. He hazarded the observation that she might have come by the northern route, and seen Niagara in winter. Yes, she had. With the larger way of doing things at the West, no doubt there was little to impress her in New York. On the contrary, there was a great deal, though Chicago, in some respects, was finer. In what respects? She had not analyzed the difference; she could not say.

She was firmly patriotic to her section, he found. He drew out that in

the West people were in the habit, involuntarily perhaps, of judging somewhat according to the scale of proportions on the map, and that New York, and the Eastern seaboard generally, were apt to seem rather small, and not at all so indispensable as when you were in the midst of them.

He scanned her face, as they talked, with much more attention than might have appeared. It was faintly like one, he said to himself, connected with an agitating memory of his past,—an agitation long since happily tranquillized, but which had left its impress upon his whole view of women and life. There was a curious flicker in her looks of something he had been used to adore in Madeline Scarrett—now Mrs. Elphinstone Swan—at a time when he expected much more of women, and of men too, for that matter; before he had turned cynical philosopher, in short. He expected nothing at all from this one, but rather to devote himself philanthropically to her rescue from a sense of embarrassment. He pleased himself now with whatever presented itself as slightly out of the common and gave him a new sensation, flattering himself that there was very little that did. The manner of her advent interested him. There was the further reason, too, of the coincidence of a mention of her name in the document he carried in his hand, which he had been engrossing for Rodman Harvey, and was on the point of carrying away, to complete for the morrow.

He thought her face comely and of a pleasing intelligence, but not formally pretty. "That irregularity of feature is pretty enough, however," he analyzed, in easy disinterestedness, "provided it is accompanied by the right sort of qualities and nice manners." The kind of eyes she had were unusual. He did not know why they should be called gray. The term was purely a conventional one. The effect was dark, and they inclined more to hazel than blue, having little

yellow points in them like a sprinkling of gold dust. One did not quite like them at first, but in the end they had the more attraction, like acquired tastes, and whatever else is mysterious.

Not a susceptible person any longer, or in any way in the matrimonial market, he deemed that he could make observations like these with entire safety. He would like very much to overcome her pique, and relax the perverse gravity of the so strongly marked brows. There was a quaint discordance between these brows and eyes and the softness of the rest of the face. No doubt she would have smiled, but these would not let her. Perhaps there corresponded in her character some traits of different progenitors which were in like manner set side by side, and not mingled or fused together.

The light from the window in the office, as she sat somewhat against it, was becoming to her hair, burnishing the edges and some inner strands of the braids. Any light was becoming to her smooth white skin, over which modulations of shade were spread from the brim of her black, round hat. It could be seen that her black dress, adorned with a trim furbelow or two, was neatly fitted to a slender waist and corsage as yet but little filled out. Her cheviot ulster, with the large collar standing up, enveloped her in half military fashion. The toe of a small buttoned boot, moving a little below the hem of her garment, conveyed her nervousness and inaccessibility of approach.

The new acquaintance persevered, nevertheless: spread before her without demanding a reply his ideas on this and that; what he thought New York was as compared with the West, where he had never been; how it impressed him when he went and came of journeys; his view of the substantial uprightness and well-meaningness of Rodman Harvey (this of course peculiarly for her comfort), though of a temper a little un-

certain, as was natural in one so weighted with harassing responsibilities. He was so cheerfully indifferent to her reserve that there seemed a slight absurdity in maintaining it. He even ventured upon a little banter as not unbecoming one of his superior age and importance to hers.

"New York is a city of processions," he said, "going up and down its long and narrow extent in a few contracted grooves, — I wonder they don't wear it down to the backbone, — procession of the larger commerce and strangers from all the ends of the earth on Broadway; procession of shop-boys and shop-girls and mechanics in the Bowery; procession of small housewives driving thrifty bargains on the side avenues; procession of splendor and fashion on Fifth Avenue. That is the dress parade for which all the rest is preliminary drill; that is the butterfly state of which the rest is chrysalis. For my part, when I go up town, — I generally walk up in the evening, for the exercise, from my place in the Magoon Building, near Trinity Church, — I can't get the idea of drums out of my head, in the booming of the trucks."

"I was thinking of that to-day," said Otilie, "as I sat in the carriage."

"You will be more impressed when you see more of us. It does not seem quite right to have anybody taking New York for the first time so calmly. You must go down to the ferries, and see how the surrounding coasts are nothing but one bristling mass of cities also, as far as the eye can reach. We are really a population of three millions, kept apart by a few merely nominal barriers. You must appreciate the tremendous movement that is waked up, every day, in the country for fifty miles round about, — all the gigs and phaetons that drive to stations, all the trains that come rushing, the incessant ferry-boats, that weave, shuttle-like, all these interests together. I get an idea sometimes of that

looming business quarter of granite, iron, and glass where I am, at the lower end of the island, as if it were heated up by the sun of a morning with definite magnetic properties, so that all the iron filings and bits of pith, as you might say, from any distance, fly to it like mad. At night it is depolarized, and off they go again, repelled to whence they came. How does that strike you as a figure?"

"I am not especially partial to figures."

"They say they cannot lie; so I suppose it is correct," he replied, with unbroken equanimity.

"All Westerners are apt to be banded together, I have found," he said again; "so that you cannot prove a great deal by them. But I should really like to have your description of Lone Tree, to compare with the ideal picture of it I form in my mind from the name alone; from nothing else, I assure you. As I see it, there is a large green, or common, surrounded by — yes, block houses. The tree itself is in the centre of the common. I am not certain whether it is a tall pine, with its high tuft still green, or only a blasted and riven oak, last of its kind, which in the mean time have retreated beyond the Rocky Mountains. At evening the inhabitants assemble on the green and relate to each other their adventures with rattle-snakes and Pottawatomies during the day, and sometimes take hands in dances of rejoicing and mystic rites around the tree."

"And Easterners are banded together to be most egotistically benighted and absurd," she rejoined, flushing a little, and drawn out of herself. "Lone Tree has twenty thousand people, three railroads, a high school that has sent graduates who have entered among the very first at Yale and Harvard, water-works, a public library, and a handsome park; and there has been talk of heating the place by steam as a city enterprise. It is so strange that people here, who seem

intelligent, will not reflect. They make the same mistakes about us that I have heard Europeans make about them,—who fancy that there are buffaloes and Indians in New York,—though we are in the same country. The West has the best and latest of everything. It is very imitative and ambitious, and has the money to buy with, and gets the most improved patterns. Indeed, it could hardly get anything else if it would. They cost no more. It is only in old communities that you find lumbering and inconvenient things about. You should see our railway carriages. It is natural enough that this should be so. The West has the young blood, which is not afraid to try experiments.”

“The Pottawatomies prefer that kind, do they?”

He received for this a frown of added displeasure; but it was followed by the smile of which he had been in search. It was worth the waiting for. It irradiated her face quite enchantingly, and showed charming white teeth. A miracle was wrought with the previous pensiveness and severity, though the tired expression soon returned.

She began to attend a little, furtively, to his looks. She had hardly noted his features yet, except the profile view, which was strong and good. He was of a figure naturally well built and robust, but inclining towards the ascetic type, through sedentary pursuits and neglect of the exercises of athletic development. He had one of those high, straight, symmetrical heads that oftener excel in the refined, acute, and ingenious qualities than in wisdom of the ponderous sort. His light hair was cropped close. A short beard, lighter than his hair, curled around his face. The trace of a small upright furrow was marked between his brows, which was deeper at times of concentrated attention. A spot of gold appeared in the front of one of his otherwise excellent teeth. He might have been twenty-eight, and

did not look more. Ottilie was not altogether so impressed by his assumption of elderly and deliberate airs, to which he considered himself entitled by reason of his large and unfelicitous experience of life, as he may have supposed. He was an important person, no doubt, used among other things to the best company,—anybody could see that,—but not at all of an age to be her uncle’s leading lawyer.

They went out to see the stir of life in the lower wareroom of the store. Ottilie had never conceived of so many subordinates, such a wealth of properties in the ownership of any one man. As if, with the sound, the fierce energy of the street rushed in, sluice-like, through the openings of the doors, there was hardly a less turmoil within. The bolts of stuffs which in their normal condition, piled upon their packing boxes, formed monumental cairns, in the heat of an afternoon of the busy season were thrown down into the alleys between, and a hundred salesmen and the buyers upon whom they attended were seen half buried in the chaos, over the wide area. Some had plunged headlong to lift up from the bottom the contents of cases, which ran over with bright-colored draperies around them. It was, one might have said, another Spanish Fury, or a sack by beneficent Visigoths of traffic. Ottilie recalled well that her father had told her that the controlling spirit of all this had once been on the verge of as complete a bankruptcy as his own; and she could not repress a sigh at the unequal dispensations of fate.

Some few of the clerks there were, in favoring nooks of the piled-up cairns, who had leisure to remark upon the appearance of Ottilie, feminine visitations of such a sort being rare there, and gossip on the matters peculiar to themselves.

There was in one such group, McKinley, a slow-moving man with a huge moustache, descending like a brown cas-

cade, who sat on the edge of a bale, and complained that Solomons had taken from him a customer upon whom he had always been in the habit of attending. "He has always inquired for me when he has come to the store," he said, "and if he did n't this time, it is damned strange; that's what it is."

Westfield talked of the fashions, women, the characteristics of boarding-houses where he had lived, and the clog-dancing at the Oceanic Minstrels.

Widgery, whose specialties were the superiority of the early drama, and the old fire department, of which he had only the recollections of a gamin of tender age, took issue with Bowsfield on a theatrical matter, and laid down radical doctrines. "Edwin Booth," he said, "does not know the first principles of acting. Forrest was the man. An actor when he first comes on the boards, for me, any way! When he gets a reputation he does n't care what he does. Compare Sothern now and ten years ago. Great Scott! I went to hear him the other night in Sam, and I wanted to come out, and get my money back."

The dashing Cutter, divested of his coat, which displayed to the better advantage a pair of wide crimson braces, a gorgeous scarf, and sleeve-links of an elaborate pattern, was on his favorite subject of a rich girl. "A man gives up his freedom, and puts in his time and management, and she contributes the money. It ought to be a regular partnership," he declared. "But the point is to find out whether she *has* got money; don't you understand? That is the little joke. You can't judge by appearances; do you see what I mean? Or her father may have it, and not give her any till he dies, and then where are you? And he has a chance to fail half a dozen times over before that."

Some of the wilder ones began to banter the rather ingenuous and steady-going Whittemore, who came from the same small Connecticut city as Rodman

Harvey, their employer, and was something of an authority on his earlier history, for having recently left his boarding-house in Waverley Place, and gone to another, high up town, on the east side, in Harvey's Terrace.

"Oh, it's merely homesickness in him; he wanted to be near Bridgefield," suggested Bowsfield.

"Harvey's Terrace? What Harvey's Terrace?" inquired Widgery.

"It's named after the old man," said the heavy-moustached McKinley, who was solacing his discontent by gloomily paring his nails with a penknife. "It's where his wife's property, the old Muffet place, used to be, on the bluff, over on the East River. He put up some blocks of pretty fair brown-stone houses on it, two or three years ago. Don't you remember the time there was getting the shanty squatters off it? It was a regular fort of a place, and they resisted with sticks and stones. A file of marines had to be got, besides the police, to put them out. That young sprig, over there, with the young lady [he indicated Bainbridge, standing with Ottilie], if I am not mistaken, was the one who served the dispossession warrants on them. Harvey has given him odd jobs now and then, on account of it, ever since."

"It's an A 1 place," said Whittemore. "There is a staving view, off on the river; you see all over everywhere. Klauser has boarded there ever since it first started. He told me about it. You had better come up to dinner with me [to Cutter], and I'll introduce you to a school-teacher who has five thousand dollars in the savings-bank. I know that is so. She showed me the books."

"Is she pretty?"

"No; I should say she was pretty plain, if it is looks you want also. And rather old. She made it all herself. But there is a younger one, who is; I'll put you next to her. Miss Speller is, but Miss Finley is n't. They are great friends. They have agreed to live to-

gether just the same if either one is ever married."

"Marry the good-looking one, Cutter," suggested Widgery jocosely; "take the other one in to board, and get appointed guardian. Then you'll have them both."

"I'm not in the marrying line," said Cutter; "but I don't mind going up with you, for a change, to see what part of the world Harvey's Terrace is in."

The college graduate, Milton, who had come in to learn the business from the bottom up, and had for his department chiefly the trucking of goods about the store, at three dollars a week, paused a moment in his labors to regard with envy the careless ease of manners in this experienced upper stratum.

II.

ASPIRATIONS OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

Bainbridge and Otilie arrived at that boon of conversations, so much more sensible than the weather, safer than wit, and less fatiguing than abstract philosophizing, a common acquaintance.

"By the way, as you are at Vassar," said the young man, "I dare say you know something of the Hasbrouck girls, of Baltimore, and further South?"

"Oh, they are *great* friends of mine," returned Otilie, brightening.

"I knew them in Florida some years ago, when I planted oranges there. The Hasbroucks were one of the few families that did not think all Northerners had hoofs and horns. The bitterness of the war had not died out then. They had such a charming place: one of these old houses with projecting eaves and long low veranda; splendid live-oaks shading it; jasmine, myrtles, gardenias, and japonica all round about. You get violets and narcissus in the woods in January, in that country. I can recall the fragrance now."

"Yes, I have heard them tell about it."

"They were very nice to me—the mother, Mrs. Hasbrouck, of course, for the girls were mere children—once when I ran an orange thorn into my foot. You never ran an orange thorn into your foot, I dare say?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, it is a rather painful sort of thing, and tedious in healing. They drove over and looked after me when I was laid up. I remember one of the children had a white chicken with a green ribbon around its leg. They used to call it General Zollicoffer. I have seen them once since, in Baltimore. What are they like now? They seemed of the real Southern type. It used to do me good to hear their pronunciation of the vowels."

"Oh, yes, they are real Southerners. I had never known any before intimately, and I liked them immensely. I believe I have a weakness for anything a little out of the common, from a distance,—anything in the way of curiosities." Bainbridge made mental note of this, as a taste quite agreeing with his own. "Amy is dark and Lulu light, and both are plump and inclined to dress in bright colors. They *reckon* sometimes; and pronounce *idea*, and *gen'al* for general; and talk about sweethearts, and buzzards, and their friends by their names in full. I know by heart, almost, the affairs of certain Johns and Dicks and Bobs I never saw; and, oh dear! Judge Bibb, and the people that had plantations near theirs,—the Wheeler family, William Henry Wheeler, and Colonel Scott Wheeler, and Brick-House Wheeler, and I don't know how many besides."

"It was Scott Wheeler's place that *I* had."

"Really? Oh, I know that, by hearsay, very well. They are such frank, generous, warm-hearted girls. They have asked me to visit them in the Easter vacation. Their mother is coming

here pretty soon, — or perhaps she has come already, — and is going to take a flat, so as to have a home for them close by, to run down to if they wish. They have another year to stay after this.”

“I am glad to hear of that, and shall give myself the pleasure of hunting up Mrs. Hasbrouck. But I should think you would want to visit your uncle, instead.”

“No,” she said evasively.

“They have had rather a hard time,” she recommenced. “They were defrauded in some way in their property matters, in the South, by a person named St. Hill. And then” —

“St. Hill? What St. Hill? There is a St. Hill next to me, in the Magoon Building, who has lately set up some new-fangled company — the Prudential Land and Loan or something that way — with a great flourish. I think he was from the South. I got a place to direct envelopes, with him, only yesterday, for a broken-down old party who has tried to throw himself on my hands lately.”

“I don’t know. I only heard that he was a dangerous, youngish sort of person. And then my uncle seized upon a large part of what they had left, real estate, claiming that their father had owed him before the war; and it was thrown into the courts, and has been dragging along, so that they have no use of it; and it will probably be decided in his favor, because he is the stronger.”

“I have heard something of that case.”

“Amy, therefore, will have to be a governess. That is what has been the result of it. And Lulu has considerable talent for elocution, and may perhaps teach that. We sympathize, and lay our plans together. It seems harder for them, however, because they were brought up under such a different system and with such different expectations. They thought, of course, when they first knew me, and heard that I was Rodman Harvey’s niece, that I would sympathize with him; but I did not. I let

them know, when I understood the true state of the case, that I was quite on their side; and since that they have not blamed me at all.”

The return of Rodman Harvey himself, just at this point, constituted the most valid of interruptions, and aroused in the young girl a confused sense of where and to whom she was speaking, which perhaps she had not kept quite distinctly enough in mind. How imprudent to have made her avowal of adhesion to the enemy to a confidential agent and a stranger, who would no doubt make mention of it to his principal at the first opportunity!

The merchant brought back with him his eldest son, Selkirk Harvey, a person of rather mopish manners, yet not disagreeable expression, student-like more than mercantile-looking, with projecting teeth, of the kind that always seem to be pronouncing the letter “V” on the lower lip. He was being trained in the white-goods department of Mr. Minn, and elsewhere, in the accurate business habits which were to fit him for the responsibilities, of no common kind, to fall upon him hereafter. He had developed no great talent, if the truth must be told, either in the counting-room or any other department requiring foresight of a superior order and the keen scent of gain. With all a parent’s fondness, his father could not yet estimate him as of a calibre equal to his own. But he looked for Selkirk to improve.

When presented, the young man shook hands with his cousin, with an elaborate, acquired manner, and stood about regarding her in silence, whether favorably or not it would not be easy to say.

Ready now to take his departure, her uncle, in his pleasanter mood, pressed her hospitably to get in with him and go up to see her aunt. “We are at the Bayswater Hotel,” he said. “We are building a new house. The old one, in Union Square, has been turned into a piano factory, and we have no great

accommodations to offer; but we can keep you a few days as well as not. My daughter will be glad to see you. She is back from Europe again. She will tell you about her travels."

"Thank you, so much! I should like to; but I have only a short leave of absence, and every day is important. I really must — return this evening," pleaded Otilie, secretly alarmed lest her resistance might somehow be overborne.

"Well, another time. I shall speak to your aunt about you. She will bear you in mind. You must write to her. She will send for you in some vacation. You might make some arrangement with her, you know. She has no end of things to do. You might call it a governess-ship or secretary-ship with her, if you liked. Why not? You might give our youngest, Calista, a lift. She makes very hard work of everything. You could brighten her up a bit."

Otilie dissimulated, murmured more thanks for these embarrassing offers, made timidly-smiling farewells, and took her place beside Klauser for the onward progress to the station where she was to take her train. As the air was more chill the top of the hackney coach was put up. She set to reproving Klauser. He defended himself in a jumbled way. As they had got on so well together in their long travels, she had not the heart for a persistent resentment, but accepted the theory, proposed by him, of the astoundingness of the incident.

She had practiced her German with him on the way, taking his advice gladly on her *umlauts* and pronunciations, though he was far from an authority in fine points of syntax. They had spoken of his daughter, Mina, whom, having a musical taste, he had placed at the Conservatory at Leipsic for its better cultivation. "I too am of German descent on the mother's side," she said. "You see I have a German name. My mother's grandfather settled at Cin-

cinnati, and made a great fortune there, which I am sorry to say his descendants have not retained."

In the hope (as her fancy turned naturally to whatever promised a touch of the romantic) that he, Klauser, might have left his country as the exile of revolutions, and have stories to tell her of stirring scenes, she asked him if his departure was for political reasons. Yes, he said: it was on account of an extra tax on aniline colors in Bavaria, which made it bad for the dyeing business, in which he was engaged. And it was not in 1848, but in 1842.

His daughter, Wilhelmina, was expected back, and would be with him soon. "You will do me the favor to come and see her, I hope, if you visit your uncle in the spring."

"I shall not visit my uncle in the spring," she said, almost sharply, wondering at his obtuse lack of comprehension of her position.

The business for which Bainbridge had been detained was of no great moment. "Oh, just write into the document, will you," said Rodman Harvey, when that had been disposed of, "that this niece is to have the portion of the one who is dead. It seems that one of them is dead. That will be a good enough way to fix it, eh?"

"By the way," he said again, as Bainbridge was taking his departure, "leave the amended draft, on the whole; there is a point or two further for consideration; and stop for it again to-morrow. Selkirk, ride up with me! We will drive ourselves. Let Joseph take the stage."

The tide of life which had eddied strong and deep all day in the purlieus of the lower business quarter had set strongly upward on the return movement towards five o'clock in the afternoon. The throngs were like a veritable procession, a host with its equipage and supplies. It moved at a uniform pace, surging impatiently by and around all that came in the opposite direction.

The young brokers' and mercantile clerks marched with breasts thrown out and swinging arms, making the miles pedestrian-like, not forgetting to ogle on the way the comely shop-girls, hastening down to the ferries to cross to the suburban cities. The brokers themselves drove, sedately leaning back in their *coupés*. The distraught and wild-eyed of the morning, straining to be on time, to be competent for desperate difficulties, sinking under the exactions of cruel task-masters and dread of failure after supreme effort, respited for the day, came back more languidly.

The strangers clustered in the porches and low, wide windows of the hotels. The grand waiters at the luxurious restaurants in Madison Square stood expectant near their small tables. Half a million housewives were giving the last anxious thoughts to the preparation of half a million dinners. The click of half a million latch-keys turning in their locks had begun.

The incident of the arrival of the young girl, her amusing pique, and his acquaintance, in his confidential capacity, with the slender legacy which had fallen to her mingled with and returned among the more serious preoccupations of Bainbridge, moving upward with the pedestrians in the street.

"I am glad her visit availed her even so much. She would have precious little more, — as would any other relative out of his own household, I judge, — no matter what fancy he might take to her; and she, besides, is not likely to give him a chance to take any," he soliloquized.

He deemed himself justified in holding these views with great positiveness. He knew Rodman Harvey to be a character of peculiar thrift and unimpressibility in the matter of sentiment, and of as peculiar uncompromisingness in the prosecution of favorite aims. His morning's work had given him, as it happened, a more thorough insight into what these

favorite aims were than he had ever obtained before.

They had been engaged together in a codification of the merchant prince's will, which, grown a trifle complex with the emendations of years, he had desired to have recast into its simplest form, and framed at the same time in a verbiage which should be lucid and unimpeachable by any legal quibbles.

"To my nephews and nieces, children of my brother, Alfred B. Harvey, of Lone Tree, Illinois," the young attorney's clerk, who had been sent up from the office of Chippendale, Bond & Saxby for this service, had written among the minor paragraphs, "I bequeath five hundred dollars each."

He had wondered at the time whether the paucity of the amount was to be ascribed to the flourishing circumstances of the legatees. A brother of Rodman Harvey — not himself mentioned as a beneficiary — could scarcely be poor. And yet Lone Tree, Illinois, seemed hardly the place that a large capitalist would retire to, by preference, to enjoy his accumulations. The glimpse of the feud, in the arrival of the heiress of a part of this munificent dispensation, cast a new illumination on the subject.

There was illumination, too, in the merchant prince's declaration of his leading purpose in the disposition of his property. It seemed to Bainbridge that he could easily have formed a worthier ideal than that it should go, in the greatest possible bulk, into the hands of no more promising an heir-in-chief than Selkirk Harvey. The purpose was to found a family, — by insuring such perpetuity as was possible to a line of descendants, to be raised so much above the common in fortune as to have always this claim at least to an impressive position in the community. This was the conclusion at which Harvey, with his wife, had maturely arrived. If it had not been at first an inspiration of his own, but of hers, it was none the less fully adopted.

Mrs. Rodman Harvey, herself a person of family (the old and well-known Muffets), married to a man of wealth who made no pretensions of the kind, was firm in her conviction that "family" was the direction in which their position chiefly needed strengthening.

"Anybody," the fashionable Mrs. Harvey had maintained, "can found a hospital or a university. That is very much overdone. The merest *canaille* do it, flattered or brow-beaten into it by the newspapers. It is every way more distinguished and original to do something to have one's name and standing kept up by descendants of importance, even although the laws are so defective, as compared with those of foreign parts, in helping to bring this about."

There was illumination, too, in certain maxims let fall by Harvey, in the freedom of this conference. "I have yet to learn," he said, "that there is injustice in any possible disposition of what one has earned himself."

An ingrained habit of disparagement appeared in his discourse for all such as had not exhibited the same mastery over fortune as he. He inclined to ascribe it to voluntary shiftlessness and lack of effort. Too much already was done, he thought, to make the lives of the inefficient easier. His own children, as well perhaps as those generally who had inherited wealth, were of an exceptional and finer clay than the common; but for the rest the rule should be unaided exertion, to develop their full powers under the stimulus of necessity.

"Whom had I ever to extend a helping hand to me? Where should I have been had I waited for it? Have I not shown in my own career that nothing of the kind is called for?"

So had Rodman Harvey spoken. Under the sway of such a conviction, and his purpose to diminish by nothing not of absolute need the principal bulk, to be received and increased, as he anxiously

entreated, by the elder son, the minor legacies of his last will and testament (and the impressions of Russell Bainbridge who had aided in its preparation) felt the influence accordingly.

Yet if one must first approve in every detail the types of character with whom he comes in business contact, he can have relations but little extended. Bainbridge had enjoyed, since Harvey had been pleased to speak of him as "a bright young man," after the affair of the dispossess warrants, a certain patronage from this influential source, though compensated, as he knew, at a shrewdly economical price. He desired to keep and increase it, as a part of his established clientage, in the bold step he meditated, — no less than casting loose from Chippendale, Bond & Saxby, and setting up as an attorney at law, commissioner of deeds, and notary public, on his own account. By the liberal system of checks and balances, and a making of allowances, which he considered himself to have learned the advisability of in his experience of life, there was conduct on every hand far more heinous than Harvey's, — sins not only of omission, but of commission, of a most flagrant sort. He defended Harvey by contrast. "He is not one of those," he said, "of whom the community is full, whose routine is a mere setting of traps, and whose wealth is an accumulation of the spoils of the simple and unwary."

His occupation was a tangible service to men; his dealings, so far as Bainbridge knew and believed, in spite of the aspersions which, in the fierce light that beats upon so exalted a position, did not fail to be made, — the broken-down Gammage, his *protégé* at the Prudential Land and Loan Company, the other day, curiously enough, had had some incoherent babblings of this sort, — were above-board and honorable. If he did you no great service, at least he did you no harm; and of how many could so much be said?

Rodman Harvey, riding up town beside his son, handed him the document in question for his perusal. "You will see here more explicitly," he said, "the plans in your regard, which I have often explained to you. It is time that you became impressed by them with the utmost seriousness. Mr. Minn tells me of frequent absences of yours of late, and that not long ago you were away three days at a time."

"It has been about my collections. There was an important book sale in Philadelphia, which" —

"Nothing of that sort is important, I tell you, to a man in your position. They are gentlemanly tastes, and well enough in their way, those things, your books and your bricabrac; but not for one who has something to do in the world. You are to be the nominal head, at least, of the new firm, to consist of you and the minor partners, with Hackley, — who, as you know, desires to come in, — as soon as my own entrance into political life is determined. It should be your pride and duty to add to what I may legitimately call the glories of the old house, and to the sum of the fortune I shall leave in your charge. You have no time to waste with a trumpery of old books and china plates. It has not resulted well, on some accounts, — your going to Harvard. I was in business already when a boy of fourteen, and perhaps I should have seen that you began as early. I observe with pain your tendency to be led away by all that is not to the purpose in your direction, just as your brother Rodman is in his. Here I have letters from this new military school, for which he expressed such a fancy, and where he has scarcely been six months, that he is as incorrigible as ever, and that it will be quite a serious question, unless he can agree to change radically, whether, after the vacation, they will wish him to return."

"To my dear wife, Alida," Selkirk read, skimming the document, "I be-

queath all my household effects of every kind, my horses and carriages and their equipment, the contents of my stables, my personal apparel and ornaments, her own belongings, all my paintings and statuary, all my plate, except the service of silver voted to me by the city of Bridgefield, Connecticut, for aid in the raising of a regiment of troops at that place during the war of the rebellion, which I wish to be given to my elder son, Selkirk Harvey. I bequeath to her also my country-seat at Newport, Rhode Island; my farms at my native town of Pompton, Massachusetts; my city house, now in process of erection, at the corner of West Blank Street and Fifth Avenue, for her natural life, without impeachment of waste. I bequeath also to her, in lieu of dower, an income of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum for her natural life, to be paid to her from the residuary real estate.

"To my daughter, Angelica Harvey" — the peruser read out here a fixed sum, imposing in itself, but less so by contrast with the suggestion of the far greater amounts in the later dispositions.

"To my second son, Rodman Harvey, Jr." — a liberal provision, in the hands of trustees, to guard against a further development of unruly and frivolous tendencies, of which the testator desired to make mention as a cause to him already of anxious concern.

In the end, and the gist of the instrument, came the devising of all the residuary estate, real and personal, with the deductions named, to the principal heir and eldest son, who, as figures were not mentioned, had but a vague idea of the extent of the resources thus falling into his hands.

But — signal feature to note, and afterwards to be expatiated upon sonorously — only one half the personal estate to be to the legatee in absolute ownership; the income of the other half to be applied to the improvement of the residu-

any real estate; the real estate itself only to be held in trust for the offspring of the next generation.

It was earnestly hoped and entreated that the heir-in-chief should pursue the same policy of limited entail in his own last will and testament in turn, and thus hand it down as a tradition of as potent force as obtainable to posterity. In this way the influences making against the perpetuity of family state in our own country might be in a measure overcome.

"It is high time that you were settled in the world, too," said the merchant, coming to the second part of his urgency, when the duty of the heir to make the careful stewardship of what was committed to him his one profession in life had been dwelt upon with sufficient impressiveness,—"high time that you had taken a wife."

He set himself sedulously to inquire, "What do you think of the Schinko girl? Why do you not like Goldstone's daughter? And there is Ada Trull, and Lehigh Cole's daughter."

To which his son replied with but languid commendations of the young women, and a hesitating statement that he did not altogether like "the regular sort."

The serried procession of Broadway, reaching the first of its infrequent points of expansion, debouched into Union Square. The bronze Washington, father of his country, was there on horseback, aloft, with majestic arm extended to sway and govern it. The bronze Lafayette bowed before it, holding his sword and cloak to his breast, with the courtly grace of the *old régime*. The gaunt-visaged, plain, contemplative Lincoln regarded it, let it be figured, with that "charity towards all and malice towards none" lettered around the base of his granite pedestal. Martial orders seem to resound. Can it be that the bronze Washington is shouting which columns shall deploy to this side, which to that;

which shall keep on through the centre of the park, among the sparse trees, past the benches, on which the tramps loll by day and sleep at night in all endurable weathers, and the fountain, around which, though it is still and covered with boards for the winter, the nursemaids still trundle their charges?

No, a pair of colossal wheels, carrying a heavy iron casting, slung in chains, has broken down and stopped the way. A jaded cab horse has fallen, besides, and lies supine under the efforts to divest him of his harness and lift him up, with that tacit assumption that it is much more the affair of other people than his own characteristic of his kind. The clamor is the commands of the stalwart police of the Broadway squad, forcing back the animals on their haunches and clearing the chaos, and the vociferations of the drivers, who clutch their whips and mutter curses in impotent rage.

In the wedging together of vehicles at this point pedestrians came alongside some which had much outstripped them. Bainbridge thus caught sight again of Otilie, looking out pensively into the confusion. Her head was framed in the window of the carriage, her white skin and her hair under the brim of her black hat illuminated against the dusk background of the interior, like a portrait of the Flemish school. He lingered a little, till he had attracted her notice. She did not smile again, but bowed gravely, when he doffed his hat. By an onward movement of all the wheels, she was again swallowed up.

Rodman Harvey at the same time, waiting in his buggy, had above his head a political banner of some sort, suspended across the street. He raised his eyes to it with favor. The portraits of the candidates were rudely depicted on it, and it was pierced with holes for baffling the wind,—as riddled, perhaps, as might be their reputations before the campaign was over. Such banners, he hoped and trusted, in the next

campaign for Congress, were to be hung out for him. He felt that he should meet in a more equable frame of mind the legislators and political economists he entertained at dinner when he could write M. C. after his name. It would be worth while, if only for the comfort in his relations with his foreign correspondents, M. de la Tour Rigolboche, who was a deputy, from whom he imported his silks and velvets of Lyons, and Sir Folkestone Margate, M. P., maker of woollen cloths at Leeds, with both of whom he exchanged letters and small gifts of personal courtesies.

"What do you hear said," he asked his son, "about my political prospects, in the talk that has lately been set going?"

"I overheard Dr. Wyburd lately" —

"Wyburd is a great gossip. He goes everywhere, and knows everybody and everything. I suppose his opinion ought to be good for something. What did he say?"

"He said that General Burlington would make the same effort for the nomination as before, and, failing to secure that, would throw his influence in favor of a compromise candidate, to defeat you, just as on that occasion. But it seemed to him that you had conciliated to yourself a great deal more favor than you then possessed, especially by moving into the district and putting up so fine a house in it, and that the same programme could not be carried out."

"So say Hastings and Hackley; but Burlington is a hard fighter; he is as poor as he can be since his return from his mission to Austria, and needs office, and there is no telling what may happen. However, it is a long way ahead yet. It would be no bad beginning in political life to represent the district of principal wealth and social standing in New York. It is the kind of thing that easily leads to positions much higher."

For the founding of a family, the prestige of public employments, of all

that which passes reputably into tradition, as well as money, was desirable. He had outside projects, lines of railway and the like, which he might pursue in political life. He had had enough of trade, the confinement of which gave him slight vertigos of late; and in any event he would complete, when favorable opportunity offered, the shifting of these interests to the new firm to be constituted, of which his son Selkirk was to be the head.

The procession spreads out again in the opening of Madison Square. It is a procession decimated now by constant depletion below, but the Seward at the edge of the grass plots, whose business, according to the saying of Watervliet, the wit of the Empire Club, it is to record on his bronze tablets the tally of those passing by, has still enough and to spare to do. The trucks and drays have boomed away over the broken pavements of the remote side streets, to be unharnessed in front of dingy, high brick tenement houses, and serve as the tribunes and playground of ragged urchins; while the horses, that have once known the sweet air and herbage of farm pastures, are ensconced, in darkness, in ill-scented, make-shift stalls, where it is much if they be able to stand upright.

The steaming dinners of the anxious housewives are served now. The grand waiters at the Brunswick, Delmonico's, the St. James, are conveying viands to the elegant people who may be seen through the windows, smiling at each other across their small square tables, which glitter with silver and crystal on the whitest of damask. The gas flares brightly in front of the hotels and theatres, and about these latter have begun to gather leisurely persons who fillip small bundles of tickets for the choice seats, in anticipation of the coming audiences.

Bainbridge is putting himself in evening dress, for a meeting of the Harmonia

Musical Club at Mrs. Clef's, of which he forms a part.

Ottillie, whose coming has been telegraphed, that she may be met at the station, is bowling along the edge of the stately river, whose high palisaded shores echo the rattling of the train in the dark. The many-winged, many-storied institution to which she returns twinkles with lights, above a carpet of snow laid among bare stems and lines of funereal evergreens.

She is greeted and kissed on this hand and that. She is in her room at last, sinking down in a dazed way after her long whirl of experiences, and wishing, with homesickness in her heart, that such need of roaming the interminable, bewildering world did not exist, that the allotted term of her stay were over, and that she need never again leave dear old comfortable, appreciative Lone Tree.

It was but a temporary mood, however. A person of more than ordinary interest in adventure, and sleepless though tired, she sat down at once to acquaint her family of her safe arrival, with some mention of what had befallen her. The letter expanded much beyond its projected limits. She had taken many a note on the way of novel sights and people, which she wove into her narrative. They had passed Niagara in the night, she said, and Klauser's affairs had not permitted him to stop; but she had opened the window of her berth, as they moved warily over the suspension bridge, and heard it roar in the darkness, two miles away. She had *even seen the mist rising*. Rarely, perhaps, had the venerable cataract roared and shaken its mane for the pleasure of a more brightly appreciative young woman.

The staple matter, we may suppose, was the unlooked-for meeting with her uncle, and his manners, at first fierce, then conciliatory. Ah, if there were but some legitimate way of securing the influence of this powerful connection in her project of self-support! But of

course there was not. If he were, in fact, the kind of uncle they used to dream about when they were children! Paul had figured him as coming with a pony by the bridle to present to him; and she that he might suddenly invite her to put on her things and travel with him many years in Europe!

There was no extended mention in this letter of a young man who had planted oranges in Florida, and been painfully injured by an orange thorn in the foot. He appeared only as "an odd, patronizing sort of person, who overheard part of my interview with uncle Rodman."

Klauser, meanwhile, drawing a sigh of relief at the termination of his labors, made his way back, once more, to the comfortable chamber he had long occupied at Mrs. Neddy's, in Harvey's Terrace.

At dinner, Dr. Gaffin, the dentist, Mr. Reinboldt, the druggist, and ex-Alderman Finnegan, now head of an important bureau in the comptroller's office, questioned him gravely on his journey, and compared the relative merits of the Erie, the Central, and the Pan Handle routes to the West, as they had classed them from their experiences.

Whittemore and Cutter, his fellow employees at the store, were there, and the latter had already begun to make himself agreeable to the two school-teachers, the moneyed Miss Finley and her comely bosom friend, Miss Speller.

Certain freedoms were ventured upon with Klauser, by reason of long acquaintance, especially by Cutter, who inquired jocularly, —

"Who was the pretty young lady you had with you at the store this afternoon, Klauser? Aha, you rascal! If I might advise, Mrs. Neddy, a rather sharp eye should be kept on Mr. Klauser. This thing of bringing back fascinating young women from the West will bear looking into."

"It was the daughter of the old man's

brother, A. B. Harvey, of Lone Tree. And a mighty nice girl she is," said Klauser gravely. "You don't find many such girls nowadays: a scholar, accomplished, kind-hearted, no airs about her, and good-looking in the bargain. I was proud to have in my company such a person, I can tell you. She brought everybody in the parlor car to like her during the two days we were coming from Chicago, especially by her way of talking and doing small services to an old lady who traveled alone."

"They say A. B., her father, has n't a cent to bless himself with; never knows where the next day's dinner is coming from," suggested Cutter.

"Not so bad as that. They have a very pretty homestead, with grounds around it; and, as the principal merchant of the place, the father has a neat business, which in the hands of anybody with good management ought to yield very comfortable returns. But he has not

good management, and probably gets as little out of it as anybody could."

"What ever took him to such an out-of-the-way place, when he had once been Rodman Harvey's partner here, and engaged in big affairs?"

"Bad management, want of calculation, unpractical ideas. He went into the iron business, after he left the old man, and failed; then he went into leather, and failed. When he was all broke up, Rodman Harvey happened to have this store on hand, which he had taken for debt, at Lone Tree, and put him into it as a resource — better than nothing, at any rate — for supporting his family. He worked hard till he had paid for it, by installments, and made it his own, so as to hold up his head, and go to wrangling again with his brother, if he felt like it. He is one of the most independent men you would meet. And his daughter, I should think, inherited a share of the same quality."

William Henry Bishop.

NORTHERN TRAVEL.

THERE will come a time, doubtless, when every nook and cranny of this world of ours will have been explored and reported upon. We are not so very far now from the point of a tolerably complete *reconnaissance*: a little of the extreme north, a spot in the highlands of Central Asia, a scrap of remote and apparently forgotten Antarctic regions, — when these have been visited, our maps will have firm outlines, and *terræ incognitæ* will disappear. The nineteenth century will then have, as an enduring element in its character, a romantic passion for travel and adventure akin to the spirit of the fifteenth and

early part of the sixteenth century, but differing from that in the strong mingling of scientific and humane pursuits. People will smile at our way of scorning ourselves as the unromantic century, and will ask what they are doing which can compare for lofty enthusiasm with the series of explorations set on foot for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his men, and finally, when all hope was extinct of finding any living witness, for the arduous search after silent testimony and the memorials of the dead.

Schwatka's Search¹ will then, it may be, have a singular interest as a work recording the last expedition undertaken

¹ *Schwatka's Search: Sledging in the Arctic, in Quest of the Franklin Records.* By WILLIAM H. GILDER, second in command. With Maps

and Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

in obedience to the commanding sentiment of the great Franklin mystery. So far as can now be seen, no future expedition will rest its claims for support or interest upon any purpose of solving a mystery which for more than a generation has made the frozen North more chill, although even now, and for years to come, those who traverse the American Arctic will be under the influence of the Franklin secret. To us, who carry in our memory the successive journeys toward the Polar Sea, this volume fills a gap in knowledge; for it makes a positive addition to geographical information, it finds almost the footprints of the lost party, and it gives a very interesting interior view of Esquimaux life. It appeals, moreover, strongly to one's imagination in its simple disclosure of the dreary country over which the sledging party traveled. The temper of Mr. Gilder's narrative is admirable; the reader, until he looks narrowly into the details of the expedition, is hardly aware of the courage, patience, tact, and cheerfulness which pervaded the company, and made it successful in its errand. The modesty of Lieutenant Schwatka, as well as his resolution and hope, seems to have become the property of all his associates.

The preface intimates that the final form of the book was not due to Mr. Gilder, and we regret that so good a traveler and competent a reporter could not have had the final word, for there are some defects which a little attention could have cured. It is a pity that, in recasting the letters written for the journal in which they first appeared, the writer could not have provided his readers with a better commentary upon the relation which Schwatka's search bore to previous expeditions; too much familiarity with Arctic literature is taken for granted. The lack of this

commentary would have been excusable if pains had been taken to make the maps of the volume complete. As it is, while the two maps given make the narrative clearer, the reader is left in the lurch just at the most interesting and necessary point. A third map should have been supplied, carrying the track of the party to its final goal, and showing the whole course beyond Ogle Peninsula.

There are blemishes in the text, which necessarily result from a too literal use of newspaper letters formed from a diary, and would have disappeared under a more thorough recasting by the author. The illustrations are rude but effective, and have an air of truthfulness about them, agreeable to the tenor of the work, which impresses us as honest, frank, and honorable throughout. The absence of unnecessary detail, the occasional humor, and the unflagging good-nature of the book render it thoroughly readable.

There is a singular contrast suggested by the other notable book of Northern travel which the season has brought us. Du Chaillu¹ made himself at home among the Scandinavians as completely as Schwatka and his party did among the Esquimaux; he traveled over the same parallels, going even farther north, but what a difference between the experience of the two travelers! The discomforts, the excitements, the perils of travel in the extreme north of America make life in Norway and Sweden take on almost a tropic luxury and ease. If one wished to institute other comparisons, an opportunity could easily be found in the contrasted pictures of Du Chaillu *vis-à-vis* with gorillas and the same merry traveler dancing with the maidens of the extreme North. Whatever contrasts might be discovered, Du Chaillu himself would be found emi-

¹ *The Land of the Midnight Sun. Summer and Winter Journeys through Sweden, Norway, Lapland, and Northern Finland.* By PAUL B. DU

CHAILLU. With Map and 235 Illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1882.

nently consistent. There is a humorous aspect to his book in the suggestion which it constantly offers of the veteran explorer pursuing the same general course in the civilized North which he would follow in the barbaric regions of the equator. He appears amongst the natives with his propitiatory gifts of beads and trinkets, and finds his way to the hearts of the women by the direct avenue which his African travel revealed. Du Chaillu has the gift, plainly, of making himself welcome, and his long residence in the North gave him a remarkably intimate knowledge of life there. If he had an equally good gift of reporting his life, he would have made a more useful and readable book. As it is, one may find in these two volumes a great mass of material, out of which he may gather his impressions of the North; but there is so much repetition and so much wearisome detail that the very completeness of the work defeats its object. One gets a lively notion of the traveler's irrepressible good-nature and vivacity, but he would like to have with this a more graphic account of that which constitutes the peculiarity of Scandinavian civilization. The homes of a great many peasants are individually described; the distinctions between them are not so important to us as their difference from the homes of peasants elsewhere. There is hardly a reference to Scandinavian literature and art, very little account of politics, and no picturesqueness in the description of scenery. The peasant life, besides, if we are to judge from Scandinavian authorities, is not quite so idyllic and virginal as Du Chaillu would have us believe, though he could not state too emphatically its strong elements of frugality, self-respect, and hardy independence. There is some carelessness

in the use of Norwegian words and phrases, and the pictures are often ineffective and misleading. But some of the prints, especially where giving details of architecture and implements, are good and serviceable, and the book in general contains so much valuable material, and has so excellent a spirit, that we welcome it, in spite of its being a jumble, as an important addition to a literature which is already possessed of a goodly number of acceptable works; for we doubt if any country in Europe has afforded, in proportion to its political importance, so many excellent books of travel and observation.

This cannot be said of Miss Tyler's contribution to the same literature. Her travels¹ were confined mainly to Norway, where she followed a few of the main lines pursued by tourists, visiting the Gudbrandsdal and Romsdal, coasting to the North Cape and back to Bergen, and making excursions along the Hardanger and Sogne fjords and through the Ringerige. This outline will suggest to travelers in Norway a variety of rich and delightful experiences, and Miss Tyler enjoyed her journey; but she has failed in constructing a worthy book, from her inability to separate the permanent from the ephemeral in the impressions which she would reproduce; the petty experiences of her tour are entangled with shreds of geographical and statistical information, descriptions of scenery and personal adventures. The charm of a Scandinavian summer is indeed so enduring that it has even managed to temper the dullness of this book.

Mr. Vincent has been so recently a traveler in the North that we must turn aside from our subject, for a moment, to speak a single word of the new edition² of his earlier work, which was devoted

¹ *The Story of a Scandinavian Summer.* By KATHARINE E. TYLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

² *The Land of the White Elephant. Sights and Scenes in Southeastern Asia.* A Record of

Travel and Adventure in Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. By FRANK VINCENT, JR. Profusely illustrated with Maps, Plans, and Engravings. New and enlarged edition. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

to Asiatic travel. The first edition of the book was published in 1874. The additions in the present form consist of a supplement, containing the notes made by the author during a recent tour. Here are the latest news of Burma, Siam, Cambodia and Cochin-China, and

the author shows himself desirous of keeping his books posted to date. Mr. Vincent is a good traveler and a good reporter; when he tells what he himself has seen he is candid and unassuming, and the value of his book rests upon the fidelity of his report.

RECENT DRAMATIC LITERATURE.

THE present dramatic epoch in France is so remarkable in some of its aspects that it seems not a little strange that no attempt — at least no attempt in English — should have been made to characterize it comprehensively and systematically until Mr. J. Brander Matthews undertook his work on *The French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*;¹ a similar work in the German having been performed by Paul Lindau. Lindau's sketches are, however, from a more intimate stand-point, as seems natural and fitting when it is considered that Lindau is one of the foremost and most brilliant dramatists of his own country. He gives us the personality of his subjects, while Mr. Matthews confines himself to their individuality. The German author pictures the men, while the American characterizes the dramatists. The latter's method is that of a student; Lindau writes from the level of a contemporary. He tells of the things which interest himself as a dramatist. The glimpses of the men we get in his vivacious sketches help us to a better understanding of their works. Mr. Matthews has perhaps pursued the best course for the attainment of his object in keeping close to a single point of view. But a relation of personal traits and methods of dramatic construction, — showing us

something of the life of a play, both as it grows under the author's pen and as it develops in the hands of the players at rehearsal, — with now and then a look into a theatre, like Lindau's vivid picture of the *première* of Hugo's *Hernani*, might have given a more vital picture of the French drama. But we are indebted to Mr. Matthews for an admirable work. His ideas tally well with Lindau's, and indeed one of his chief merits is that, being a man of sound judgment himself, he reflects the opinions of the most competent and broad-minded observers. This is an excellent test of the higher and truer criticism, when the criticism does not itself point out the way. There is a marked freedom from narrowness and pettiness in Mr. Matthews' views.

France has so long been foremost on the stage that now it almost seems as if she had always held sway there. But the glory of the era of Molière and Beaumarchais had faded to pale conventionalities beneath the crushing weight of the Empire and the dull commonplaceness of the Restoration, and in the first quarter of this century the French drama had become "the empty echo of a hollow past." The first impulses, as usual, came from without. From the popularity of German melodramas, and from the arrival of the English actors with Shakespeare's plays in Paris in 1827, — Kean, Young, Kem-

¹ *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*. By J. BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

ble, Macready, — came the creative breeze that was to fan into flame intellectual sparks like Hugo and Dumas. With these, and with the perfection of the playwright's technique in Scribe, began the splendid march of the contemporary French drama. The German stage of to-day is on a high and healthy plane, and it seems a pity that the English drama, after sowing the seed of rare fruit on French soil, could still sink to its dull commercial depths of to-day. May be its regeneration is destined to come in America, where the theatre has within a few years become strikingly universal, although of a sadly diluted quality. Surrendered, however, as the American stage now is to the importation of questionable "novelties" and to endless "combinations," the prospect certainly does not look encouraging. Mr. Matthews makes the distinction that, "although we may not be willing to allow that the French have reached the highest pinnacle of the drama, we can see clearly enough that it is in the drama that they have mounted highest." And the reason for this he states concisely to be "because the dramatic is the form best suited for the expression of certain qualities in which the French excel the men of other races. Chief among these national characteristics are a lively wit, a love of effect for its own sake, a gift for writing beautiful prose, and a passion for order and symmetry and clearness." Writing with true appreciation of Hugo's grand qualities, Mr. Matthews lets it appear that his place as a dramatist, though eminent, is not classic; his chief service to the theatre being, after all, that of a way-breaker. The rank given to Emile Augier tacitly places that great author preëminently above Hugo as a master dramatist. It is well said that Hugo "is a great poet, although not a great dramatic poet," and that "literature is too small to hold him, and the finest of him is outside of it." Mr. Matthews is happy in his epi-

thets. He speaks of the second Dumas as looking on his father as a sort of prodigal son; and Sardou he aptly terms one "who has hardly more to say than Scribe himself, but who is young enough to say nothing in a style fifty years younger than Scribe's." Now and then a glimpse is given of some personal trait. We thus gain a real and hearty affection for Scribe, — even though he "ran a play-factory," — because of the honest, warm-hearted man's unassuming life, and his generous treatment of his *collaborateurs*; acknowledging the slightest service, and repaying it thousand-fold. We agree wholly and heartily with Mr. Matthews' enthusiastic estimate of Emile Augier: "A true child of Beaumarchais, a true grandchild of Molière. He has the Gallic thrust of the one, and something of the broad utterance of the other and greater." Victor Hugo's classification of theatre-goers is quoted: "(1) the Crowd, who look for action, plot, situations; (2) Women, who expect passion, emotion; (3) Thinkers, who hope for characters, studies of human nature." "M. Sardou," says Mr. Matthews, "suits the first class, M. Dumas the second, and M. Augier the third. . . . The note of M. Augier is a broad and liberal loyalty; while M. Dumas's chief characteristic is a brilliancy often misdirected, and M. Sardou's a cleverness always ready to take advantage of the moment. M. Dumas is too complex a problem to be considered in a sentence or two; but M. Sardou is simpler, and one may venture to define his work and M. Augier's as not unlike the difference between journalism and literature. M. Sardou's puppets live, move, and have their being in some city forcing-house, where their master keeps them under lock and key. M. Augier's characters are as free as all out-doors; and they breathe the open breeze which blows from sea-shore and hill-top, and which has the odor of the pines and not a little of their balsamic sharpness. . . .

Home in his eyes is a sacred thing, and throughout his plays we can see a steadfast setting-forth of the holiness of home and the sanctity of the family." A comparison between the author of *Dame aux Camélias* and the author of *Gates Ajar* is novel, to say the least, but Mr. Matthews makes it. In Dumas the younger he finds a strong flavor of puritanism. For his *Idées de Madame Aubray*, in which "the preacher fortunately has not yet overmastered the playwright," an interesting parallel is found in Miss Phelps's *Hedged In*. "Both the American and the French writers, though differing greatly in mental equipment, approach the subject from the same point of view, and give it the same austerity of treatment." The appearance of the younger Dumas upon the stage was the coming of a fresh force into the French drama. "The *Dame aux Camélias*," says Mr. Matthews, "was at once simple, pathetic, and audacious. It emancipated French comedy, and gave it the right of free speech. . . . It changed the face of modern French comedy by pointing out the path back to nature and the existing conditions of society, and by showing that life should be studied as it was, and not as it had been, or as it might be." Sardou is summed up in the word "cleverness," and is esteemed a man who only caters to the spirit of the hour, and whose characters are the creatures of his situations, while Augier's situations are the result of his characters.

The estimate of Octave Feuillet is almost contemptuous, and he is ranked "among the foremost of the French dealers in forbidden fruit, canned for export and domestic use." The humorous genius of Eugène Labiche, the author of dozens of the merriest farces, and a veritable master in his own domain, receives warm praise, and that remarkable firm of play-writers, Meilhac and Halévy, appreciative comment. Mr. Matthews has no friendship for Zola and

his principles of "naturalism," which Mr. Matthews believes are not destined to prevail, though they may most likely influence the future of the French drama, the present tendency of which is to give to a series of incoherent pictures of various phases of the fundamental idea precedence over unity and sequence.

We must protest against Mr. Matthews' assertion of a divorce between poet and playwright. He evidently limits the definition of poet to a writer of poetic verse, whereas the title belongs, by right, to the creative genius in all fields of literature. Emile Augier would still be a great dramatic poet had he never written a drama in verse. When Björnson, the great Norwegian, was in this country, he said, "I know the limitation which, by English usage, denies to Dickens the title of poet. It is unworthy, and not fine."

No other figure of the American stage was ever so conspicuous as Edwin Forrest.¹ No other actor has ever been so intensely American, — embodying some of the best and not a few of the worst national traits. His strong personality, and his leadership of the American stage at a period when the national pride — or rather vanity — was sensitive in ratio to its provincialism, make his life a peculiarly interesting study. An extended biography of Forrest was written a few years ago by the Rev. William R. Alger. Mr. Lawrence Barrett's volume has more of the character of a memoir for popular reading. At a time when prominent people of all kinds, never, however, suspected of literary tendencies, are besought to write essays on whatever chances to be the topic of the hour, — even "statesmen" being invited to discuss theological problems, — it is nothing remarkable that an esteemed actor of cultivated tastes should choose a congenial subject,

¹ *Edwin Forrest*. By LAWRENCE BARRETT. (American Actor Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

and venture into literature. It is also not surprising that in his work there should often be betrayed the hand of an untrained writer. Such examples of confused imagery as the following are too frequent: "Past fertile fields, by vine-clad slopes, sunny with the lustre of the grape; halting at young clearings, the abode of the few who had come from the wilderness to *lay the corner-stones* of future cities on the placid bosom of the broad *Ohio*." Bad models must bear the blame for faults of this sort; also for some occasional touches of sentimentalism, and an indulgence in what may be called the hypothetical biographic style, in which a deal of commonplace assumption is used in the treatment of matters about which little or nothing is really known. Otherwise Mr. Barrett has produced an excellent work, — straightforward, sincere, and pleasant to read. It is particularly interesting as the opinion of an actor who has the higher interests of his profession deeply at heart concerning the man who was the foremost American representative of that profession. Mr. Barrett handles his subject with the true biographic spirit, and presents with justice to each the dark as well as the light sides of the great actor's character. This is shown to have been inherently noble, compelling admiration and almost worship, but defaced by traits of black ugliness, — a splendid diamond wretchedly flawed. With great intellectual traits and a great heart, his nature had a brutal harshness and some coarse, rowdyish instincts. He was a natural leader, but it seems remarkable upon what grounds he was put forward as the champion of America and of the "people." It would be hardly possible now for any actor to stir popular feeling in America so deeply by his private grievances. The morbid national sensitiveness of that day in regard to outside criticisms and opinions has happily passed away forever. The story of For-

rest's quarrel with Macready and its bloody sequence seems strangely remote. Macready, with all his cold selfishness and unlovable personality, comes out of the affair immeasurably cleaner than his rival. No man with any delicacy of feeling could have made an appeal to the public for sympathy and support in the unhappy domestic differences which clouded what should have been Forrest's happiest years. That this should have brought him wide-spread commiseration as the victim of oppression, and arrayed "good society" and "the masses" in opposing camps for and against the actor, respectively, — that seems incredible now. Mr. Barrett says that Forrest loved his friends and hated his enemies. We are shown that he demanded such unfriend-like, servile adherence from the former that non-compliance made him an enemy to many of the best of them.

Among Mr. Forrest's finest traits were his untiring efforts for the advancement of his art in America, and Mr. Barrett tells of these with fine appreciation. The picture of the palmy days of the theatre in New York, from 1857 to 1860, when the standard drama held its strongest grasp on the stage, and the new era of the modern drama had also begun, is one of the best parts of the book. In the "epilogue" the author speaks feelingly of the distinction between the reward of the actor and that of other artists, drawing an effective comparison from the image of snow once sculptured by Michael Angelo: "While the ingratitude of contemporaries has embittered the lives of poets, painters, sculptors, composers, and authors, the theatre has been ringing with the applause granted to some gifted actor, whose very name is but a dim and shadowed memory. His fellow-artists live in their works; by their works, as enduring as marble, are they known: the actor's work dies with him; his image is carved in snow."

The transmission of the histrionic art by inheritance is a matter of common remark. Perhaps the trait is a reminiscence of the days when the social ban lay heavily upon the players, and the stage-folk lived, not only in a mimic world, but also in a world apart. In *The Jeffersons*,¹ Mr. William Winter tells the story of one of these famous families of actors, — a family which is identified with some of the most brilliant periods of recent stage history. The career of the first Jefferson began under Garrick, and he was distinguished in a field filled with great rivals. The second Jefferson came to America, as a well-trained young actor, towards the close of the last century, when the dramatic art had just become domesticated in the New World, and the first generation of eminent players in our country were his associates. The third Jefferson, a most amiable personality, was of slight distinction as an actor; but all the English-speaking world knows and loves his son, the most famous of a sterling comedian stock. The close style adopted by Mr. Winter in this work, which is exceedingly thorough and painstaking, is followed with the loss of not a little of the reader's interest at the start. The large array of figures and statistics suggests a hand-book. Accumulations of facts are always dangerous to the vitality essential to real biography.

The casual reader will be apt to turn at once to the pages devoted to the present Joseph Jefferson, of whom the author writes with all the enthusiasm born of true friendship and sincere artistic feeling. It is here that the pages are decorated with the characteristic light embroidery that is Winter's own, — generally fancifully graceful, though now and then marked by a little over-definition, as in the trailing adjectivity of "unquestionable, unassailable, auspicious, and beneficent permanence." The analysis of Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle* is masterly. In citing the tributes of others, we wish the author had alluded to the noble essay of the late George Bryant Woods on the same masterpiece, originally printed in *Every Saturday*. A life of Joseph Jefferson would be incomplete without it. Mr. Winter gives the repertory of each actor in detail. That of the second Jefferson comprised one hundred and ninety-eight parts. This indicates a schooling such as few young actors are given the advantage of, in these days of long runs. If every one of our large cities could maintain at least one first-class stock company, with frequent changes of repertory, there would be little need of solicitude as to whence should come the material for the new school of fine comedy acting originated by Mr. Jefferson.

VON HOLST'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

AFTER a long delay since its publication in Germany, we have the third volume of Dr. Von Holst's *Constitution-*

*al History of the United States*² in an American edition. This delay occurred with the preceding volumes, but neither

¹ *The Jeffersons*. By WILLIAM WINTER. (American Actor Series.) Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

² *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States*. By DR. H. VON HOLST.

Translated from the German by JOHN J. LALOR and PAUL SHOREY. 1846-1850. Annexation of Texas. Compromise of 1850. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1881.

in their case nor in the present instance does it seem to have produced a corresponding carefulness in the translation. The English is sometimes slovenly, and there is a more than reasonable number of typographical errors. The sentences are frequently awkward and involved, the choice of words is often bad, and there is too great a flavor of the German idiom. It is surprising that with a translator of Mr. Lalor's reputation and scholarship the work of the American editors should be open to this criticism.

Dr. Von Holst's history is now well known, and its importance fully recognized. To say, as has been said, that it is the most remarkable work upon this country by a foreigner is saying very little. It not only deserves this praise, but is entitled to a place in the front rank of American histories, whether by native or foreign authors; and the fact that it is written by an outsider, who is a scholar and student, and who has devoted his life to this task, gives it a peculiar value and interest. Lord Bacon coupled foreign nations and posterity in his will, as the legatees to whom he devised his memory, and in a history of this sort we are perhaps as near to the judgment of posterity as it is possible for us to come. There must be of course a wide gap between the opinion of a foreign historian and that of our children and successors in point of accurate comprehension, where those to the manner born have a great advantage; but the foreign student has one quality in common with posterity, that of freedom from personal bias, and it is this which gives Dr. Von Holst's work a peculiar claim to thoughtful consideration, apart even from its other merits.

This volume has the same strong points as its predecessors, as is shown by the keen analysis of constitutional questions, the incisive delineation of character, and the vigorous invective and denunciation of all that the author

believes to be wrong and despicable. We find too, it must be admitted, the same defects. Now, as previously, Dr. Von Holst fails to do justice to the development of the national sentiment which Washington and Hamilton rightly believed the constitution would create. He treats this sentiment a little more kindly, perhaps, than in his previous volumes, but he does not yet fully perceive all that it meant, nor does he properly conceive its real grandeur. The truckling of Northern men to Southern slave-holders is the most wretched page in our history, and yet the underlying love of the people for the Union, which for years made this meanness possible, was a fine trait. Dr. Von Holst sneers at Clay and those who helped him with the compromise measures of 1850 as "Union rescuers;" but, miserable as those measures were, futile and disastrous as they proved to be, their authors appealed, in their defense, to the noblest idea of the American people, to the eager longing to make the North American continent the home of one great nation, united and free. However much their courage failed at the pinch, however much they erred in methods or in motives, Clay and Webster believed deeply and sincerely that, as Cicero said, "neque enim ulla res, in qua propius ad deorum numen virtus accedat humana, quam civitates aut condere novas aut conservare jam conditas." It was this sentiment which made the Union, it was this which saved the Union; and, however much it may have been abused before the election of Lincoln, it has been justified by its works.

We share to the full Dr. Von Holst's righteous wrath against such settlements as those of 1850; but nevertheless, on the general question of compromises, although not in this volume, he has shown the foreign inaptitude for dealing with the political principles of the English race. English-speaking people have displayed a political capacity, and have

achieved an amount of political success, which are simply beyond comparison in modern times. In truth, they stand alone. One great secret of this success lies in their genius for compromise. The political history of the English race is a history of compromises, and because some were infamous it does not follow that all were bad. The compromises of the constitution, however unfortunate in their after-effects, were wise and statesman-like, for they were essential to the one primary object, national existence. On the other hand, the compromises of 1850 were disgraceful. In condemning both, Dr. Von Holst simply shows his inability, as a foreigner, to do justice to one leading element of the English political character.

The difficulties inherent in the subject, and which were apparent in the second volume, are still more noticeable in this. Dr. Von Holst is dealing with a period which is too recent to be fully ripe. The private letters, diaries, and the like have hardly been published at all, and the truest sources of information, therefore, are still inaccessible. Meantime, the mass of contemporary and current material is constantly increasing in bulk as we come nearer to the present day, and it is wonderful that without the guidance of the still hidden authorities Dr. Von Holst has been able to draw out from the confusion such a clear, succinct, and forcible narrative.

The first half of this volume is not easy reading, but through no fault on the part of the author. It would be well-nigh impossible to make the intrigue and deceptions by which Polk brought on the Mexican war interesting, and still more arduous to enliven the boastful beginning and tame, conceding end of the Oregon negotiations. Polk's administration was, in fact, the meanest period in American history. Ruthless spoliation and bad appointments characterized the civil service, and were fit accompaniments of a policy at once sly and over-

bearing. It was the day of radical and loud-mouthed democracy, utterly out of keeping with the true democratic spirit, when judicial offices were made elective in most States, when judges were pledged to give opinions before election, and when the slave power was at its height, so far as men could see. There was, however, no lack of great names in the lists of public men. An eminent historian, who has been one of the ornaments of American literature and scholarship, was at the head of the navy department. Marcy, too, was in the cabinet, with his "gigantic abilities," and James Buchanan; while in the senate could be seen Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and Benton. In the House were many able men; and there, too, might be heard the voices of John Quincy Adams and Joshua Giddings crying in the wilderness against the evils to come. Yet it was a period of real torpor. The brilliant leaders, who on the one side had carried through the war of 1812, and on the other had survived the destruction of the federalists to create the whig party, were old men, and those who followed in their footsteps were equally old in ideas. They were gathered about the "peculiar institution:" some bowed in admiration, some in fear; no one of them grasping it with the fearless hand of strong statesmanship, but all bending before this idol, which was rotten and dead within, although decked without in all the trappings of power, and incarnate with mischief and misfortune to the whole country. It is a relief to pass out from the choking atmosphere of Polk's administration into the first years of the slavery conflict, when it ceased to be smothered and distorted, and became a fair and declared battle in the open field. The "free soil" party was founded, and instead of the wild cries of the abolitionists we have the beginning of the slow, sure, and irresistible anti-slavery movement, which fought and triumphed under the constitution. Sew-

ard and Chase came to the Senate, and at last words were spoken which showed that new leaders had arisen, with eyes fixed on the future, and not on the past. The author again breathes freer, and the incisiveness and vigor which have so strongly marked his work are once more in full play. The treatment of the compromise measures of 1850 is as strong and good as anything Dr. Von Holst has done, and at this point the narrative closes.

We have referred already to Dr. Von Holst's power of analyzing characters. The sketches of Marcy and Taylor in this volume are admirable, although very brief, but it is Calhoun who has always an especial fascination for Dr. Von Holst. He dwells on the peculiarities of Calhoun's great but narrow intellect, on his profound and masterly discussions of the constitution, with their mingling of relentless logic and strange contradictions, on his theories of government and politics, on every phase of his thought and character, with loving care. No one has studied Calhoun so closely, or has dealt so justly with him, as Dr. Von Holst, and the biography which he has promised us will be read with great interest. Another excellent piece of work of the same kind is the description of Webster which follows the account of the 7th of March speech. Dr. Von Holst does Webster full justice, and defends him against the imputation that this famous speech was dictated solely by a desire to obtain Southern votes for the presidency. At the same time he does not hesitate to point out the moral unsoundness of a man of such eminence, who lived extravagantly and far in excess of his income; who "violated the seventh commandment," did not pay his debts, lived on his friends, and received large sums of money for speeches in the Senate. The glamour surrounding Webster's name is so great that even to repeat these things may seem to some persons a kind of profana-

tion. Yet they are true, and Webster cannot be judged fairly without taking them into account. Daring opponents of slavery attacked Webster savagely enough in days gone by, but unstinted and unqualified laudation has usually been his portion. Dazzled by the brilliancy of his talents, awed by the memory of that great personality, everything which was not in his favor has been and still is pushed aside and covered up. It is no answer to say that many public men and politicians were more deserving than Webster of the censure passed upon him by Dr. Von Holst. Webster cannot and must not be tried by ordinary standards, but by the standards of such men as Fox and Pitt, Burke and Hamilton; above all, according to the responsibility imposed upon him by his own splendid intellect.

The last chapter in this volume is perhaps as instructive and important as any, and certainly as valuable. We know well enough the horrors of the slave-trade and the misery of many of the negroes held in bondage, but the terrible effects produced upon the slaveholders and upon the South in every way by slavery are yet to be written. These effects Dr. Von Holst, necessarily limited in space on this topic, has drawn in bold outline. We commend this chapter to Southern readers, and particularly to the clergyman who has recently been giving his own opinion, and the opinions of equally respectable individuals, in the pages of one of our reviews, as to the high moral and intellectual condition of the South under the slavery dispensation. Opinions are all very well, but their value must be determined by the hard test of facts, and these Dr. Von Holst gives. A stubborn refusal to recognize facts and deal with things as they actually existed was a principal cause of the war, and of all the consequent misfortunes of the South. The time has come when, if ever, the South should be ready to look facts in the face. With

an eloquent array of figures, Dr. Von Holst shows the blighting effects of slavery. In contrast with the North, the condition of the South in the year 1850 was really pitiful. Their population was decreasing in a country flooded with immigration. Their towns and cities were decaying. They had hardly any manufactures, and less commerce; few arts and no literature, in comparison with the North. They were poor and in debt. Their railroads were defective and of slow growth, their agriculture was low, and even the cultivation of their great staple was poor. Every attribute of civilization was warped and stunted in a greater or less degree. Yet the South was led by a strong, educated, aggressive aristocracy, and the force and

vitality of the race of both people and landlords were terribly shown in the desperate war which they waged for four long years. As Dr. Von Holst points out, it was the weakness of slavery as a system, deeply felt but neither understood nor acknowledged, which drove the South forward from one Pyrrhic victory to another, until at last it hurried them into secession and ruin. All the education, all the force, all the ability of the South—and they were very great—were poured into politics, and then into war, and were devoted to the defense of slavery, an accursed thing, perishing from the earth, at odds with all human progress, and eating out the hearts of the very men who gave their lives to its support.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I REMEMBER several meetings of the Club, when the fortunes of authorship were discussed. I became rather tired myself of listening to the tales of woe, and was caught nodding in my chair once or twice, as the Club may remember; there was no real discussion, for nobody came forward to speak for the successful authors. If only some one had then known about Vocophy, how instantaneous would have been the relief; for it would have been possible to make an exact analysis of the fitness of every would-be author. But Vocophy as a science had not then been formulated; at least it had not been given to the world. There were no Vocophers; strictly speaking, there was but one Vocopher, and he was silently and calmly unfolding his great discovery. He has now published his work. "This work," he says nobly in his preface, "has been undertaken with the view to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet;" and we

may add, especially those who are in doubt what calling to pursue. There is no invidious distinction of sex: "In using the word HE throughout the work, we do not use it with any thought of male superiority or adaptation. . . . If any female possesses or can gain the necessary requirements demanded in any honorable trade, profession, or occupation, though at present solely followed by man, there can be no objection, whether morally or religiously considered, to her following it." As to what the requirements are, the great Vocopher does not leave us in doubt. Besides laying down the principles of his science, he has been more practical than many philosophers, and has reduced his principles to rules, arranged alphabetically, and running from an Actor to a Tinman. I repeat that those authors, members of our Club, who complained of their want of success might have been spared their disappointments if they had turned to

the title Author in Vocophy, and used the following rule :—

"Should possess a good education. To write well, one should first be well informed in grammar, rhetoric, and logic, should possess a smattering of nearly everything, and have an abundance of ideas, good language, and know how to express it."

How many authors live up to that rule? Can you, my brother, lay your hand on the right spot, and claim that you possess a smattering of nearly everything? And do you truly have good language and know how to express it? Now, granting that a man has been honest, and has wiped his pen after reading the requirements for authorship, how simply would his life work be unfolded, if he would examine the Vocopher's list of possible occupations, and test his own powers! Would he be a butcher? "Destructiveness must be large, with no fear or dread of killing animals." Or a caulker? "The same caution as advised in plumbing (see Plumbing), as the work is generally in damp places; must be sure-footed, and possess a strong back for stooping, and good muscles for driving or pounding in various postures of the body." How many of us could caulk? Who has ever tried to pound in various postures of the body? You may have pounded in your thumb, but that does not count; it's not a posture.

There are authors who have fancied they could make a little money by elocution—until they have tried it. But they need not try and fail; they need only put themselves under an examination according to Vocophy: "Must possess a clear, rich, round, full, and strong voice,—a voice that is deep and ranging from the highest to the lowest notes; should be natural, easy, and graceful in gestures, possessing a great variety of expressions in the face, from the most

cheerful and laughing face to the saddest, ugliest, and the most frightful and hideous, and one expressive of great emotion, love, sympathy, and affection; should have the requisite power to picture to the audience the persons and scenes described in a natural, easy, and unaffected manner; *must be able to read words at first sight without the least hesitation, and also to look ahead several words, to be enabled to look off of the piece being read, that a natural and easy manner to the rendering may be given.*¹ The reader should possess a good personal appearance"—But why need I cite more requirements? Most of us, if honest with ourselves, would abandon any idea of elocution at once.

Very well; there is one occupation which makes less demand upon the brain than any other. Why should not a disappointed author turn executioner? Vocophy describes with unerring precision the qualifications for that pursuit: "Should have large destructiveness; must have no fear of death, and be devoid of any sympathy in witnessing suffering in his fellow-men. *Although it is well to have a small or perhaps a moderate amount of brains,*¹ yet there is no pursuit that demands an organism more animalistic and so near akin to the brute as that of an executioner." The only omission of consequence in this delightful book is a rule to prescribe the qualifications of a Vocopher himself. Yet, after all, who would venture to divide the honors of that profession with the genius who has, by his discovery, been at the pains to benefit every inhabitant on the face of our planet? There is, there can be, but one Vocopher. Do not imagine, my disappointed author, that you who have failed in literature can ever succeed in Vocophy.

—When we consider the number of new industries our advanced civilization

¹ In the report of what I said at the Club, I have asked the printer to italicize this portion, in order that the reader may get some idea of the im-

pressiveness with which I read this part of the extract.

has called forth and the minute division of labor it has fostered; when we are told that incorporated companies exist to insure shop-windows against damage by breakage and merchants from loss through speculation of their employees; when we read *Housekeeping Hereafter* in the *September Atlantic*, in which it is proposed to farm out the whole business of preparing and serving meals in the family, and to make thereof an independent calling, it seems strange that professional enterprise has not yet been brought to bear upon the department of American travel in Europe. With the exception of the employment of some mechanical devices to shorten the voyage, we are not in the least in advance of our ancestors. We make the trip ourselves and do all our own shopping just as they did. During the spring and early summer the transatlantic steamers are filled to overflowing with Americans going on their mission of generosity; and in the autumn, when they return, jaded and brain-sore, the weather powers do not grant them any special immunity because they have sacrificed comfort and convenience to make others happy, but turn on fierce gales to rattle them up and down in their cabins like dice in a box. I propose to abolish the trip to Europe in person, and offer a substitute, which shall retain its essential feature and do away with its exertion and worry. My plan is to establish companies in all the large cities, to which a person, when he announces his intention of going abroad, may resort, taking with him a complete list of all his family, acquaintances, and friends. The company might furnish blanks, with columns for names, ages, dispositions, colors of hair and eyes, etc., and with a wide space headed "Remarks," in which could be jotted down information as to the habits and tastes of each individual. With this for a guide, the company would engage to procure a suitable and acceptable present for each

person on the list. It would of course have agents in all quarters. It could order lace from Brussels, meerschaum goods from Trieste, mosaics from Rome, corals from Naples, wood-carving from Switzerland, and fezes and other Turkish toggery from Constantinople, by mail or telegraph. Experience would develop the faculty in those employed by the company to hit upon just the right thing for a given man, woman, or child. The pecuniary saving would be large; the articles themselves would be cheaper, and there would be no expenses of travel. And the saving of muscle, mental energy, and sole leather would be enormous. One who goes to Europe and does his own buying is generally ignorant of languages and values, not a judge of qualities and textures; in short, the easy prey of the foreign shopkeeper and curiosity-monger. Then, too, he is constantly beset with temptations to waste valuable time in sight-seeing, in running after pictures and castles and grave-yards. Almost invariably somebody is forgotten. I have often wondered how, under the present system, a person whose father was one of a family of nine, and whose mother was one of a family of eleven, ever ventures to go abroad at all. If the business were transacted through a gift agency, according to my suggestion, a man could make out his list in the quiet of his study. His attention would not be distracted by the annoyances of the journey, and there would not be much probability of his omitting any name from the catalogue which really belonged there. Moreover, the saving of traveling expenses would warrant more costly presents, or even permit the widening of the circle of recipients.

There is one obstacle which I have not considered, namely, that greedy, insatiable monster of the coast, the Custom House. But the good, new times of free trade are said to be coming; and, until they arrive, the company could

provide steam launches to take whole assemblages of friends and acquaintances out to meet incoming steamers at quarantine, in order to wear their things ashore.

— There is recompense of some sort, immediate or in the long run, for most of the troubles of this world, but there are certain pitiable persons for whose unfortunate lot it is hard to discover any compensation, — I mean the unpractical men and women. This is such an extremely practical world ! There really seems no place provided in it for people without the faculty for managing affairs. I don't speak of those generally incapable folk, too weak-headed to grasp any ideas beyond the minimum size, but of those whose whole natural bent is towards intellectual matters, and away from matters connected with the conditions of every-day existence. Nature is responsible for the mental make-up of such men and women, and they suffer without fault of theirs and in spite of themselves. The more general brain power they have, the better of course they fare ; an intellect is not of much use that cannot apply itself at will, and contrive to master a given subject in some degree. But the fact remains that nature discriminates in the kind of her mental gifts, and that the unpractical man, with the most toilsome application of his mind, cannot achieve what his practical fellow does, with little effort or none. Yet there is no escape

for the man of ideas ; he must, in old Carlyle's phrase, "get himself lived" somehow, and grapple in some fashion, no matter how difficult, with the facts of ordinary life ; for the world will not relent to him, and if he fails to conduct his affairs with sagacity he will get more of contempt than pity from his neighbors. The practical man, on the contrary, has no such hard fate dealt to him. He comes off well enough in the life business, although his deficiency is as great as the other's in a different direction. He may be quite unfitted to seize a philosophic conception, to handle general ideas, or even that more limited class of them with which a literary man has to do. But this will not tell against him greatly ; his superiority in his own line of activity will be recognized, and he will not be held accountable for his incapacity in intellectual affairs. The man of intellect — for the very reason that he is a man of intellect, and knows how to appreciate duly the importance of labor in the practical sphere as well as that in the mental — will not despise, though he may compassionate the man who lacks what he himself is endowed with. Does the practical man or the world at large do the like justice to the unfortunate who is set to conquer two kingdoms, while equipped with the means of subduing only one ? There is an inequality, an injustice of fate in all this, that one sees no chance of ever being set right.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry and the Drama. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's poems, which have been appearing at intervals during the last few years, have now been collected into a volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and the mere circumstance of grouping will disclose to many the fruitfulness of her mind. There is a rich perfume about all her work. — Come for Arbutus, and other Wild Bloom, is a volume of

poems by Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. (Lippincott.) The inspiration is largely from personal sources. — Purple and Gold is the title of a little collection of poems on the goldenrod and the aster, arranged by Kate Sanborn. (Osgood.) These flowers have a happy faculty of winning the love of the poets. The book is made of separate leaves tied together with a ribbon. — Gems from Petöfi

and other Hungarian Poets is a paper-bound volume (Paul O. D'Esterhazy, New York), which aims at giving a notion of Hungarian poetical literature, especially since the Revolution of 1848. The translator, William N. Loew, has furnished a memoir of Petöfi, and critical sketches of the other writers; his work is enthusiastic, and through the medium of a somewhat literal translation the rude force of the poetry struggles to get a hearing; it is a pity that much of the music should be lost on the way. — Maurine, and other Poems, by Ella Wheeler (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), contains a novel in verse, and a hundred or more other poems. — The friendship which Mr. Francis Bennoch, of London, had for Hawthorne will be remembered by the readers of Hawthorne's English Note-Books, and his volume of Poems, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be taken up in a friendly spirit, and read perhaps for its further introduction of Mr. Bennoch, rather than for its contribution to poetic literature, since the author frankly disclaims any other relation to poetry than one which makes of it a pastime. He has read other poetry, and made his own cheerfully to run in the same channels. — The new issue of Dr. Holland's Poems contains his *Mistress of the Manse*, and *The Puritan's Guest* and other Poems. (Scribners.) It is a pleasure to look upon the well-leaded lines. — Miss Charlotte F. Bates's *Seven Voices of Sympathy*, from the writings of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a well-arranged, suggestive compilation of such passages as may be trusted to carry not only consolation to the sorrowful, but encouragement to the depressed and quiet to the old. One can readily see how full of material Longfellow's writings are, and Miss Bates has searched diligently, bringing out many passages which would not occur to the casual reader. — The name Owen Insnsly has a suspicion of pseudonymy about it; one suddenly remembers Owen Ashford, and the little veil which the name hangs before the personality of the author of *Love Poems and Sonnets* (Williams) is not unbecoming, for the poems themselves have a sexless flame. The book will attract attention by its quiet occupation of a place among books of true poetry: here is a maturity and calm of nature which indicate that the writer, if this be a first book, has passed through the experimental stage, possibly by other means than the writing of verse. There is a finish of expression which scarcely allows one to be arrested by the thought, and the thought impresses one as the reverie of a person whose world is a world of art and two or three choice souls. The reader, who is advised to get the book, will find a grateful absence of intensity, using that word as denoting the feverishness of much current verse essaying the same themes. — Mrs. Botta's Poems (Putnam's) will be welcome to many who have known her and her hospitable mind. They are fluent, and they are occupied with other thoughts than those which make the staple of much poetry; large subjects within short compass catch the eye, and forms of expression familiar to an older generation of readers. — *Down the Bayou*, and other Poems, by Mary Ashley Townsend ("Xariffa"),

is a volume of rapid verse, tumultuous at times, busied about a variety of themes, and commemorating scenes and incidents which, in the main, relate to tropical regions. There is a richness about some of the poems, as, for example, that of *The Bather*, which indicates a decorative power (Os-good.) — The title *On the Sunrise Slope*, by Katherine E. Conway (The Catholic Publication Co., New York), would seem to suggest a more cheerful and buoyant class of poetry than one meets in this volume, which is somewhat tearful, but marked by sincere feeling and some melody. If it were, however, a garden of charming poems, we fear that few would get by the menacing sword of the Rev. Patrick Cronin, who guards the entrance by an Introduction. It is a pity that so simple and unaffected poetry should be introduced by such high-strung prose. — *Lora*, a Romance in Verse, by Paul Pastnor (John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia), has given the author pleasure in writing; the reader will find his entertainment chiefly in one or two extraordinary situations, as where a young man, having gone into a muddy bottom to rescue a girl, kneels down, and raises her out of danger, until another young man, coming by, swims out to her, — there seemed to be water enough for him, — and gives her a belt to grasp: —

"Then, as she leaped from her lover, half sunk in
the slime-depths
(Pardon the life-loving maiden), she pressed forth
a gurgle!"

The realism of that squishing sound is a rare feat in poetry. The young man who dragged the girl to shore brings his thick hunting-jacket,

"Wrapped it around her, and buttoned it, button
by button."

Will the reader believe it? This fortunate young man finds the other young man's horse and buggy waiting by the shore, and drives home with the well-buttoned girl, whom the author presently describes, with some slight effort at apology for her coldness, or perhaps for her slimy condition, as

"Excellent clay to the core was this maiden, —
this woman."

We regret bitterly that there is not room for more than one further quotation, and after poising like a humming-bird over the blossoms of this poem, we dart into this fine line: —

"Her beautiful, billowy shoulders sank down in
a calm."

History and Biography. Hon. E. B. Washburne has prepared for the Chicago Historical Society a Sketch of Edward Coles, second governor of Illinois (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago), which involves an account of the slavery struggle of 1823-1824. It will be found a real contribution to the materials for American history. — The eighth volume of collections of the Maine Historical Society has been published (Hoyt, Fogg, & Dunham, Portland), and contains a number of interesting papers, including one on the Northeastern Boundary. — Harper's Popular Cyclopaedia of United States History from the Aboriginal Period to 1876, by Benson J. Lossing, is a two-volume work in

double columns, abundantly illustrated, in which the topics and persons connected with our history are treated in short articles, alphabetically arranged. There is a full index, and an index to illustrations. The form is a very convenient one, and the free use of cross-references facilitates the use of the book. We notice that Mr. Lossing has not heard the latest news about General Gage and the Boston boys. His selection of literary characters is somewhat arbitrary, and in general the work may be said to be a well-arranged scrap-book from Mr. Lossing's previous voluminous writings. — Constantine the Great is the title of a monograph for general reading, intended especially to draw attention to the historical genesis of the union of church and state. The author, Rev. E. L. Cutts, has in his mind current problems of church and state, but he appears to take no unfair advantage of the reader, who will find the book a sober, historical sketch. (S. P. C. K., London, E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York.) — The same society publishes a work on Russia, Past and Present, adapted from the German of Lanckenau and Oelnitz, by Henrietta M. Chester, but it is scarcely more than an extended encyclopædic article, and throws no new light upon the country. — The S. P. C. K.'s series of Diocesan Histories includes Durham, by J. L. Low, M. A., and Peterborough, by G. A. Poole, as well as Chichester, which we mentioned last month. — Mr. Grant Allen has prepared for the society a little book on Anglo-Saxon Britain, which will find a more general audience, and the audience will find the book fresher than most of its class. — An anonymous member of the Huger family has prepared a modest but interesting statement of the attempted rescue of General Lafayette from Olmutz, which it will be remembered was the work of Colonel Huger in connection with Dr. Bollman. (Walker, Evans, & Cogswell, Charleston.) — Orations and Essays, with Selected Parish Sermons, by J. Lewis Diman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), may fairly be brought into this division, both because the most important papers in the volume relate to historical subjects, and because a commemorative discourse by Professor Diman's friend, J. O. Murray, gives a sketch of the life led by one whose death seems untimely to all who were aware that the admirable work already done was but the careful preparation for larger and more permanent contributions to literature. It is not necessary, however, to go beyond this volume for reasons why the book itself should be read by all who can enjoy thoughtful and scholarly works expressed in a refined and graceful form. — Capturing a Locomotive, by Rev. William Pittenger (Lippincott), is the narrative, by one of the persons engaged, of a piece of secret service during the late war. It will be widely read, for it has all the air of a true story, and even its faults of style may help to confirm the impression one gets of its veracity. — E. A. Freeman's Sketches from the Subject and Neighbor Lands of Venice (Macmillan) treats of historical matters mainly through architectural memorials; the recent moving events in the region are also made to help in the story, and the reader entrusts himself to Dr. Freeman with a sense that in so dimly seen

a country he needs a somewhat positive guide. Dr. Freeman will help him to think lightly of other guides. — The Mendelssohn Family (1729–1847), from Letters and Journals, by Sebastian Hensel (Harpers), is the first American from the second German edition of a delightful book. The editor, who is a son of Fanny Mendelssohn, hopes that the book, with its record of family life, will offer a good picture of a German middle-class household. It does this and more, for it brings forward again the ever-charming figure of Felix Mendelssohn. The work is in two volumes, and has a number of interesting portraits. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is published the Life of Giuseppe Garibaldi, by J. Theodore Bent, B. A., who has attempted to do historical justice, and no more. — In the same series is Mr. Dorman B. Eaton's Civil Service in Great Britain, a history of abuses and reforms, and their bearing upon American politics; a popularization of Mr. Eaton's work which will be of service in the important matter of educating a large public not yet fairly roused.

Philosophy. Text Book to Kant. The Critique of Pure Reason, Æsthetic, Categories, Schematism, Translation, Reproduction, Commentary, Index, with Biographical Sketch. Such is the peremptory title of an important work by J. H. Stirling, the author of the Secret of Hegel. It is a little singular that in his biographical sketch he makes no reference to his indebtedness for the material, and perhaps even for the form, to Wasianski's reminiscences. (Putnams.) — Perhaps the properest place in which to insert a reference to T. W. Higginson's Common Sense about Women (Lee & Shepard) is under Philosophy, since the author in a hundred or more short chapters has endeavored to give attention to the various phases of what is known as the Woman Question, and to bring the several subjects to the test of reason and an educated judgment. — Seneca and Kant is an exposition of Stoic and Rationalistic Ethics, with a comparison and criticism of the two systems, by Rev. W. T. Jackson, Ph. D. (United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, O.) It was originally prepared as a thesis for the doctor's degree in the University of Michigan.

Fun. Ballads in Black is the title of a little oblong volume containing silhouette pictures and verses intended as books and patterns for shadow pantomimes. Even if one does not follow closely the subjects as given, there are hints for evening entertainments which will be of service. The ballads are by F. E. Chase, the illustrations by J. F. Goodridge. (Lee & Shepard.) — Cambridge Trifles, or Splutterings from an Undergraduate Pen (Putnams), is a collection of humorous papers on English collegiate life as seen from the point of view of the student who goes there to have a good time. — Helen's Babies has fallen into the hands of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, who now publish it. — The Summer School of Philosophy at Mt. Desert (Holt) is a series of two dozen or so pictures, with sly bits of text, illustrative of flirtation at Mt. Desert. The artist, J. A. Mitchell, has done a clever thing, and the wit is capital. — Oddities of the Law, by Franklin Fiske Heard (Soule & Bug-

bee), is a collection of witticisms uttered by the bench and bar in connection with graver matters of the law; some were unconscious, but in most cases these sharp-tongued people knew very well what they were saying. — A companion volume, by the same editor and publishers, is *Curiosities of the Law Reporters*, which is not so distinctly a jest book as the other, but very entertaining. In both cases the legal habit is strong enough to lead the editor to use full reference to authorities. — In the second of the series of American Worthies, *Christopher Columbus*, by W. L. Alden (Holt), the ratio of fun to fact is considerably greater than in its predecessor. The publishers must breathe more freely as they see their ideal more steadily approached. Mr. Warner sometimes remembered to be funny. Mr. Alden sometimes forgets himself and is serious. The large type of the book was his only salvation. If he had made as many pages in smaller type we are convinced that he would have become at the end as melancholy as his readers. — *The Fortunate Island and other Stories*, by Max Adeler (Lee & Shepard), has some amusing situations, and the burlesque in it is of harmless follies. The writer has exercised some discretion in his fun, and the reader will thank him for not being as grotesque as he could be.

Criticism. W. H. Kühn, of Berlin, sends us *Studien zu Lessings still in der Hamburgischen Dramaturgie*, by Dr. Max R. von Waldberg. — *The Verbalist*, by Alfred Ayres (Appletons), will be found entertaining reading by those who like to amuse themselves over words and their abuses; it will be of service to many who fall into the way of using careless English. It is a manual, in alphabetical arrangement, devoted to brief discussions on the right and the wrong use of words. — The latest volume in *English Men of Letters* is *Thomas De Quincey*, by David Masson. (Harpers.) The subject has abundant material, and Mr. Masson seems to have preferred to satisfy the curiosity of his readers regarding De Quincey's personal characteristics rather than to give a very acute analysis of his literary power. In truth, two or three books could be made about De Quincey without trenching much on each other. — *Words, Facts, and Phrases* is further entitled by its compiler, Eliezer Edwards, a *Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-Way Matters*. (Lippincott.) It is an odd scrap-book, apparently illustrating the author's own interest, arranged alphabetically. The reader can pick up a good many curiosities in it, but it is a chance if he finds the special oddities which interest him. — *Aspects of Poetry* is a volume of lectures delivered by Professor J. C. Shairp at Oxford (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford), which will be found very agreeable reading. It is not, one thinks, so learned a work as its origin would suggest, but it is pleasantly informed by the author's personality, which is always kind and sensible. — *Authors and Authorship* is edited by William Shepherd (Putnams), a modest and truthful way of connecting with the work the name of an author who has made a mosaic of all the bright bits which he can find in the personal history of English and American men of letters. The result,

somehow, does not lift the literary calling into dignity; so much tattle suggests a tea-table view of literature.

Fiction. *Slavers and Cruisers* is a Tale of the West Coast of Africa, by S. Whitechurch Sadler, R. N. (S. P. C. K. London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York), a novel with religious touches here and there. — *Tales of the Caravan, Inn and Palace*, by William Hauff, is translated from the German by Edward L. Stowell. (Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago.) Hauff himself did not translate his stories from the Arabic, but he writes as one who has drunk deep of the Arabian Nights spring. — *King's Marden* is a domestic novel, which makes up in propriety and virtue what it lacks in art and force. (S. P. C. K. London; E. & J. B. Young & Co., New York). — From the same publishers comes a similar work, *A Leal Light Heart*, by Annette Lyster, in which much fiction is blended with some seriousness. — Like a Gentleman (Lee & Shepard) is a woman's temperance story. It is not the temperance which renders it an indifferent novel; it would have been no more successful if it had been on the side of continence. — Jules Verne's story of *The Tribulations of a Chinaman* (Lee & Shepard), translated by Virginia Champlin, offers an amusing medium for acquiring doubtful information about China, and a capital means for passing an hour or two, if one has had his daily allowance of useful information. — *Joseph's Coat*, by David Christie Murray, is the latest volume in the series of Transatlantic novels (Putnams), with plenty of misunderstanding in it; but all the tangles are finally cleared. — George Sand's *Indiana* has been issued by the Petersons in the form which has become almost the trade-mark of this house. — *Faith and Unfaith* (Lippincott) is by the author of *Phyllis* and other somewhat gushing stories. An earl lies dead in the first sentence, and the awe of death with which the reader is ushered into the story is heightened by the extreme nobility which lies dead. — The latest numbers of Harper's Franklin Square Library contain Thomas Hardy's *A Laodicean*, James Payn's *A Grape from a Thorn*, and Mrs. Cashel-Hoe's *The Question of Cain*.

Science. Mr. Darwin's *The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of worms*, with observations on their habits (Appletons) is not at all dependent for its power of eliciting interest upon the scientific training of the reader. The worm would have no occasion to turn upon Mr. Darwin, for that gentleman has set him up on end in the most honorable manner. — The thirty-sixth volume of the International Scientific Series is upon *Suicide*, by Dr. Henry Morselli, and is an essay on comparative moral statistics. It is an Italian contribution to what the writer speaks of as the new method of philosophy. (Appletons.) — The subject seems to be in the air, for Dr. James J. O'Dea appears with a substantial volume entitled *Suicide, Studies on its Philosophy, Causes, and Prevention*. (Putnams.) Dr. O'Dea collects a great number of cases, and he offers many suggestions as to the treatment of the subject, but his book can hardly be taken as a thorough one. — *A World of Wonders, or Marvels in Animate and Inani-*

mate Nature (Appletons), is a popular collection of queer things in nature, the storehouse of science being treated as an entertaining circus. — *Freaks and Marvels of Plant Life*, or *Curiosities of Vegetation*, is a volume which attempts a popular presentation of subjects, by M. C. Cooke, which have lately had a thorough scientific investigation. It is pleasant to see the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (New York agents, E. & J. B. Young & Co.) undertaking the publication of such works. — *The Opium Habit and Alcoholism*, by Dr. Fred. Heman Hubbard (Barnes), is a treatise on the habits of opium and its compounds, alcohol, chloral-hydrate, chloroform, bromide potassium, and cannabis indica, including their therapeutical indications, with suggestions for treating various painful complications. It is intended as a practical guide to the physician.

Education and Text Books. B. A. Hinsdale, president of Hiram College, has prepared a volume under the title of *President Garfield and Education* (Osgood), in which the life of the President at the college is affectionately sketched, followed by a series of papers and addresses collected from his writings. The book gives a very agreeable interior view of the President's life, and will be welcomed as a contribution to our better knowledge of him. — The Bureau of Education in Washington has issued No. 4 of its Circulars of Information for 1881, covering the topic of Education in France. It is eminently statistical in form. — *German Principia*, Part I., is the title of a first German course, containing grammar, delectus, and exercise-book, with vocabularies and materials for German conversation; it is prepared upon the well-known plan of Dr. William Smith's *Principia Latina*. The present is the third edition, revised and enlarged. (Harpers.) The book is of English origin. — The same publishers have issued a *Manual of Object-Teaching*, with illustrative lessons in methods and the science of education, by N. A. Calkin whose *Primary Object-Lessons* has long been in frequent use by teachers. It is presumably the summary of a long experience in this special field of educational work, but we are inclined to think that the practical suggestions contained in it will have more value than the author's mental philosophy.

Business. The *Book-Keeper's Companion*, by Thomas A. Lyle (Philadelphia), is an ingenious chart, by which the principles of posting and balancing are made clear to the eye and mind. — The *History of the Government Printing Office* at Washington, with a brief record of the public printing for a century, by R. W. Kerr (Inquirer Printing and Publishing Company, Lancaster, Pa.), is a useful and interesting book; it will have a use beyond its intent, if it sets people to thinking of the important questions involved in the establishment of the United States of America as a great publishing corporation. In the Civil Service Reform movement a place should be found for a few pertinent remarks on the Government Printing Office. Other government publications are the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year 1880, and Alphabet-

ical Lists of Patentees and Inventions for the half year, January to June, 1881, inclusive. Here may one see the poets who have been switched off upon another track than poetry.

Political Economy. *Usury Laws*, their Nature, Expediency, and Influence, is Number IV. of *Economic Tracts*, published by the Society for Political Education (New York), and consists mainly of opinions passed by eminent writers, and a review of the existing condition of things in the United States. We do not see that the editor troubles himself much about the opinions of Mr. Ruskin and his obscure friends.

Illustrated Books and Art. Too late for record in the holidays comes Tennyson's *The Lady of Shalott*, decorated, as the word goes, by Howard Pyle. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) There is power in the treatment, and there is sometimes beauty, but the artistic masquerade is so elaborate and ingenious that one has a painful feeling that he must turn a back somersault before he can land in a mood suitable for a serious enjoyment of the book. The pictures would be better if they were in glass instead of on paper. — *Yankee Doodle* has given Mr. Pyle another opportunity, and he has shown his facility in adapting himself to a theme at the antipodes of *The Lady of Shalott*. It was a pity that the verses should have been made the text of old Yankee pictures, for we think they have pulled the artist down a little. The caricatures are harmless, out they have not wit enough to justify the draughtsman's skill. (Dodd & Mead.) — An Edition de Luxe of proofs from the illustrated subscription edition of Longfellow's *Poetical Works* has just been published (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), and it merits especial mention as a representative collection of engravings and illustrations. When this edition of Longfellow's works was announced as about to be published, the statement was made that it would bring together the best artists and engravers in the country, and beyond question the result justified the high anticipations raised by this important venture. So much is necessary in just praise of the subscription edition that the value of the Edition de Luxe of proofs may be appreciated as an art production. The edition contains seventy-five illustrations, which were selected from the whole six hundred, and a limited number of proofs have been taken from the original blocks, on a hand press, in order that the best possible results might be obtained. We have before us, therefore, a portfolio of proofs, — to which the artists and engravers have set their signatures in approval, — representing the condition of the art of engraving in this country at the present time, and such a production has a high testamentary value. Among the artists whose illustrations are included are E. A. Abbey, G. H. Boughton, Mary Hallock Foote, Eastman Johnson, A. B. Frost, F. B. Schell, T. Moran, W. L. Sheppard, W. H. Gibson, J. F. Murphy, Alfred Fredericks, W. H. Low, F. Dieleman, and L. S. Ipsen; and of the engravers the following, Cole, Closson, Kruell, Davis, Smithwick and French, Karst, Harley, Dana, Andrew and Son, Morse, Heineman, Russell and Richardson.